Necrology – 1935.
See: Folder

Africa.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT AFRICAN

By recent mails has come the news of the death at Bath England, on May 12th, of the Revd. Dr. Mark C. Hayford, of the Baptist Mission, Gold Coast author of "West Africa and Christianity" whose recent visit to Nigeria is still fresh in the memory of our local readers, and by whose passing West Africa has lost another great son who has played a notable part in her service. The late Rev. Hayford, M.A., D.D., F.R.G.S., belonged to the notable Gold Coast family of the Hayfords and the last to go of three talented brothers each of whom has won more than local celebrity. Though of less dynamic force than his younger barrister brother, the late Hon J. E. Casely Hayford, M.B.E. Dr. Hayford's mission nevertheless covered a wider field. In the interest of his mission, Dr. Hayford travelled often to England and the Continent, and also to America. A modest and unassuming man, yet Dr. Hayford possessed high courage, unbounded energy and great tenacity of purpose. His work for the evangelisation and education of his people claimed all his zeal and devotion and it was in furtherance of these that he had undertaken many of his travels abroad. To raise funds for his Church building scheme at Cape Coast he had paid his recent visit which has now proved his last, to Lagos; and in its interests he had proceeded to Europe where death has now found him. Dr. Hayford, like his brothers Dr. Ernest Hayford who died while studying for the Bar in England, and the late Hon. Casely Hayford, was a warm admirer, and ardent disciple of the late Dr. Edward Blyden in whose honour he took a leading part with his last named brother and other compatriots in August of 1903 to give a banquet in London. On that historic occasion, when for the first time in history, West Africans paid public honour to a countryman in London, Dr. Hayford had the high privilege of proposing the toast of the "Grand Old Man" as well as the distinction of contributing the Prefatory Note to the accounts of the proceedings when collected and printed in book form. Both the venerable Doctor and Lawyer Hayford had gone one after the other and now Dr. Mark Hayford has followed them. Peace to his ashes!

DR O. SAPARA PASSES

Nigeria Daily Telegraph
6-5-35
Lagos, Nigeria

A Great Physician

LONG AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

LAGOS was startled early yesterday morning by the unexpected news of the death of the notable doctor, Oguntola Sapara, five days before his 74th birthday. The death of this notable man has removed, after 20 years, the second of two remarkable brothers who have adorned their respective professions. Dr Sapara's elder brother, the late Hon. Christopher Alexander Sapara Williams, C.M.G., Barrister-at-Law, Member of the Edun (J H Samuel) and Dr. Henry Carr, O.B.E., I.S.O.

Brought to Lagos in 1876, Alexander Williams as he then was entered the C. M. S. Grammar School leaving in December 1877. In the year 1878 he was apprenticed at the Government Printing Office and after completion, entered the Colonial Hospital as Dispenser-in-Training in 1881 under the late Mr R Z Bailey. In 1883 Williams was appointed Dispenser and Nigerian Council etc. etc. and Unofficial leader of the Nigerian Bar who died in March 1915 was distinguished at the Bar and in local politics as his brother was in the Medical Practice and both in their life-time were like twin-brothers very much attached and inseparable.

Oguntola Odunmbaku Sapara who formerly went by the name of Alexander Johnson Williams was born in Freetown, Sierra Leone, on the 9th of June, 1851 and educated at Wesleyan Buxton Day School, the Government Model School and Wesleyan Boys' High School, his contemporaries in the last institution including the late Adegboyega

The Late Dr O Sapara, I.S.O., J.P.

Store-Keeper and succeeded Mr. Bailey for a time.

In 1885 Williams was on the Gold Coast on leave and he remained there till 1887 practising as Chemist and Druggist. From there he proceeded to England in

1887 and was admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital, London. He worked hard and gained certificate of honour in Midwifery and Diseases of Women. In 1895 he qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and returned to Lagos in June of the same year, entering the Colonial Medical Service as Colonial Surgeon in January 1896. In 1898 he was Medical Officer, Epe, and while there. Dr Sapara (as he had

DR. O. SAPARA PASSES

(Continued from page 1)

since become), was admitted into the Small Pox cult and learned all there was to learn of the ways of the votaries of the terrible scourge. Dr Sapara lost no time in communicating his knowledge to the Government with the result that a strong campaign against Small-Pox worship was organised along with its prohibition by law. This saved the community from the annual epidemic with its regular heavy death tolls.

Dr Sapara's great knowledge of the people and their needs made him very useful to the Government and serviceable to the community. An advocate of trained Midwives and keenly interested in child-welfare Dr. Sapara not only organised a Society for the training of midwives but helped the first two midwives to qualify in England, and did much towards the conversion of the old Massey Dispensary (Ita Eleye) into the Maternity Hospital now a popular institution in the town.

A Fellow of the Royal Institute of Public Health Dr. Sapara retired in 1928.

In 1923 he was made a Member of the Imperial Service Order. His work was known beyond Lagos hence in 1924 he was honoured by the Alake of Abeokuta who appointed him his Consulting Physician; and his kinsman, the Owa of Ilesha made him Basemi of Ilesha.

Dr. Sapara was Patron or President of many Societies and Unions, Native Medicine men and Herbalists, the President of Ekiti Parapo Society (National) and a staunch supporter of Native institutions.

Dr. Sapara, in retirement, continued his activities with unabated interest. He figured as Expert Witness in many a Juju case and lent a helping hand in all public health activities, especially in organising Health Week of which he was Chairman of Committee.

The late Dr. Sapara was, at home, a father, spending and being spent even for distant relations and non-relatives. Many of his colleagues will long miss him for he was always a willing helper whose accumulated experience of over 50 years was at beck and call of all who needed it.

Oguntola Sapara is gone, and Lagos, nay, Yorubaland, even West Africa is the poorer for his loss.

The Funeral

Attendance at yesterday's funeral ceremonies both at Methodist Trinity Church, Tinubu, (where the first part of the Burial Service was taken) and at the grave-side at Ajele clearly demonstrated the place of Dr. Oguntola Sapara in the affection of his people.

The funeral was timed to commence at 5 p.m. The cortege left the residence of the deceased at 5.10 and it took some twenty minutes to get to the Church, though only a few hundred yards to the house.

The staff of the Alake of Abeokuta and with it His Highness' Asoju or State Secretary and his personal Orderly headed the procession which was led by Babaseguns, then came the long line of wreath bo'ders particulars of which together with the fine tribute to the memory of the dead by the Officiating Minister, Rev: E. E. Williams we hope to give in a later issue.

The imposing procession was in the following order: The Babaseguns, Salvation Army Band, Choristers, Girl Guides, Mrs Edwin Cole's School, Alake's Staff, the hearse drawn by members of the Tinubu Men's Auxiliary and the large cortege.

The numerous professional colleagues, young and old practitioners whom he had set on their first footsteps on their arrival in or return to Lagos (as many of them openly declared) would not hear of his corpse being carried—at least to the Church—upon a hearse. And so came the thrilling though mournful sight of so old and respected men like The Hon Dr C C Adeniyi Jones, Dr Oyejola, Dr J D Vaughan, Dr Kofoworola Abayomi and other young Medicos bearing the coffin slowly, reverently and at times shoulder high not only from the residence of the deceased but also from the entrance into the graveyard at the end of the day's mournful journey.

His Excellency the Governor was represented at the Church by his Aide-de-Camp with whom was Dr J W Thomson, Acting Director of Medical and Sanitary Service; the Head of the Salvation Army, his late Colleagues on the Health Week Committee (Dr J Cauchi, Mr N W J Turnbull, M.B.E., etc) were also in Church. The Catholic Bishop of Lagos was represented in the procession to the graveyard by his Secretary the Rev Father P J Cahill whilst the Midwives Association of Nigeria were very much in evidence in their snow-white uniform two of them bearing beautiful wreaths suitably inscribed.

The Rev E E Williams who conducted the service was assisted by the Rev Superintendent E K Ajai-Ajagbe and the Rev S A Pearce.

The concluding service at the Cemetery was short but there was great difficulty in gaining easy access to the actual grave, so great was the crowd which preceded the equally great number which preceded the funeral cortege all of which taken together could nor have been less than 15,000.

Many of the high officials and others, it is understood, would have been present at the service had the sad news of the passing of Dr Sapara been made known to them in good time.

As relatives and friends said the last "goodbye" at the graveside the apparent gravity of the scene gave way to wailing and loud lamentation for the irreparable loss which the community has been called to mourn in the death of Dr Oguntola Sapara, I.S.O. &c.

Necrology - 1935.

Africa

Liberia's War-Time President Is Laid To Rest In Monrovia

Final Rites For Hon. Daniel Howard Impress—Saluted By Battery of Guns.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 19—(ANP)—Reports of the death and subsequent funeral services and burial of Hon. Daniel Edward Howard, war-time president of Liberia, were received here last week.

Liberian officials attended the funeral services to pay final tribute to the man who during the perilous years of 1914-1918 guided the destiny of Liberia, when its existence as an independent state was frequently endangered. President Howard discharged his duties with courage and tact and dignity, thereby preserving the Republic.

9-21-35

Mr. Howard was born in Grand Bassa in 1861 and entered the Government service at an early age being appointed secretary of the treasury in 1906. Five years later he was elected president in succession to Arthur Barclay and in 1915 was re-selcted for another four-year term. Under his administration the Republic enjoyed much progress and prosperity and gained the confidence of the British Empire as well as other foreign nations.

Funeral services were held from the First Methodist Episcopal Church, at Monrovia and following a salute of 21 guns the flag-draped casket was lowered to its final resting place.

Alabama.

Necrology - 1935

NEGRO SINGERS MOURN THEIR TEACHER'S DEATH

4-4-35

Rites Are Set Tomorrow For Malachi Wilkerson

Student-singers of Industrial High School for Negroes will chant their saddest songs Sunday afternoon for the funeral of Malachi Wilkerson, Negro teacher who trained their voices. He died Thuursday at the age of 51.

Announcing the funeral at 1:30 p.m. tomorrow in the school auditorium, Dr. C. B. Glenn, superintendent of city schools, paid tribute to the teacher's 25 years service. For many years he had been head of the vocational department at Industrial High, in addition to the musical work.

Members of the City Board of Education and other school officials will attend the funeral.

Birmingham, Ala. News
April 9, 1935

NEGRO NURSE HONORED

A tribute to the devotion and loyalty of Lillie Lewis Mims, 60, Negro practical nurse, who died recently after a brief illness, was paid at her funeral by numerous white friends in whose homes she had served. For more than 30 years she had been called in to help at times of illness, and had always added to her services the faithful devotion of a friend, those who knew her said. Funeral services were conducted from the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. Colored.

Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser
June 9, 1935

NEGRO LEADER DIES

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALA., June 8.—(Special).—Eugene Clarence Dobbs, State farm demonstration agent, United States Agricultural Extension Department, with headquarters at Tuskegee Institute, died here Friday night. He was stricken ill in January. Dobbs joined the Tuskegee Institute faculty immediately after graduating from the Institute agricultural department in 1915 and served as an instructor in the farm crops division. In 1917 he was appointed emergency agent in the Lower South under the Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C., in cereal investigation work. He served in numerous capacities with constant promotions until appointed State farm demonstration agent which position he held at the time of his death. Funeral will be held at Tuskegee Institute at 2:30 Tuesday.

MEMORY OF NEGRO WOMAN HONORED

Montgomery Advertiser

Bronze Tablet, Gift Of Judge Jones, Unveiled To Faithful Servant

Ala.

The memory of Jennie Hatchett, for 50 years a faithful servant in the family of Gov. Thomas G. Jones, and who was known and respected by hundreds of Montgomerians, was honored Sunday afternoon when a handsome bronze tablet, the gift of Judge Walter B. Jones, was presented to the First Baptist Church (colored) on Ripley Street, of which she was a life-long member, and dedicated in the presence of an audience that taxed the capacity of the church. Among the several hundred persons attending were scores of white friends who came to pay tribute to the memory of the faithful servant.

The dedicatory ceremonies were presided over by Dr. H. C. Trenholm, of the State Teachers' College, at Montgomery, and were opened with the singing of "Shall We Gather at the River?" the favorite hymn of the loyal servant and church member. After prayer by Deacon Wallace Johnson, the Rev. T. E. Huntley read the Twenty-third Psalm. A group composed of 30 singers from the State Teachers' College then sang the favorite songs of the dead woman.

The memorial address was delivered by Judge Jones, donor of the tablet, who was introduced by the Rev. R. T. Hunter.

In his address, Judge Jones paid tribute to the memory of the old servant who had helped raise him and who came to work for the family several years before he was born. "She was one of the most kindly and unselfish persons I have ever known," he said. "She always thought of others first, and of herself last. Of the little she had, she gave generously to the poor of her church. During the 50 years she worked for our family she was faithful, loyal, honest and upright. She was a consistent Christian."

The tablet, which is placed on the south wall of the church, near the pulpit, was accepted for the congregation by the Rev. Jerome D. Harris, pastor of the church. He paid tribute to the departed and declared that "Jennie Hatchett was a true and sincere Christian. The poor of our church will miss her, for she was always going about doing good for them. She loved her church and was always true to its teachings."

"Goin' Home," an organ solo, was then played by Dr. Trenholm's wife, and the services were concluded by the singing by the choir and congregation of "Servant of God, Well Done."

Many vases of flowers, placed on the pulpit platform, the gift of white friends, attested the respect that the faithful old servant was held in. Several hundred people attended the ceremonies.

NEGRO, 105, DIES

Constitution

Aged Alabaman Was Brought to U.S. by Pirates.

7-27-35

MOBILE, Ala., July 26.—(AP)—"One ob dese days, I tek time to die . . ."

Five years ago, "Uncle" Cujo Lewis, at his humble little shack near Mobile, looked back over a century of life and sighed as he dreamed of the happy days of his youth in the jungleland of Nigeria, Africa.

When he was a youth, roaming through the forests his tribe inhabited, the Dahomeys, slave pirates took him captive, took him through the jungles and to the sea, there to sell him to the white man.

Over the Atlantic, amid tortures inflicted by the slave pirates, came Cujo, to the southland, where he was unloaded in 1859, in Mobile, and put to work on a plantation. After the war he sadly parted from his master and sought sustenance alone. He reared a family and grandfamily.

Happiness was not for Cujo, however. All of his life—through 105 years—his burning desire was to return once to his native land. Before he died, he resolved, he would go back. Patiently, longingly, he awaited, but the money never was available.

Cujo never will return to Nigeria. Today, he "took time" to die. Late this afternoon, life went out of the aged, feeble negro.

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Greenville, Tenn., Sun
August 6, 1935

LAST AFRICAN-BORN SLAVE DIES

(Exchange)

It is not likely that any former slave of ownership in the United States will rise to refute the claim of "Uncle" Cudjo Lewis that he was the last surviving emancipated Negro in this country to have been born in Africa. "Uncle" Cudjo died at Mobile, Ala., a week ago, and his reputed age of 105 years should be reasonable proof that his claim was justified, coupled with the fact that Cudjo was brought in by a slave runner as late as 1859, only a few months before the outbreak of the civil war and no more than three years before the proclamation of emancipation was issued by President Lincoln. Under growing displeasure of law, the running of slaves had declined and it is not unlikely that Cudjo was one of the last group brought in.

Cudjo, whose native name was "Kazoola," was a member of the peaceful tribe of Tarkars, in the hinterlands of the Congo Free State, some 200 miles back from the West Coast of Africa. When he was about 18 and some years before he was brought to America by traders he was captured by the savage Dahomey tribe and marched to the coast. There and some years later Capt. Billy Foster, commanding the slave ship Clothiedle,, according to Cudjo, selected 109 of the captives for transportation to America, among them being the man who just died at Mobile. The passage was 72 days and Cudjo and his mates were landed at Dabney's plantation, below Mount Vernon, Ala., and not far from Fort Morgan. Cudjo was sold to a plantation owner near Mobile, was freed and remained in that general locality the remainder of his years, which were many if his claim of 105 can be regarded as authentic.

While this last victim of an atrocious system of supply raised a large family, he never entirely abandoned a desire to return to his native Africa.

Arkansas.

Necrology - 1935

PINE BLUFF MOURNS GEORGE W. AUSTIN

Death of Prominent Man Is Keenly Felt In Business and Civic Life.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., June 6.—The citizens of Pine Bluff as well as colored people in many parts of the country were shocked to learn of the death of George Washington Austin, who died Wednesday morning at his home, 1813 Sarcen street, Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Very few native citizens, enjoyed the esteem and respect of the citizens of Pine Bluff as did George Austin. A more brilliant, reliable, practical, industrious, christian gentleman has never cast his lot among our group in the city of Pine Bluff. A fine business man, whose interest was centered in the elevation and practical development of his race. While he did not accumulate a large material fortune during his stay in Pine Bluff, but he died abundantly wealthy in the things that money can never buy.

George Washington Austin was the son of Rev. and Mrs. T. A. Austin and was born December 2nd, 1894 at Ivanhoe, Va., the third of four children. He finished Morgan College Annex in 1911 and entered Tuskegee Institute the same year, graduating in 1913 and taking a post course finished steam engineering and applied electricity in 1914. After finishing school, he served as teacher in the Florida State College at Tallahasse; A. & M. College, Normal, Ala.; Southern University, Baton Rouge, La.; and Ark. State College, Pine Bluff. After five years at Ark. State College, he became identified with the National Benefit Life Insurance Co., then Century Life and Universal Life and Universal Life. He later gave up the insurance field to accept a position with the State as an instructor in the State Negro Boys Industrial School in which capacity he was serving at his death.

In each position which he served, Mr. Austin was given unstinted praise by those under whom he served and all his superiors were reluctant in letting him go in his steady advancement. His passing is a great loss to this section particularly.

He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Essie Mae Abercrombie-Austin of the '14 Class of Tuskegee; a son, George W. Jr.; a daughter Ura Lee who graduates from High School this year; mother, brother, half-brother and a host of friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Perry Funeral Home from St. James M. E. Church, the church which he was connected with from childhood, Saturday, May 26th.

The father of Mrs. Austin, Mr. Robert Abercrombie of Girard, Alabama attended the funeral.

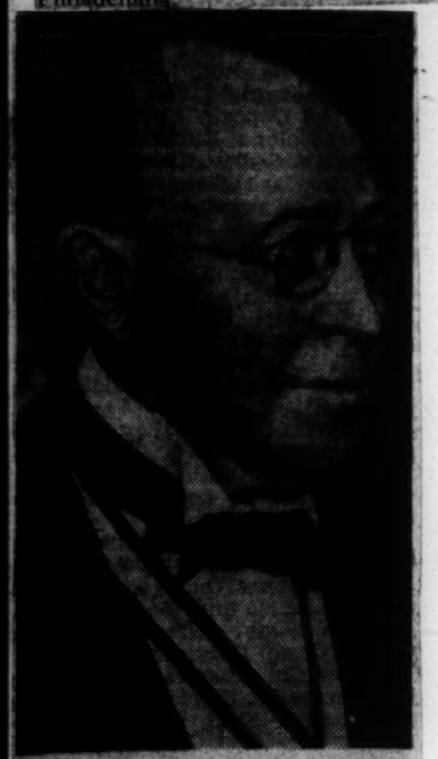
Necrology - 1935

D.C.

Dr. C. S. Wormley Dies Suddenly in Washington

1-26-35

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. C. Sumner Wormley died suddenly on January 21, after having taken ill the previous day. He was one of the best known and popular colored citizens of the District of Columbia, where he was born. At one time, he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Howard University. Dr. Wormley was a bachelor. He is survived by brothers and sisters. One of the sisters is Mrs. Henry M. Minton of Philadelphia.



© Harris & Ewing from Globe Photo.
BOLTON SMITH.

BOLTON SMITH DIES; BOY SCOUT OFFICIAL

Vice President of the National Movement Was Member of Executive Board 17 Years.

FORMER MEMPHIS BANKER

3-28-35

Long Had Fostered Inter-racial Understanding—Succumbs at

73 in Washington.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Bolton Smith, retired Memphis banker and vice-president of the Boy Scouts of America, died here today at the home of his son, Carlisle Bolton. He was 73 years old. Besides his son, a sister, Mrs. Van J. Weaver of San Antonio, Texas, survives.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 11 A. M. in the Bethlehem chapel of the Washington Cathedral and at 4 P. M. on Saturday in St. Mary's Cathedral at Memphis, Tenn., his former home.

Mr. Smith had served on the executive board of the Boy Scouts of America for the last seventeen years. In 1927, with the late President Taft, and five others, Mr. Smith received the silver buffalo of the Boy Scouts for his distinguished services to boyhood. In Mr. Smith's case his work for the Scouts was combined with another cause to which he was devoted, the fostering of inter-racial understanding. Dr. James E. West, chief executive of the Scouts, said last night:

"In the passing of Bolton Smith, the Boy Scouts of America has lost one of its outstanding figures and the boyhood of America has lost a firm friend. His efforts in behalf of the Negro race, while he was a resident of Memphis, has for many years made him an outstanding figure in the South. His ardent interest in the welfare of Negro boys led him to take an active part in the development of our interracial efforts which have been among the leading activities of the Boy Scouts of America in recent years. He gave great service as chairman of our National Interracial Service. His enthusiasm and initiative have been largely responsible for the success of this program in North and South alike."

A native of Indianapolis, Mr. Smith was educated at Dresden, Germany, and at the College of Geneva, Switzerland, where he was graduated in 1878. Four years later, he received the degree of LL.B from the Central Law Schcool of Indianapolis. For forty-seven years, 1885-1932, he was an investment banker in Memphis. He was a member of the executive committee of the board of trustees of the George Peabody College for Teachers, and a trustee of the Brookings Institution, Washington. In 1919 he was president of the Rotary Club of Memphis and in 1923-1924 governor of Rotary District 16. A monograph by him, entitled "A Philosophy of Race Relation," was printed in the Congressional Record of Deccember, 1919. He was a Democrat, an Episcopalian and a Mason.

TOM W'LKER ATTORNEY EXPIRES

86-Year-Old Active Bar Member Dies After 28 Days' Illness

6-1-35

Funeral services for Attorney Thomas Walker, for nearly a half centry a member of the District bar, will be held tomorrow (Friday) from the Lincoln Temple Congregational Church where he was a member. The eulogy will be said by the Rev. R. W. Brooks, pastor, and burial at Harmony Cemetery will follow.

Attorney Walker died at his late residence, 1811 Eighth Street Northwest, late Tuesday night, after an illness of 28 days. He was 84 years of age, however, was continuously active at the bar until he was stricken ill nearly a month ago.

A native of the State of Alabama, Attorney Walker studied in the South and later at the Howard University School of Law from which he graduated. Had he continued his practice at his local offices, 506 Fifth Street, Northwest, until July of this year, he would have reached the fiftieth anniversary of his practice here. He also served as trustee at Howard University.

He had served as clerk of circuit court and sheriff of Dallas County in Alabama.

Surviving him are two nieces, Mrs. A. B. Penn and Mrs. Georgia B. Hollinger.

Bishop A. S. Dickerson Buried In Washington

Courier 9-27-35

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12—Bishop Abel S. Dickerson, of Pittsburgh, died Wednesday, August 25th following a short illness of acute heart attack at Freedman Hospital this city. Bishop Dickerson was the son of Rev. and Mrs. John F. Dickerson, of Exmore, Va.

He was born in Acamac County, Va., April 10, 1879.

Bishop [illegible] started in religious work in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1900, where he met and married Miss Florence Henry. He joined with the late Bishop William S. Cowdry, founder of the Church of God and Saints of Christ the same year. Bishop Dickerson was an ardent student and sincere believer and was ordained to the Gospel Ministry in 1902. After organizing several churches in the South he was sent to Pittsburgh 32 years ago, where he remained until 1934, when he returned to Washington to establish headquarters of the church.

He was a most pleasing personality, made friends rapidly. His sterling character was unquestionable. He was a man of great wisdom and understanding. He was a benefit to the hundreds who came in contact with him in the crisis of life. From the hospitals, the prisons, the wayside, the home of great and small come echoes of his unselfish service rendered without cost. Having proven his great worth to the organization he was elected by unanimous vote, the chief Bishop and executive of this vast organization 12 years ago in which capacity he ruled well until his death.

Bishop Dickerson was stricken while on a mission of mercy in Columbus, O. He is survived by his widow, his parents, five brothers, four sisters and thousands of ardent followers throughout the country.

Spectacular rites were held in Washington where his body laid in state for three days. Interment was made in Lincoln cemetery. Evangelist-at-Large Mathew Henzie of Boston, Mass. officiated.

Mrs. N. Curtis, Wife Of Dr. Curtis, Dies Suddenly In Capital

Age 1-30-35

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mrs. Nannah G. Curtis, wife of Dr. A. M. Curtis, Professor of Surgery at Howard University, passed away at her late residence, 1736 You street, Northwest, early Monday morning, November 25th.

During her life time she was associated with many movements of civil, political and social welfare character. After her marriage to Dr. Curtis, in Philadelphia, in 1888, they moved to Chicago, where he took up the practice of medicine. Upon his appointment as Surgeon-in-Chief, of Freedmen's Hospital in 1898, the family moved to Washington where it has resided ever since.

During the World's Columbia Exposition in 1893, she was appointed by Major Moses P. Handy, Director of Publicity, as official hostess to colored visitors. During the Jamestown Exposition held at Yorktown, Va., she was Fiscal Agent of the Negro Exhibit toward which a liberal appropriation had been made by the Federal Goverment.

When San Francisco was shocked with earthquakes, Mrs. Curtis carried a Commission from Secretary of War, William H. Taft, and served under General Fred Funston and the Red Cross Organization in ameliorating disturbed conditions.

Upon the outbreak of the Spanish American War she was associated with the organization which assembled immune nurses for yellow fever, with headquarters at Tampa, Florida, and made several visits to Havana and other Cuban points placing these nurses. Surgeon General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., upon the completion of her duties, wrote: "The duties assigned to you have been performed with care and intelligence and the Department is greatly in debt to you for your faithful and conscientious work."

Mrs. Curtis is survived by her husband, Dr. A. M. Curtis, professor of surgery, Howard University; three sons, Dr. Arthur L. Curtis, clinical instructor in surgery, Howard University; Dr. Merrill Cutis, eye spe-

New York

in Brooklyn, will attend the funeral. Burial will be in Arlington Cemetery.

cialist of Washington, D. C, and Dr. A. Maurice Curtis jr., a practicing physician at Paterson, N. J., and one daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Curtis Norris of Passaic, N. J.

Mrs. J. B. Hall and Mrs. Eugene Daily of Boston, sisters of Dr. and Mrs. Helen Curtis, a sister-in-law

Curtain Falls

Joseph Douglass.

Death came early Saturday to claim the life of Joseph Douglass, famous violinist and grandson of the great Abolitionist Frederick Douglass. He died of pneumonia in Washington.

Grandson Of Douglass Is Dead In East

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 13—Suffering from a sudden attack of pneumonia, Joseph H. Douglass, grandson of the late abolitionist and statesman, Frederick Douglass, passed away at his home, 1806 11th street, northwest, Saturday morning, at 2 o'clock.

Funeral services will be held from the McGuire Funeral Home, 1820 9th street, northwest, Tuesday afternoon, at 1 o'clock. Burial will be in Harmony cemetery.

Mr. Douglass, who was sixty-six years old at the time of his death, was the pioneer and dean of race violinists, being the first Race man to attract national attention as master of the violin.

He was born in 1869 in Anacostia, D.C., the son of Charles R. and Mary Elizabeth Douglass. His father was the son of the late abolitionist. He received his early education in the public schools of Washington, learning in between how to play the violin.

Finishing his education in the Washington schools, he went to Boston, Mass., where he studied in the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Boston Conservatory of Music. After completing courses in violin at the Boston institutions, he went abroad where he studied under the European masters of the instrument.

Returning to this country, a polished violinist, he opened and directed the Violin Department of Howard university. Later he became director of the Violin Department of the Music School Settlement, in New York City, and a director of the Musical Art club of this city.

After devoting several years to the teaching of violin music, Mr Douglass took to the concert stage and was hailed by musical critics as a "revelation"—"a violinist of artistic skill." Many presidents of the United States had been delightfully entertained by his masterful handling of the stringed instrument. Among those who heard him were Presidents William McKinley and William H. Taft.

Frederick Douglass, himself a violinist of note, took a keen interest in his grandson, giving him lessons at the early age of twelve years. When he had learned to master the

DEATH TAKES GRANDSON OF ABOLITIONIST

Pneumonia Is Fatal to Joseph Douglass, Violinist

12-14-35

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12 (ANP).—Suffering from a sudden attack of pneumonia, Joseph H. Douglass, grandson of the late abolitionist and statesman, Frederick Douglass, passed away at his home, 1806 Eleventh street, Northwet, Saturday morning at 2 o'clock.

Mr. Douglass, who was 66 years old at the time of his death, was the pioneer and dean of violinists, being the first Negro to attract national attention as master of the violin. He played for Presidents McKinley and Taft. He was born in 1869 in Anacostia, D. C., the son of Charles R. and Mary Elizabeth Douglass.

He studied in the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Boston Conservatory of Music. After completing courses in violin at the Boston institutions, he went abroad where he studied under the European masters of the instrument.

Taught at Howard.

Returning to this country, a polished violinist, he opened and directed the violin department of Howard University. Later he became director of the Violin Department of the Music School Settlement, in New York City, and a director of the Musical Art Club of this city.

Frederick Douglass, himself a violinist of note, took a keen interest in his grandson, giving him lessons at the early age of twelve years. When he had learned to master the instrument, his granfather purchased from Germany a violin at a cost of $1,000. The violin was made four centuries ago, and was used by Mr. Douglass in his concerts, which he conducted until he became ill.

In 1907 he was married to Miss Fannie Howard, Atlanta, Ga. Two children were born: Blanche E., now deceased, and Frederick III, a student in the Howard Medical School.

Besides his wife and son, he is survived by a brother, Haley G., a teacher in Dunbar High School, and a host of other relatives and friends

Necrology - 1935

England.

DR. ALICE WERNER, LINGUIST, 75, DIES

Emeritus Professor at London University Was Expert on African Tribal Tongues.

AUTHOR OF MANY WORKS

Pioneer in Teaching Language and Folklore of Primitive Peoples She Studied.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, June 10.—Dr. Alice Werner, emeritus professor of Swahil and Dantu languages in the University of London, died today. She was 75 years old. She was a prominent writer on the languages and folklore of Africa, of which she had made a profound study in travels among primitive tribes, particularly in the Eastern and Central regions. She was a pioneer teacher of the African languages in Great Britain.

Miss Werner was known as a world traveler, author, teacher and research student. Her early studies were made at home and with the aid of a private tutor. Later she attended Newnham College, Cambridge, and from 1878 until 1880 was Goldsmith's Scholar at Cambridge.

For several years she was employed on The Review of Reviews and for ten years or more contributed to Speaker and other magazines. She spent three years in Africa in the early Nineties and made an important study of the African languages at a time when women were not welcome as explorers or travelers.

In 1900 Miss Werner started private classes for African languages and a year later they were transferred to Kings College. She later was recognized by the University of London and received the Mary Ann Ewart Traveling Scholarship in 1911. She spent two years in research work among the coast tribes of British East Africa.

After serving as lecturer and professor at several institutions, she retired in 1930. She was the author of many publications, including books of poetry, fiction, travel stores and language texts. Her published works include "A Time and Times" (poems); a translation of Garibaldi's Autobiography, "The Captain of the Locusts," "Chapenga's White Men," "Native Races of British Central Africa," "Introduction to the Study of African Languages," "African Mythology," "Myths and Legends of the Bantu" and "African Stories."

Florida

Necrology - 1935

C. H. ANDERSON FOUND DEAD IN HIS OFFICE

Ex-Banker Was One of Florida's Most Noted Citizens

By John R. Williams

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. — (ANP)—Charles H. Anderson, former banker here was found dead in his office here Tuesday, Feb. 6, ending one of the most colorful careers in the history of Negro business in America.

At one time Mr. Anderson was one of the best known business men of the country. Beginning as a fish merchant, he and his brother dominated the fish market in Jacksonville for many years. Attracting the attention of Booker T. Washington, he was made treasurer of the National Negro Business league.

Founded Bank in 1910

About 1910 he founded a bank in Jacksonville of which he became president. The institution flourished and Anderson began dreaming of greater fields to conquer. He determined to go to New York city and give the metropolis its first taste of big Negro business by opening a bank there. He invested $50,000 in real estate, buying an equity in a building at 135th and Seventh avenue, which was to be the home of his proposed bank.

Both the white and Colored people of Jacksonville were angered by his desertion of the city and soon thereafter his Jacksonville bank failed, probably as a result of the tide of sentiment which had set in against him. During his later years he has been fighting poverty and failing health bravely. For some months prior to his death he operated an employment agency.

Once Charles Anderson owned the finest Negro home in Jacksonville. This he lost as well as other valuable property when adversity overtook him. He was survived by his widow from whom he had been estranged for several years and by eight children.

CHARLES H. ANDERSON HAD LARGE BUSINESS

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Mar. 7—(By John R. Williams for ANP)—Charles H. Anderson, former banker here, was found dead in his office here Tuesday, thus ending one of the most colorful careers in the history of Negro business in America.

At one time Mr. Anderson was one of the well known business men of the country. Beginning as a fish merchant, he and his brother dominated the fish market in Jacksonville for many years. Attracting the attention of Booker T. Washington, he was made treasurer of the National Negro Business League.

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France

Necrology — 1935

DETHRONED RULER OF ETHIOPIA DIES

6-23-35

Modern "Man in Iron Mask," Insane From Confinement, Succumbs.

PARIS, June 22.—(AP)—The newspaper Paris Soir in a copyright article reported today the death of the dethroned emperor of Ethiopia, Lij Yasu, in a lonely mountain top prison in the province of Harrar; far from Addis Ababa.

The article, describing the former emperor's life as that of a "modern man in an iron mask" said that he died six months ago but that his death had been kept secret by the government.

Yasu was the grandson of Emperor Minelik II, who defeated Italian troops in the Battle of Adua in 1896. He was deposed in 1916 as the result of a tribal rebellion and his aunt, Zauditu, made empress in his stead.

Paris Soir asserts that he was placed in a cage 60 feet square after his capture in 1917. He was permitted to communicate with his guards by means of a drawbridge, but had no other company.

As the result the paper says he became a narcotic addict and sang and played the tambourine constantly in his isolated prison.

Lij Yasu, nominated by Menelik II as his successor, took the reins of government in 1911 while Menlik was still alive. He was never crowned and in 1916 after he had failed in an effort to build up a federation of Moslem states, although Ethiopia is not a Moslem country, he was excommunicated by the Ethiopian church.

Georgia

Necrology — 1935

James Beniah Beckham was born in Zublon, Ga. He attended public schools in the same town. He graduated from Roger Williams university with degree of A. B., and Friendship college, Rock Hill, S. C., with degree of D. D. He was converted at the early age of 15 years and soon after heard the call and started as a spokesman for Jesus. Preaching and teaching for him. He was ordained Jan. 1, 1887 at Botom, Tex. He was united in marriage to Miss Tommetta Stokes, Sept. 9, 1907 at the residence of her brother, Jackson Stokes of Chicago. He was all kindness and found a great pleasure in making others happy.

He pastored at the following churches: Mastown, Tenn., 2 years; Spokane, Wash., 9 years; Denver, Colo.; 3 years; Independence, Mo., 9 years; Pleasant Grove Baptist church, Springfield, Ill., 3 years; New Hope Baptist, Springfield, Ill., 2 years; Petersburg, 3 years.

He was a charter member of the National Baptist Convention and was a regular attendant for more than 30 years, being elected Auditor of the National Convention in 1918. He served until passing.

He was a charter membe rof the Masonic Lodge in Spokane, Wash., and also shriner; a member of U. B. F., in Independence, Mo., and of the K. of P., Kansas City, Mo.

Rev. Beckham was a loving husband and did everything to make his companion happy in the home. About four years or more ago his health began to fail but never in all his illness did he complain, always seeing the right side of life. Early in the winter he lost his only sister and from then on he began to fail fast and his only desire was to put a marker at her grave. Then he said to his friends I will be ready to go home. He had only returned about twelve days. Wednesday evening he assisted his wife in the chores around the house retiring about 9:30. At 11 o'clock he had a slight attact but not as alarming as before. When morning came and wife arose he also spoke of getting up. While wife was arranging breakfast Jesus spoke to his messenger to call Rev. Beckham home and he quietly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus at 10:15, Thursday morning, June 20, 1935.

He leaves to mourn his departure; a loving wife, Mrs. Beckham, city; two nephews, Fred and George Beckham; two nieces, Ira May and Seleste in Texas.

Negro Educator Dies at Sparta

SPARTA, Ga., Sept. 19.—Linton Stephens Ingraham, one of the best known Negro educators in the state, died at his home here this morning after celebrating his 80th birthday a few days ago.

Prof. Ingraham had been a teacher for 60 years and at the time of his death was active head of the Sparta Agricultural and Industrial Institute, which he established here 25 years ago. He had built up a large school plant here with funds donated by northern and eastern friends.

He was educated by the late Alexander H. Stephens.

LINTON S. INGRAHAM, NEGRO EDUCATOR, DIES

SPARTA, Ga., Sept. 20.—Linton Stephens Ingraham, one of the best known negro educators in the state, died at his home here yesterday, after celebrating his 80th birthday a few days ago.

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He was educated by the late Alexander H. Stephens.

Macon, Ga., News
September 11, 1935

NEGRO EDUCATOR'S FUNERAL IS HELD

Services for Aria Sellers Held at Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church

The funeral services for Aria Sellers, the first Negro teacher in Macon, was held this afternoon at 5 o'clock at Washington Avenue Presbyterian church, seats were reserved for white friends.

Aria's father, Ned Woodcliff, was the first Negro alderman in the city and her son, Cassander Sellers, was the first Negro admitted to the bar.

Aria was 89 years old when she died and was well known for her generosity and goodness to her people and to white people as well.

She received her first education in Philadelphia and later attended a convent in Cleveland. Her father, who was quite wealthy, offered the Georgia legislature $500 to let his daughter attend school in this state, but was refused several times.

First Negro Teacher

The first Negro school in Macon was founded and supported by Ned Woodcliff, and his daughter became the first teacher in it.

Aria was married to T. N. M. Sellers, first cashier for the Freeman's Bank for colored people.

The funeral will take place this afternoon from the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church at 5 o'clock. Officials at Hutchings funeral home said that many white people are expected to attend and seats are being reserved for them.

Aria Sellers is survived by two grandchildren, C. W. Sellers, 103 Spring street, where Aria died; and Margaret Chambers of Washington, Pa.; three great grandchildren, Katie V. Chambers of Washington, Pa., Barbara and David Sellers of Macon; and two daughters-in-law, Mildred and Juanita Sellers.

Macon, Ga., Telegraph
September 11, 1935

First Negro Teacher Dies In City After Long Life

Aria Sellers, Daughter of Former Macon Alderman, Opened School Here After Being Refused Admittance to Georgia Institutions; Father Paid $800 for Mother

By JAMES ETHERIDGE, JR.

Aria Sellers, daughter of Macon's first Negro alderman and mother of the first Negro to be admitted to the Georgia bar, died yesterday at her Spring street home near the old building where she taught in this city's first Negro school. She would have been 90 years old Friday.

Aria, whose great grandmother was an Indian squaw, was educated in the North because three times the Georgia legislature refused $500 which her father offered that his girl might go to Georgia schools. Later, Aria was the first teacher in Macon's first Negro school, founded and supported by her father, Ned Woodliff, barber.

Hundreds of persons, white and colored, are expected to attend funeral services for Aria Sellers at 5 p.m. today at the Washington Avenue Presbyterian church. Interment will be in Lynwood cemetery.

Mother Was Slave

Aria was always proud that one of her father's best customers was the late Bridges Smith, who was mayor of Macon after Ned Woodliff served his term in city council. She was also proud of the late Cassander Sellers, first Negro to be admitted to the state bar.

Aria's mother was a former Negro slave girl for whom Ned Woodliff paid $800 before he could marry her. Later, Woodliff sent his wife and daughter Aria to Philadelphia where Aria attended public schools and the mother went to a Quaker school. Aria was later a student in a Cleveland convent.

When the family came back to Macon, Woodliff was elected city alderman. He was one of the most prosperous citizens of the community. His daughter, Aria, married T. N. M. Sellers, who was the first cashier for the old Freeman's bank for colored people.

Help the Negro

Aria, who always said she was not an "ante bellum type of Negro, would tell many white visitors to her home that she did not believe the average Negro the equal of the average white person, but she would say, "we will always be a millstone around your necks until you give us training and advantages. You should help us because we need you and you need us."

Aria is known to have never turned away from her door anyone asking for food when they were hungry, white or black. "Both races are dependent on each other and each hurts itself when it denies anything to the other," Aria would say.

Aria Sellers is survived by two grandchildren, C. W. Sellers, 103 Spring street where Aria lived he last days; and Margaret Chambers of Washington, Pa.; three great-grandchildren. Katie V. Chambers of Washington, Pa.; Barbara and David Sellers of Macon; and the widows of her two oldest sons, Mildred and Juanita Sellers.

OLDEST NEGRO CITIZEN DIES IN SANDERSVILLE

SANDERSVILLE, Ga., Oct. 14.—A. G. Floyd, 89, oldest negro citizen of Sandersville, died at his home here Saturday after a short illness.

Floyd had been a prominent figure in politics for many years, being chairman of the republican party in Washington county. He believed in his race, and would advise them to educate themselve, register and vote. He was a law-abiding citizen, and had the respect of white and negro races.

Surviving are two sons and three daughters.

Funeral services were held here today.

Necrology - 1935

Georgia

DAVID T. HOWARD, 86, NEGRO LEADER, DIES

Constitution

4-17-35

Founder of Undertaking Establishment Had Been in Business Here 53 Years.

Atlanta, Ga.

David T. Howard, one of the leading negro businessmen in the state, died yesterday afternoon at the residence of his daughter, Eleanor B. Murphy, at 410 Merritts avenue, N. E. He was 86.

He was president and founder of the David T. Howard undertaking establishment and had been in business in Atlanta 53 years.

Born near Crawfordville, Howard was a slave of Colonel T. B. Howard, father of William Schley Howard, the prominent Atlanta lawyer.

After the War Between the States Howard came to Atlanta and in 1880 established his first funeral directing company on Marietta street. Later he was located at Broad and Walton streets and in 1915 he moved his company to Piedmont avenue, its present location.

The David T. Howard school on Houston street is named after him, and he was known as a patron of the colored Y. M. C. A., to which he gave thousands of dollars during his life.

He was charitable and interested in his race and devoted much of his time to its betterment. He was treasurer of the Bethel church and was one of the leaders who erected a statue of Booker T. Washington at the school by that name here.

Howard put many poor negro boys and girls through college and asked only that they study and fit themselves for a life of leadership in their race. He was a member of the Interracial Commission.

He was the father of Henry G. Howard, Eleanor B. Murphy, Lottie Howard, and Julia Howard, of Atlanta, and Fannie M. Douglas, of Washington, D. C.

DAVID T. HOWARD

The colored population of Atlanta loses its most outstanding figure in the death of David T. Howard and the city a valuable citizen.

Born a slave, Howard by his devotion to the doctrine of hard work and his high principles of life achieved the respect of the members of both races during his long career as an upright and successful businessman and a citizen who was ever ready to aid those less fortunate.

4-18-35

One of the wealthiest negroes of Atlanta, his ability and sterling character recognized by both whites and the members of his own race, he remained a quiet and unassuming man, devoting his latter years largely to service of a public nature.

He was a member of the board of the junior high school for negroes, a charter member of the interracial commission, and a member of the Atlanta University housing project board. His activities included earnest support of school, church and fraternal organizations.

Three years ago the completion of his fiftieth year in business in Atlanta was given recognition by both white and colored citizens.

His death removes one of the most useful and constructive negro leaders of the south. His success in life emphasizes the broad opportunity for advancement and for public service that exists in the south for those of his race endowed with the same spirit of determination and service that marked his rise from slavery to wealth and influence.

WEALTHIEST OF RACE IN GEORGIA SUCCUMBS AT 85

Journal

D. T. Howard Passes In Atlanta; Ill Several Months

4-20-35

ATLANTA, Ga. — David T. Howard, reputedly Georgia's wealthiest Negro citizen, passed away early Tuesday afternoon following a lingering illness of several months at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. L. D. Milton. He was 85. He resided at 538 Johnson Avenue.

A philanthropist as well as the city's pioneer businessman, Mr. Howard was a liberal contributor to the church, Y. M. C. A., and was for years a trustee of the Morris Brown College.

He was a charter member of the Alanta Interracial Commission and a veteran member of the St. James Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

Three years ago he celebrated his golden anniversary of continuous business in the city. He was founder of David T. Howard and Co., funeral directors.

Grief stricken over the death of his wife, Mrs. Ella Howard, in May of last year, he has been ill ever since.

Born a slave on the plantation of Col. I. C. Howard, at Knoxville, Crawford County, on December 10, 1849, he first entered the undertaking business in Atlanta in 1880. He was a slave until he was fourteen years old.

Sterling character and unselfish charity won for him a high respect from citizens in all walks of life. The Atlanta board of education several years ago named a new junior high school after him.

He is survived by one son, Henry Gladstone Howard, of Atlanta; four daughters, Mrs. Eleanor D. Murphy of Atlanta; Mrs. Julia Howard-Hunnicutt, of Atlanta; Miss Lottie Howard of Vancouver, B. C.; and Mrs. Fannie M. Douglas, of Washington, D. C., and many grand children.

Highlights of Career

David Howard was born of humble parents, the son of T. C. and Mrs. Fannie Hall Howard. He was married to Miss Ella Brammer on October 19, 1870. He was truly a self-made man, as he even taught himself, never having had the opportunity of going to school. Becoming a funeral director in 1883, he founded the undertaking company of David T. Howard and Co.

He was a director of the Supreme Liberty Life Ins. Co., of Chicago; president of the Chestnut Hill Cemetery Corp.; director of the South View Cemetery Corp.; a member and ex-director of the Y. M. C. A., and of the N. A. A. C. P.; and held membership in the National Funeral Directors Association, the Georgia State Funeral Directors Association, the Masons, the Elks; was founder and ex-vice chancellor of the Odd Fellows in Atlanta; and a member of the Good Samaritans.

He was a Republican and a staunch member of the A. M. E. Church.

He helped many poor boys and girls secure an education, even to sending them through college, so that they could equip themselves for a useful life.

Wilkes Pays Tribute To David T. Howard

Editor Constitution: I read with pleasure your editorial on the life of David T. Howard. I knew him more than 50 years. When the old "Green Line" [illegible] was established bearing the first through car service the Atlanta office was in charge of Major Cornelius Holcomb. He was one of the south's most worthy and elegant gentlemen, carried a crutch because of a wound in Confederate army.

Atlanta

He had as his body servant and constant attendant David T. Howard. He was constantly with the major had annual passes over all the roads was the impersonation of respectful politeness, was jealous of the major's comfort.

There was a beautiful friendship between the two. As long as the major lived Howard lived with him.

David T. Howard was a good citizen—an honor to his race. I lament his passing.

SAM W. WILKES,
Publicity Agent, A. & W. P. R. R.-W. R. of Ala.-Ga. R. R.
Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1935.

David Howard, Called Georgia's Wealthiest, Dies

Journal

ATLANTA, Ga. — David T. Howard, 85, reputedly Georgia's wealthiest citizen, died Tuesday afternoon at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. L. D. Milton.

A philanthropist, as well as the city's pioneer business man, Mr. Howard was a contributor to the church, YMCA, and was for years a trustee of Morris Brown College. He was a charter member of the Atlanta Interracial Commission and a member of the Masonic order.

Three years ago, he celebrated his golden anniversary of continuous business in the city.

Grief-stricken over the death of his wife, Mrs. Ella Howard, in May of last year, he has been ill ever since.

He first entered the undertaking business in Atlanta in 1880. The Atlanta board of education several years ago named a new junior high school for him.

He is survived by one son, Henry Gladstone Howard; four daughters, Mrs. Eleanor D. Murphy, Mrs. Julia Howard Hunnicutt, Miss Lottie Howard of Vancouver, B.C., and Mrs. Fannie M. Douglas, of Washington, D.C., and many grandchildren.

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Atlanta, Ga.

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He was charitable and interested in his race and devoted much of his time to its betterment. He was treasurer of the Bethel church and was one of the leaders who erected a statue of Booker T. Washington at the school by that name here.

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DR. MARTIN PASSES

The sad news of the death of our very dear friend, Rev. D. D. Martin, D.D., reached us just as this issue was going to the press. Dr. Martin had been ill for several weeks. He seemed to be regaining his strength when last week, he suddenly became weaker and died on the evening of Friday, April 6th.

His deepest interests and prayers were with his many Negro friends until the very end. He was always eager to hear from and to be remembered to his many friends with and for whom he worked for twenty-two years. We are confident that the former students and friends of Gammon will want to join us in an expression of sincere sympathy to Mrs. Martin as we feel the distinct loss of a genuine friend who worked tirelessly for twenty-two years for the welfare of the Negro race in America, Africa and throughout the world.

D. T. Howard Mortician, Is Dead At 85

ATLANTA, Ga., April 18—David T. Howard, 85 years old, reputedly Georgia's wealthiest Race citizen passed away Tuesday following an illness of several months, at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. L. D. Milton.

A philanthropist as well as the city's pioneer business man, Mr. Howard was a liberal contributor to the church and Y.M.C.A., and was for years a trustee of the Morris Brown College. He was a charter member of the Atlanta Interracial Commission and a veteran member of the St. James Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

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Atlanta, Ga. Journal
April 17, 1935

David T. Howard, Leader of Negroes In Atlanta, Is Dead

David T. Howard, 85-year-old negro undertaker, who was born in slavery and became one of the business leaders of his race in Georgia, died Tuesday afternoon at the residence of his daughter, Eleanor B. Murphy, at 410 Merritts Avenue, N. E.

President and founder of the David T. Howard Undertaking Establishment, he had been in business in Atlanta for fifty-three years. He was born near Crawfordville and was a slave of Colonel T. B. Howard, father of William Schley Howard, prominent Atlanta attorney.

Following the War Between the States, Howard established a funeral directing company in Atlanta and since had been an active business leader in the community.

He was a member of the Interracial Commission and had devoted much of his time and given thousands of dollars toward the education and betterment of the negro.

The David T. Howard School on Houston Street is named after him and he was known as a patron of the colored Y. M. C. A.

Treasurer of the Bethel Church, Howard also was a religious leader and was one of the leaders who erected a statue of Booker T. Washington at the school of that name here.

He personally put many negro boys and girls through college, asking only that they fit themselves for a life of leadership in their race.

Surviving are five children, Henry G. Howard, Eleanor B. Murphy, Lottie Howard and Julia Howard, of Atlanta, and Fannie M. Douglas, of Washington, D. C.

Athens Negro, 127, Dies.

ATHENS, Ga., June 30.—(AP)—Death has taken one of Athens' oldest citizens.

Dennis Austin, local negro who claimed to have been 127 years old, died suddenly at his home here yesterday.

While no records can be found to substantiate the claim, the old negro is said to have told friends several days ago that he was 127 years old and "could prove it."

Efforts are being made to verify the claim.

First Negro Teacher Dies In City After Long Life

Aria Sellers, Daughter of Former Macon Alderman, Opened School Here After Being Refused Admittance to Georgia Institutions; Father Paid $800 for Mother

By JAMES ETHERIDGE, JR.

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Mother Was Slave

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Aria's mother was a former Negro slave girl for whom Ned Woodliff paid $800 before he could marry her. Later, Woodliff sent his wife and daughter Aria to Philadelphia where Aria attended public schools and the mother went to a Quaker school. Aria was later a student in a Cleveland convent.

When the family came back to Macon, Woodliff was elected city alderman. He was one of the most prosperous citizens of the community. His daughter, Aria, married T. N. M. Sellers, who was the first cashier for the old Freeman's bank for colored people.

Help the Negro

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Aria is known to have never turned away from her door anyone asking for food when they were hungry, white or black.

"Both races are dependent on each other and each hurts itself when it denies anything to the other," Aria would say.

Aria Sellers is survived by two grandchildren, C. W. Sellers, 103 Spring street where Aria lived the last days; and Margaret Chambers of Washington, Pa.; three great-grandchildren, Katie V. Chambers of Washington, Pa.; Barbara and David Sellers of Macon; and the widows of her two oldest sons, Mildred and Juanita Sellers.

Sparta, Ga., Ishmaelite
September 26, 1935

SPARTA NEGRO EDUCATOR DIED AT RIPE OLD AGE

DEATH COMES SUDDENLY AFTER HEART ATTACK SUFFERED SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE.

Prof. Linton S. Ingraham, 80 years of age, died at his home last Thursday morning after suffering a heart attack earlier in the week. He had been in feeble health for several years and gradually grew weaker, although he still remained active head of the Sparta Agricultural & Industrial Institute, which he established here 25 years ago. He was a teacher of the youth of his race for over 50 years and held the esteem of both the white and colored people of this section.

Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at the entrance of the auditorium of the school. Quite a number of white people were present and talks were made by Mr. C. W. Moran, former Superintendent of Education and Mrs. Louise G. Moore, the present Superintendent. Each speaker praised the work this venerable negro educator had done for his race in Hancock county. Prof J. T. Holley, head of the Georgia Normal College, Albany, Ga., was Master of ceremonies.

After the services the body was interred on the school campus, a short distance from the scene of his labors as a slave boy and for the past 25 years as a teacher and builder of the school.

Illinois.

Necrology - 1935

MARY WILLIAMS, OLD RESIDENT, PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Mary Arthur Williams, mother of George R. Arthur and Gladys Hall, and stepmother of Clarence Williams, died April 5 of bronchial pneumonia at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Gladys Hall, 4638 South Michigan avenue.

Mrs. Williams was the daughter of Sarah and the Rev. William P. Thompson of Baltimore, Md. Her father founded the Union Baptist church of Baltimore in 1871. When quite a young woman, Mrs. Williams was instructor of the adult women's Bible Class and director of the Sunday School Music Department for twenty years. Her uncle, Rev. James Thompson, was the founder of St. Thomas Episcopal Church of Chicago. Mrs. Williams came to Chicago in 1905 at the death of Mrs. Noah D. Thompson. Here she lived and cared for Noah D. Thompson, Jr.

Included in her many relatives left to mourn their loss are a brother, Samuel Thompson of Los Angeles, Calif., and a sister, Mrs. Edith Harris of Baltimore, Md. Many expressions of love for the deceased were shown in floral designs from the Julius Rosenwald Fund; Provident hospital; the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, and many cards and telegrams from all over the country.

Funeral services were held April 8 at St. Thomas Episcopal church. The Right Reverend W. B. Suthern pronounced the ceremony.

Burial was in the family lot at Lincoln Cemetery.

George A. Arthur, Y.M.C.A. secretary, 4638 South Michigan Avenue, on Saturday.

Funeral services were conducted at the St. Thomas Episcopal Church on Monday.

Mrs. Williams is survived by her son, a daughter, Mrs. Gladys Hall; a granddaughter, Miss Marietta Hall; a sister, Mrs. Edith Harris ,of Baltimore; a brother, Samuel W. Thompson of Los Angeles, and a nephew, Noah M. Thompson of the advertising department of the AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore.

While in Baltimore, Mrs. Williams was an active member of the North Street Baptist Church, of which one of her brothers had been pastor. In Chicago she belonged to the St. Thomas Church, which another brother had once pastored.

George Arthur's Mother Dies at Chicago Home

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Mary Arthur Williams, a former Baltimorean, died at the home of her son,

Fabulous Career Of Capt. Dean, Soldier, Sailor, And Dreamer Of Empire, Closed By Death

CHICAGO (ANP) — A young white man whose literary life was begun in collaboration with the late Capt. Harry Dean, stood at his bier last week and paid homage to a black (golden yellow) man whose consuming ambition while life lasted had been the world-wide freedom of his people.

The young man was Sterling North, the author of several best sellers and literary editor of the Chicago Daily News. Mr. North was not only deeply touched inwardly by the passing of the 72-year-old patriarch, but he also gave spoken tribute in an article in The Daily News. Across the chasms of age, race and color, Mr. North wrote in part:

"Ethiopia for the Ethiopians! Africa for the Africans! Down with white imperialism!

Hero's Battle Cries

"Those were the battle cries of a black hero buried here Tuesday. (July 23) And not even Christophe of Haiti—nor Haile Selassie himself—was more stout of heart than this crusader who, at the moment of his death, was still fighting to align Chicago Negroes with the Ethiopian cause.

"His name was Capt. Harry Dean, and he was co-author with the writer of this article of 'The Pedro Gorino'—the story of his adventures. He had smuggled diamonds, circumnavigated the globe countless times, sailed with Joseph Conrad, dealt in ostrich plumes and ivory, lived up the Congo where he was the self-styled admiral of a fleet of native war canoes, and during the Boer War actually threatened the British cause by accomplishing a union of the Pondos and Poodo Mesis—the beginning of native union, which was designed to oust the British colonials.

An Unusual Tribute

"Sir Harry Johnston once called him 'the most dangerous Negro on the face of the earth.'

"Dangerous or not, Dean was the stuff of which Negro emperors are made. He had behind him a long line of sea-faring, free Negro ancestors. He himself had encircled the globe on his uncle's sailing ship by the time he was 12.

"He received his formal nautical training in the British Isles, but deserted the sea for the jungle at the age of 18.

"When we were writing the book, Dean would not allow any mention of his 'Twelve Black Years.' But no harm can come of telling that story now. Dean went native. He went up the Congo with a trading party, married a native chieftain's daughter, and became the 'Admiral' of the tribe's war canoes.

"Ten children were born to that strange union. Then some tragedy of which Dean would never speak brought him back to civilization at the age of 30.

A Master Mariner

"Dean was a master mariner—perhaps the only colored sea captain in the world with papers to sail any type of boat on any sea. He owned several crafts in his time, but the one of which he was the most proud was 'The Pedro Gorino,' a top-sail schooner, which he purchased in Stavanger, Norway, with which he traded along the African coast, hunted seals and whales in the straits of Mozambique and smuggled diamonds.

"But whatever his means of making a livelihood, his only passion was to revive the 'glories of Africa.' He envisioned in the colossal ruins of Rhodesia the ashes of a great black empire, and he hoped to revive that empire.

"On his mind that little top-sail schooner was the nucleus of a Negro fleet, and it was his hope to purchase Portuguese East Africa as a starting point from which to recapture Africa for the blacks.

"To Dean, all of Africa was 'Ethiopia' and every black man an 'Ethiopian.' He was intensely concerned with every movement to oust the whites, and many times during his life turned up in Liberia or Ethiopia to do his part.

"They laid away the mortal part of a golden-visaged, white-haired old man from a funeral chapel on the South Side yesterday. But if there is any justice in the next world, he will lead in the spirit as he promised to lead in the flesh, the black boys from Chicago who will go to join Haile Selassie."

In his last interview with The Associated Negro Press, Capt. Dean spoke in testimony of former African greatness and quoted an African king, Tem But, as follows:

"When humanity hears of our goodness, virtue, and wisdom, they will attribute it to myths and fables, for a time approaches when our race will descend into a most degraded state from which they will again arise in the order of the universal rhythm."

An Old Mariner Passes

THE DEATH of Capt. Harry Dean, old-time master mariner and advocate of Africa for the Africans, breaks one of the few remaining links between contemporary American Negroes and members of that adventure-loving clan of a dimming past.

A descendant of the hardy seafarer and trader, Paul Cuffee, Capt. Dean was a firm believer in commerce as a means to power.

Few Negroes can remember the height of Capt. Dean's career, when he won and lost his third fortune—a time when a small group of Negroes stood at the wheel of sailing ships throughout the world.

Sterling North, literary editor of the Chicago Daily News, who collaborated with Capt. Dean on his biography, "The Pedro Gorino," has paid the late mariner a masterful tribute:

"He had smuggled diamonds, circumnavigated the globe countless times, sailed with Joseph Conrad, dealt in ostrich plumes and ivory, lived up the Congo where he was the self-styled admiral of a fleet of native war canoes, and during the Boer war actually threatened the British cause by accomplishing a union of the Pondos and Pondo Mesis—the beginning of native union, which was designed to oust the British colonials.

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"Dangerous or not, Dean was the stuff of which Negro emperors are made. He had behind him a long line of seafaring, free Negro ancestors. He himself had encircled the globe on his uncle's sailing ship by the time he was 12.

"He received his formal nautical training in the British Isles, but deserted the sea for the jungle at the age of 18.

"Dean was a master mariner—perhaps the only colored sea captain in the world with papers to sail any type of boat on any sea. He owned several crafts in his time, but the one of which he was the most proud was the Pedro Gorino, a topsail schooner, which he purchased in Stavanger, Norway, with which he traded along the African coast, hunted seals and whales in the straits of Mozambique and smuggled diamonds. But whatever his means of making a livelihood, his only passion was to revive the 'glories of Africa.' He envisioned in the colossal ruins of Rhodesia the ashes of a great black empire, and he hoped to revive that empire.

"To Dean, all of Africa was 'Ethiopia' and every black man an 'Ethiopian.' He was intensely concerned with every movement to oust the whites, and many times during his life turned up in Liberia or Ethiopia to do his part."

Young men today would do well to read "The Pedro Gorino." Those who chafe under restrictions and discriminations will have their hearts lifted. Those whose hearts are stout will be inspired to fight for recognition of their race.

THOUSANDS PAY LAST TRIBUTE TO DR. JOHN LEWIS

6-1-35

West Side Medic Dies Of Blood Poisoning

Defender

Impressive rites were held last Saturday afternoon at St. Stephens Church, Damen St., and Maypole avenue, for Dr. John W. Lewis, who died in Provident hospital last Wednesday morning, May 22, after five days of illness of blood poisoning. He was 61 years old.

Chicago, Illinois

For more than 30 years an outstanding citizen and physican and surgeon on the greater West side, Dr. Lewis was not only widely known in his own community but throughout the entire city.

Death A Shock

Thousands jammed the church to pay their last respects and as the floor groaned under the terrific weight of the vast crowd, other thousands clamored for space close enough to hear an occasional remarks that fell from the lips of the physician's friends who had come to pay him homage.

Dr. Lewis' death came as a shock to his family and friends.

While repairing some plumbing in the basement of his home at 2949 walnut street, last Saturday, Dr. Lewis injured the middle finger on his right hand, but he regarded it as not being serious. He treated it digit himself and thought no more about it until Monday when it grew worse. Dr. J.H. Howard was consulted.

Decides To Operate

After a joint diagnosis by Dr. Howard and Dr. U.G. Dailey, who was later called in, it was decided to operate on Dr. Lewis. He was removed to Provident hospital Tuesday, and was operated upon Wednesday morning. He died at 3:00 in the afternoon.

An inquest was held Thursday morning at FrankHoward's undertaking parlors, 2501 W. Lake St., by Deputy Coroner Bejamin A. Grant. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Born in Iowa

Dr. Lewis was born in Eddysville, Ia., coming to Chicago in 1900 when he began the study of medicine. He began practicing here in 1907. Dr. Lewis was well known and highly respected in the community.

In 1909 Dr. Lewis was married to Miss Lena V. Pickett, a prominent young woman of that section of the city. Last year they celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary, attended by many of their friends who witnessed the original ceremony.

He is survived by his widow and only child, John W. Lewis, Jr.

CHICAGO, ILL., DEFENDER
6-1-35

Necrology - 1935

Indiana

DR. W. E. BROWN WIDELY KNOWN PHYSICIAN DIES

6-19-35

Dr. William E. Brown, venerable member of the Indianapolis medical profession, died at his home, 2018 N. [illegible] avenue, Thursday.

Funeral services will be held 2 p. m. today at the Mount Zion Baptist church, the Rev. M. A. Talley officiating. The body will lie in state at the church from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Dr. Brown had been ill for the past several months.

He was born in Madison, Ind., in 1863, and was educated in the public schools there. After receiving his medical training at the University of Michigan, where he received his M. D., he taught school for a short time, later coming here in 1898 where he resumed his practice.

Many years ago he joined Mt. Zion church and was chairman of its trustee board. He was also a member of the A. K. A., a Mason, and a national officer of the U. B. F. and S. M. T.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Lillian J. Brown, and three brothers, Herman, Lawrence and Clinton Brown.

Burial will be in Crown Hill cemetery. John A. Patton is the funeral director.

JOHN MOSBEY

Indianapolis Recorder

Final chapter in the career of an able public servant closed with the death of John Mosbey, retired race member of the Indianapolis police department.

An officer of the force for more than twenty-eight years, Mr. Mosbey was known throughout this long period of time as a trustworthy servant of the people. He was a police officer that earned the respect of his superiors because of his excellent efficiency and dutiful conduct.

But like all other such guardians of the law, Mr. Mosbey also had his full share of trials, tribulations and difficulties to contend with. But despite all such handicaps, oftimes deliberately placed astride his path of progress by politicians and other sources, he kept the papce, won the fight and retired honorably from the service just last December.

A very splendid record indeed.

His largely attended funeral, together with the deep-seated spirit of pathos with which praises of his character were expressed at the services were convincing evidences of the healthy popularity enjoyed by Mr. Mosbey during his lifetime.

In Mr. Mosbey's death the City of Indianapolis has suffered the loss of a former servant that always had played his part exceedingly well.

The Indianapolis Recorder deeply sympathizes with his bereaved family.

Necrology - 1935

Kentucky

W. H. STEWARD, AGED BAPTIST EDITOR, DIES

Kentuckian Had Charge of Church Publication for More Than 50 Years

(By Lee L. Brown)

LOUISVILLE. — (ANP) —William H. Steward, editor of the American Baptist for more than 50 years, died here Thursday evening, Jan. after an illness lasting over a year. He had reached the age of 87 years and was one of the best known Baptists in this country. He was always a prominent member at the National Baptist convention.

Mr. Steward was one of the organizers of the Simmons university and for many years he had been secretary of the General Association of Kentucky Baptists. He was connected with every institution worthwhile in Louisville. He was one of the founders of the local Y. M. C. A., a member of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Had Many Friends

He numbered among his friends leaders of the race in all denominations.

Funeral services were conducted by the Cooper Funeral directors at the Fifth Street Baptist church, where he had been superintendent of the Sunday school for a long time.

The Rev. John H. Frank delivered the funeral oration assisted by a number of prominent ministers. Telegrams and letters were received from all over the country.

He leaves three daughters, a son and a host of grandchildren, relatives and friends.

EDITOR STEWARD PASSES

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 10—William H. Steward, editor of the American Baptist, for over fifty years, died in Louisville, Thursday evning, after an illness lasting over a year. He had reached the age of 87 years and was one of the best known Baptists in this country. He was always a prominent member at the National Baptist convention.

Mr. Steward was one of the organizers of the Simmons University and for many year. he has been secretary of the General Association of Kentucky Baptists. He was connected with every institution worth while, in Louisville. He was one of the founders of the local Y. M. C. A., a member of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

He numbered among his friends leaders of the race in all denominations. Funeral services were conducted by the Cooper Funeral Directors at the 5th Street Baptist church, where he had been superintendent of the Sunday school for many years. The Rev. John H. Frank delivered the funeral oration assisted by a number of prominent ministers. Telegrams, and letters were received from all over the country.

He leaves three daughters, a son and a host of grandchildren, relatives and friends.

EDITOR WM. H. STEWARD PASSES

Blue Grass State Leader Among Laymen of Baptists Laid to Rest

News of the death of Mr. Wm. H. Steward of Louisville, Ky., reached Nashville the latter part of last week. The following item appeared in The Louisville Leader issued Saturday, Jan. 5th:

"As the Leader closed its forms for press Thursday evening, a phone message came from John O. Blanton son-in-law, that Editor William H. Steward, veteran newspaper man, had just passed away. He succumbed at 8 o'clock Thursday evening after an illness of several months. Mr. Steward, who was 87 years old, and active until forced to his bed, was dean of Negro editors. For more than 40 years he was editor of the American Baptist and a leader among Baptists of the city, state and nation. Mr. Steward died at his residence on Eighth Street. Funeral services are being held today, Saturday, at noon from the Fifth Street Baptist Church where he was a most prominent leader."

Prof. Steward, as he was familiarly known in his state, was one of the outstanding laymen among the Missionary Baptists of the United States. For more than forty years he had been secretary of the Kentucky Baptist General Association. He had served as superintendent of the Fifth Street Baptist Sunday School for nearly as long, and was the dean of Negro editors, having had charge of The American Baptist for more than forty years.

He was a member of the National Negro Press Association, and at one time served as its secretary. He was succeeded in this by Henry Allen Boyd. For a half century he had been active in religious, political, civic and business affairs in his native state, and was perhaps better acquainted with Baptist preachers than any other layman. He was in the laymen's class along with the late Prof. W. J. Cansler of this city and Prof. R. B. Hudson of Selma, Ala. At one time Prof. Steward served as one of the National Baptist Convention. The American Baptist which he edited and owned, is read among Kentuckians, no matter where they live. No attempt was made by the late editor Steward to make it a metropolitan newspaper. It remained as the mouthpiece of the Kentucky Baptists, because he attended most of the District Associations in the state, every session of the General Association, and seldom ever missed a session of his National Convention.

He was a staunch friend of the late Booker T. Washington, and often attended the Farmers' Conferences down in Tuskegee. For a number of years he served as a trustee and secretary of the trustee board of State University.

It was not known here whether any of the Baptists of his Convention attended the funeral services.

Death to Thomas F. Blue, Librarian of Louisville

LOUISVILLE.—(ANS)— Thomas Fountain Blue, librarian at the Western branch of the public library, the first Carnegie branch library in the United States, died Sunday, November 10. He was 69 years old.

Mr. Blue, one of Louisville's most prominent religious and educational leaders, had been librarian here since 1905. In 1914, he was given charge of the eastern branch library and in 1920 was made head of the colored department of the Louisville free public library with eight assistants.

A native of Farmville, Va., Mr. Blue studied at Hampton Institute and at the Union Theological seminary in Richmond where he received his B. D. degree. He once served as Y.M.C.A. secretary in Richmond, was Y.M.C.A. secretary with the Sixth Virginia Volunteers during the Spanish-American war and was educational secretary at Camp Taylor during the World War.

Necrology - 1935

Maryland

THEODORE ROOSVELTS COACH DRIVERSDIES

11-15-35

Brentwood, Md. Nov. 15, (ANP) Funeral services for Jules Wheeler, who drove the white house carriage during the administration of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and who died here Monday after a brief illness, were held here Wednesday with friends of both races gathered around the funeral building.

Wheeler, who 69 years old when he died, was for a number of years a well known character around the various offices in the nation's capital, having served as messenger for five Secretaries of the Treasury, including MacVeagh, McAddo, Glass, Houston, and Mellon. He was returned a year ago since his retirement has lived here with his family. His death was a distinct shock not only to his family but to his hundreds of friends throughout the country.

fayette avenues, at 1 P. M. Saturday. Burial will be in the Laurel Cemetery.

BALTIMORE, MD.
MORNING SUN

NOV 28 1935

Negro Once City Council Membe Is Dead At 62

W. S. Emerson Filled Republican Aldermanic Seat From 1927 To 1931

One of the few Negroes ever elected to the City Council died yesterday. He was Walter S. Emerson, 62 years old, who served in the Council from 1927 to 1931.

When 19 years old, Emerson was elected to the secretaryship of the Seventh Ward Republican Club. Later he was elected three times to serve on the Republican State Central Committee.

Emerson lived at 407 Robert street, and is survived by his widow. Funeral services will be held at St. James Episcopal Church, Arlington and La-

Necrology - 1935

Massachusetts

W. D. Brigham Dies

MODERN DAY ABOLITIONIST — LONG ASSOCIATED WITH LATE W. M. TROTTER PASSES AFTER LONG ILLNESS—JOINED NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE AND WAS ARDENT DEFENDER OF ITS PRINCIPLES

Guardian

Following a prolonged illness, William Dexter Brigham, 83, who was identified with the Dennison Manufacturing Company for 40 years, died at his home, 41 Wheatland Aye., Dorchester.

1-12-35

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p.m. Saturday, at the Second Congregational Church in Dorchester, of which he had been a member for more than 60 years

Mass

He leaves his widow, Mrs. Lizzie M. (Fuller) Brigham, and two sons, Arthur Dexter Brigham of New York and William Winthrop Brigham of Boston.

Mr. Brigham was born in old Bumstead place off Tremont St., opposite the Park Street Church, the son of James Madison and Mary Frances (Sawin) Brigham. When he was 12 his parents moved to Dorchester where he attended the public schools. He was graduated from the Dorchester High school in 1869, and immediately obtained a position with the Dennison concern, where he remained for 40 years.

For over 60 years he was a member of the Second Congregational Church in Dorchester and took great interest in all its activities. For 44 years he was the church clerk and for 25 years he was a deacon.

He was a member of the Bostonian Society of Boston and the Congregational Club. At the time of the dedication of the Wendell Phillips statue he was secretary of the Wendell Phillips Association and he had been active in the work of the Lord's Day League of New England, being at one time its secretary. Mr. Brigham was an active participant in race right agitation in Boston a decade ago and was as militant as any member of the race. The late editor, W. M. Trotter, enjoyed a close friendship with the deceased whom he styled "A Modern Day Abolitionist." Mr. Brigham was a frequent speaker at race functions and even in failing health maintained live interest in Colored Americans. The Guardian extends heatrfelt sympathy to Mrs. Brigham and the two surviving sons.

Joshua Brockett, Author -- Sculptor, 80, Dies in Boston

Brought to Boston 75 Yrs. Ago, He Was Adopted by White Publisher.

Afro American

HE ONCE WORKED ON TRANSCRIPT STAFF

2-9-35

Pastored Several Churches and Wrote Books

Baltimore Md.

BOSTON.—With the death here last week of the Rev. Dr. Joshua A. Brockett, 80, of Boston and Chicago, the world lost one of the greatest modern-day authors, lecturers, sculptors and teachers.

Dr. Brockett was a native of North Carolina who, at the age of 4, was brought to Boston and became the adopted son of a Mr. Lee (white) of the firm of Lee and Sheppard, book publishers. It was this early environment that first started Dr. Brockett along his literary achievements.

He was educated in the public schools here, the Munson Military Academy, the Boston School of Expression, and received his ministerial training at the Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained at the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, New York City.

Served in Many States

Some of his pastorates were in New Bedford, Cambridge, Westpoint Newbury, Mass., and in many of the principal cities in the country. He established the Bethesda Baptist Church in Jersey City, N.J., and built the Mt. Pisgah Baptist Church in Bloomington, Ill.

Among some of the honors bestowed upon him were the chair of historic theology at Morris Brown College, and the post of Southern staff correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript. He later worked on the editorial staff of that paper.

Dr. Brockett won fame as an author. Some of the books written by him were, "A Bitter for Every Sweet," "Up and Beyond the Stars," "Face to Face with Destiny," "The Two Chariots," "Siberia in America," "Sowing and Reaping," "Labor's Embattled Hosts," and "Zipporah, the Maid of Midian." His latest work, not yet published, is the "Brockett Encyclopedia Universalis Ustafricana," giving the history of the black, brown, yellow and copper-colored races.

As a sculptor, Dr. Brockett was counted one of the best. Some of his outstanding works were "Faith," General Robert E. Lee, A. A. Whitman, Bishop James A. Handy of Baltimore, Gen. John B. Gordon, "The Recording Angel," Bishop William B. Derrick of New York, Bill Arp and Bishop H. M. Turner of Atlanta.

The Rev. Dr. Brockett is survived by a wife, Mrs. Georgie Elizabeth Mercer Brockett; five daughters, Mrs. Grace Wilkins, Mrs. Esther Edwards of Evansville, Ill.; Mrs. Holen Dangerfield of South Shore, Mrs. Mabel White of Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Eunice Parker of San Diego, Cal.; one son, George Brockett; fifteen grandchildren, a sister and other relatives.

MISS ALICE WHITE DIES IN OLD HOME

Was Principal Of School For Negro Girls In This City

Advertiser

Miss Alice M. White, familiar figure in the educational life of Montgomery, died recently at her old home in Melrose, Mass. She had been ill but a short time.

4-7-35

Montgomerians will recall Miss White as the senior principal of the Montgomery Industrial School for Negro Girls on South McDonough Street.

In Montgomery Miss White labored for many years in developing these girls to be intelligent, industrious and religious, helping them to realize that their lives could be a blessing to them, to their homes and to the community.

Miss White lived to have the satisfaction of seeing a large number of girl pupils develop according to her best plans regarding them. They became mothers, teachers, social service workers, dressmakers and domestic servants.

These graduates are living today in various parts of Alabama, in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and Detroit, as well as in California.

Miss White labored quietly for 41 years in Montgomery as an agent of the American Missionary Society, sponsored by the Northern Methodist Church. Her colleagues in educational work in Montgomery were Miss Margaret Beard and Miss Nasom, both from Massachusetts. They chose this work in preference to an assignment in the foreign missionary field. Some three or four years ago these workers, grown old and tired, left Montgomery to spend their declining years in their native Massachusetts.

These New England missionaries taught a negro school in Cuthbert, Ga., for two years before coming to Montgomery. One night their school house was mysteriously burned. The teachers always believed that the fire was of incendiary origin. They were never molested in Montgomery, however.

Necrology-1935

Mississippi.

COLOR LINE FORGOTTEN AT RITES OF OLIVER DICKERSON

The Chicago Defender
Chicago, Ill.

FRIARS POINT, Miss., May 24 (Special)—The color line was forgotten here Sunday as members of both races sat together in the A.M.E. church to pay their last respects to Oliver Dickerson, 75-year-old wealthy planter who died Thursday in Chicago.

The Rev. C. L. Mabrey delivered the funeral eulogy being assisted in the rites by the Rev. M. R. Mowbee. Interment was in the family lot in Dickerson, Miss.

The body accompanied by his two daughters, Mrs. W. T. Brown, Jr., and Miss Ethel Dickerson of Chicago, arrived at Clarksdale Sunday morning and lay in state at the Bennie H. McCall mortuary until an hour before the funeral. The high esteem in which Mr. Dickerson was held by his many friends of both races was attested by the huge floral offerings which were banked high about the casket at the church.

Active pall bearers included: J. L. Sanders, Fred S. Cooper, J. C. Gilliam, Henry Anderson, Tom Brown, J. M. Lightfoot, Fred Crumm and W. S. Hoosman.

Honorary pall bearers were: W. H. Cox, George H. Oliver, W. W. Nelson, Frank Reid, Preston Simms, Garfield James, Percy Winston, Chester Moore, Jake Shelby, Henry Taylor, Jim Fields and J. E. Moore.

Chicagoans at Rites

Among Chicagoans in attendance at the rites were Mr. Dickerson's son-in-law W. T. Brown, Jr., well known mortician; W. Percy Sims, also a mortician who came here especially to direct the funeral; Mrs. Laura Williams, and Anthony Williams.

Mr. Dickerson succumbed Thursday afternoon at Provident hospital. The body was in state at the home of his daughter-in-law, Mr. W. T. Brown, Jr., 4237 So. Parkway from Friday until Saturday morning after which it was shipped South.

Born in Dickerson, Miss., he received his education in the public schools. Upon completion of his education, he married Miss Cornelia Wainwright, who survives together with four children. Mrs. Brown and another daughter, Miss Ethel Dickerson, who will accompany the remains South; Livingston Dickerson and Mrs. Olivia Dickerson Kennedy of Marianna, Ark.

MRS. L. A. WESTBROOK, AGED CITIZEN OF MISSISSIPPI, DIES

Defender
6-1-35

Mrs. Leathy Ann Westbrook, beloved and pioneer citizen of Summit, Miss., departed this life Saturday, May 25, at the age of 82, after a long illness that had kept her confined to her bed for only a few days. At her bedside when the end came were her husband, Anderson Westbrook, with whom 67 of her years had been spent, and six of her eight children, some of whom had hastened there from various parts of country when news of their mother's illness was received.

Mrs. Westbrook

For several years Mrs. Westbrook's health had been extremely delicate, but it was not until a week prior to her death that those around her noticed that she was sleeping considerably and became alarmed at her condition. Her final hours were as peaceful as the life she had lived and so quietly did death come that those near her were scarcely able to tell when her life on this earth had ceased and that in the next begun.

Born In Liberty

Mrs. Westbrook was born in Liberty, Miss., in 1853. She married Anderson Westbrook in 1868 and became the mother of ten children, one of whom died in infancy, and another, Eugene Westbrook, in 1916. In 1888 the family moved to Summit, Miss. When later the children made their residence in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Westbrook joined them but after a few years her health began to fail and they returned to the family home in Summit, accompanied by one of their daughters, Mrs. Mary Robinson, who administered to her mother until the end came, later joined by the youngest daughter, Mrs. Mamye Vaughan.

Surviving the deceased are her husband, Anderson Westbrook; five daughters, Mrs. Annie Conerly and Mrs. Ora Mitchell, both of Idlewild, Mich., Mrs. Rennie Williams of Chicago, Mrs. Mary Robinson and Mrs. Mamye Vaughan; three sons, Lawrence, William and Fred Westbrook, all of Chicago; two brothers, Solomon Williams of Chicago, and Squar Martin of Liberty, Miss., and a number of grandchildren, great grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins, daughters-in-law and sons-in-law.

During the days that the body lay in state at the family home in Summit, Miss., relatives and friends of both races came from far and near to pay their last respects to one of the community's best loved characters.

N. J. MEDICS IN BITTER FIGHT TO AVOID JIM CROW

Defender
6-1-35

Seek Places on Staff of Newark Hospital

NEWARK, N. J., May 31—That the presence of Race doctors on his staff would disrupt that staff and that in any case it was not the proper time to make a protest against the policy of the city owned hospital in refusing to appoint Race physicians, was the statement of Dr. C. O'Crowley, president of the Board of Directors, Newark City hospital, made to a committee of the Newark Interracial committee here last Thursday.

For several weeks the Interracial committee has been probing the reason for segregation in appointment of physicians to the hospital's staff. On the committee were the Rev. W. J. Foulkes, white, pastor of First Presbyterian church; Mrs. O. Hill, Mrs. J. B. Riker, white; Dr. L. Greeley Brown and Melvin Johnson.

The name of Dr. Thomas Bell, whose hospital experience has been extensive, was several weeks ago presented by the committee as a candidate for appointment to City Hospital. The board declined to name him, however, evidently because of his color.

Dr. O'Crowley told the committee which called on him at the hospital that the Race physicians should concentrate their efforts on the Booker T. Washington Memorial Hospital of which Dr. John A. Kenney is head. This advice drew the ire of the committee who pointed out that Dr. Kenney's hospital was not the subject of their visit.

Necrology-1935

Missouri.

Dance Orchestra Head Was Dean of Bandmen in Southwest

Bennie Moten, nationally known dance orchestra leader, died Tuesday morning at Wheatley-Provident hospital following an operation for the removal of his tonsils. He had not been confined to his bed before entering the hospital the night before the operation.

This 41-year-old rotund, band leader was a favorite among both white and colored dance fans from coast to coast and was famous for his "stomp" rhythm that had wide appeal.

Born in Kansas City, Mo., November 13, 1893, he was graduated from Attucks school and attended Lincoln high school but did not finish. He chose music as his career and began early in his profession as a musician.

Charter Member of Local

He was a charter member of the Kansas City Musicians local No. 627 and as a boy played valve trombone in Dan Blackburn's band.

Later he organized his own orchestra with three instruments. He secured engagements in local theatres and played dance engagements in Kansas City and nearby towns. As his orchestra grew his popularity spread. He was director and played piano. Bennie Moten was the composer of several dance hits.

On tours east Bennie Moten's orchestra attracted large crowds in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland and other well known amusement centers. His orchestra made several recordings for Victor and Brunswick phonograph records. His band was usually billed as Bennie Moten and His Victor Recording orchestra. In Kansas City he is considered the dean of orchestra leaders as his band is the first large dance orchestra to originate in this section. Many musicians who are now playing in large and well known eastern orchestras got their start with the Moten organization.

Featured Over NBC

When the orchestra played in Cincinnati a few years ago it was featured nightly over the National Broadcasting company's network. He became popular with radio listeners instantly. Two years ago when a nationally circulated newspaper conducted a popularity poll to determine the most popular band, Bennie Moten's outfit stood high on the list.

Last week his orchestra left for Denver to fill an engagement at the Rainbow Gardens. Bennie was to have joined them after he had recovered sufficiently from the operation.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Crable Moten, an eight-year-old daughter, Zella Mae; four sisters, Mrs. Lena Smith, Mrs. Josephine Lee, Mrs. Thelma Coleman, Mrs. Zella Ashcraft; one brother, Ira Moten, who is in Portland, Ore.; a nephew, Bus Moten and a member of his orchestra.

The Moten home in Kansas City is at 2125 Prospect. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

Composer Is Taken by Death

Major N. Clark Smith, band director, composer, and one of America's most color ful characters lost in his f ght against death here Tuesday morning when he passed away at the home of his wife, Mrs. Laura Smith, 2313 Tracy Ave. He had been ill for several months.

Major Smith had been ill since the night of the Joe Louis-King Levinsky fight in Chicago. He returned to Kansas City the next day and suffered a stroke while direct ng an orchestra at the local musicians' headquarters. Three weeks ago he was reported dead when he suddenly went into a coma for two days. He rallied however, and physicians said that they hoped for his recovery.

A university graduate and composer of hundreds of songs, choral works and an African symphony, Major Smith was formerly Booker T. Washington's bandmast at Tuskegee. The family still treasures the letter from the great educator inviting Major Sm th to join the faculty at Tuskegee.

It was after the death of Washington that Major Smith came to Kansas City a musical director in the Lincoln high school, where he served for many years. From here he went to Chicago to teach music in the Wendell Phillips high school and organize the Pullman porters into a great singing group.

There followed five years of teaching music in the Sumner high school, St. Louis, during which Major Smith spent his vacations in Kansas City and Chicago organizing singing groups and preparing for the triumph he achieved for his race when he directed a thousand singers in a concert in August, 1934, at the Century of Progress exposition, Chicago.

Last June he resigned from his position in St. Louis to return to his old home in Kansas City, where he planned to devote his entire time to the preparation for publicat'on of his compositions based on African music of which he made an exhaustive study when he visited Africa many years ago.

As a composer, Major Smith won many honors, including the Wannamaker prize in 1930 with his folk song suite dealing w'th the life of the stevedores in the West Indies as they load and unload fruit ships. "The Orange Dance," "The Pineapple Lament" and the "Banana Walk" are movements of the suite.

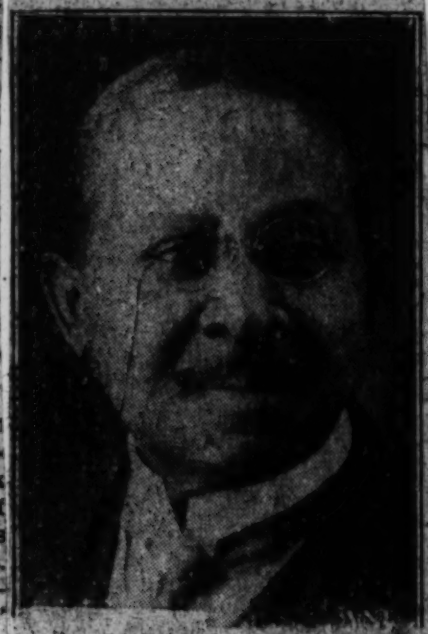
Major Smith was a member of St. Augustine Episcopal church. The funeral will be held Friday morning. Survivors are the musician's widow and his only child, a daughter, now Mrs. Anna Sm'th Williams, and two sisters, Mrs. Livera Harrison of Chicago, and Mrs. Marie Smith Johnson of New York.

Negro Composer Dies; Once With Tuskegee

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 8.—(AP)—Maj. N. Clark Smith, 58, negro composer whose folk song suite dealing with West Indian stevedores won the Wannamaker prize in 1930, died today at his home here.

Once bandmaster for Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee Institute, he made extensive studies of African music. He was general director of the Pullman choruses in the United States and Canada.

Noted Bandmaster, Maker of Stage Stars Dies in Kansas



MAJOR N. CLARKE SMITH

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Major N. Clarke Smith, noted bandmaster and composer, who suffered a stroke in August, died at his home at 2313 Tracy Avenue, Tuesday morning.

Major Smith was formerly a bandmaster at the Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Tuskegee Institute, and Wendell Phillips High School in Chicago. He resigned last June as instructor in voice and instrumentation at the Sumner High School in St. Louis.

Major Smith was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, on July 31, 1877. He was graduated from the South Leavenworth High School, Western University, and the Chicago Musical College.

The late Major Smith was also a composer and has a number of musical compositions to his credit. He traveled extensively in Europe, Africa, Asia, South America and the West Indies with the Ernest Hogan stock company.

The deceased musician, in his own autobiography in "Who's Who," laid claim to training such band and orchestra leaders as Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, Walter Barnes, Fess Williams, Dave Peyton, William Dennison and the late Benny Moten.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Anna Williams, and one daughter. Both were at his side when he died.

Death Takes Dr. Hurse Of Kansas City

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 8—(Special)—The Rev. John W. Hurse, pastor of St. Stephens Baptist church here and former president of the National Baptist Convention of America, died at his home, 2308 Brooklyn Ave., early Monday morning. He had been ill for some time.

Despite the fact that he had been ailing and unable to attend his religious duties, friends were shocked to hear of his death. Funeral arrangements have not been completed, pending the arrival of high officials of the National Baptist Convention.

Was Widely Known

Dr. Hurse was perhaps the most widely known leader in the National Baptist Convention. He had served as first vice president for a number of years and upon the death of the late Rev. J. E. Wood in 1919, Dr. Hurse filled the unexpired term as president. He was three times elected to serve as head, but was defeated in September, 1933, by the present president, the Rev. Greene L. Prince of Galveston, Texas.

The esteem in which Dr. Hurse was held by members of both races is evidenced by the huge floral offerings which have come to his widow and family since the announcement of his death.

President Prince and Dr. Henry Allen Boyd, of Nashville, Tenn. were among the first to send telegrams of condolence.

Major N. Clark Smith, Noted Bandmaster, Taken By Death

Composer Dies In Home After Stroke

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 11—(Special)—Major N. Clark Smith, band director, composer, and one of America's most colorful characters, lost in his fight against death here Tuesday morning when he passed away at the home of his wife, Mrs. Laura Smith, 2313 Tracy avenue. He had been ill for several months.

Funeral arangements have not been completed pending the arrival of relatives.

Major Smith had been ill since the night of the Joe Louis-King Levinsky fight in Chicago. He returned to Kansas City the next day and suffered a stroke while directing an orchestra at the local musicians' headquarters. Three weeks ago he was reported dead when he suddenly went into a coma for two days. He rallied, however, and physicians said that they hoped for his recovery.

Was Noted Composer

Major Smith's reputation as a musician and composer was nation wide. He was an accomplished musician himself and had won many honors as a composer and song writer.

He organized and was during 1934 and '35 director of the famous Chicago Defender's Newsboys' band and many of the country's leaidng musicians today received their start under his tutelage. Until recently he was band director at Sumner high school, St. Louis, Mo., and Lincoln high school, Kansas City. Prior to that he was band director at the Wendell Phillips high school, Chicago.

Made Famous at Tuskegee

Major Smith was perhaps best known for his work at Tuskegee Institute where he was band director for many years. It was he who led the band on its famous tour of the county with the late Booker T. Washington. In 1899 Major Smith also made a tour of the Hawaiian Islands, Australia and New Zealand with the N. B. Curtis Minstrels.

Born in Leavenworth, Kans., Major Smith was about 61 years of age. He was educated in the public schools of Leavenworth. Later he attended music schools in Kansas City and Chicago and was a graduate of the Chicago Music college.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Laura Smith, Major Smith is survived by his daughter, Mrs .Clyde O. Williams, two sisters, Mrs. Lavari Harrison, Mrs. Marie Smith of New York City and a brother-in-law, Sergeant Napoleon Lawson.

Former National Baptist Head Dies

The Late REV. JOHN W. HURSE

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—The Rev. John W. Hurse, 69, 2308 Brooklyn Avenue, pastor of St. Stephen Baptist Church and former president of the National Baptist Convention, unincorporated, died here Monday morning of complication of diseases. He had been ill for some time.

The Rev. Mr. Hurse served as four years. He was defeated for president of the Boyd faction for re-election at the fifty-third annual session held in Denver in 1933 by the Rev. G. L. Prince, who was re-elected in Washington this year for his third term.

From his pulpit, the dynamic minister persuaded his large congregation to patronize concerns operated by each other. He himself conducted several business enterprises before he entered the ministry.

The Rev. Mr. Hurse was born in Mason, Tenn., July 10, 1866. He came to Kansas City from Memphis many years ago and first found employment as a day laborer with concrete gangs and at the packing house. He began his ministerial career as a street preacher, attracting crowds on corners.

The funeral will be held at the St. Stephen Baptist Church founded 30 years ago by the Rev. Mr. Hurse who had remained pastor until his death. St. Stephen's is one of the three largest Baptist churches in this city.

The survivors are four sons, John W. Hurse, Jr., a social worker here; George Hurse, a student at Xavier College, New Orleans; William Hurse of the home and James Harrison Hurse of St. Louis; three daughters, Miss Jeneva Hurse of New York, Miss Josephin Hurse of the home and Mrs. Sylvia Trottman of Cleveland and two brothers, J. W. Nelson of Keeling, Tenn., and Richard Hurse of Mason, Tenn.

BURY WIDOW OF BISHOP N. C. CLEAVES

Many Notables Attend Rites For Widow of Late Prelate

ST. LOUIS.—Simple but impressive funeral rites were held Tuesday morning, November 5, for Mrs. Jennie E. Cleaves, widow of the late Bishop Nelson C. Cleaves, and daughter of Bishop Isaac Lane, at the fashionable Lane Chapel C. M. E. church which bears the name of her father.

The Rev. J. R. McClain, pastor, was master of ceremonies, and Bishop Charles H. Phillips, Cleveland, life-long friend of both the Cleaves and Lane families, delivered the funeral sermon. The bishop is from the Second C.M.E. episcopal district.

Mrs. Cleaves, who had been ill for the past five months, died at her home, 4141 Enright avenue, Wednesday, October 30. She had lived in St. Louis for the past 14 years.

The pulpit was banked high with massive floral pieces that formed a huge semi-circle of chrysanthemums, lilies and roses.

Procession Enters

Mrs. A. B. Watkins, played the organ as the funeral procession entered the church auditorium. The procession was led by the Rev. Mr. McClain, Bishop Phillips, Bishop J. A. Hamlett, the Rev. W. J. Turner, the Rev. C. E. Chapman, the Rev. B. R. Booker and the Rev. T. H. Parrish.

The Rev. Mr. Booker, pastor of the Good Samaritan M. E. church, gave the invocation.

The vested choir sang "Abide With Me" after which the Rev. Mr. Chapman, Kansas City, Mo., presiding elder of the Missouri-Kansas district of the C.M.E. church, read the scripture lesson from I Corinthians, 15: 20-58. The choir then sang "Going Home." Bishop Hamlett, Kansas City, Kas., of the fifth C.M.E. Episcopal district acknowledged hundreds of telegrams that had been received by the bereaved family.

Reads Obituary

The Rev. J. A. Dames, pastor of the St. James A.M.E. church, read the obituary.

Mrs. Cleaves was born February 5, 1866, at Jackson Tenn., the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Lane. While she was a young woman her father, now Bishop Lane, who is in his 101st year, founded Lane college at Jackson, Tenn.

She attended the local schools in Jackson and received higher education at Fisk university. On November 12, 1882, Miss Jennie Lane was called to open the first session of Lane school as its principal.

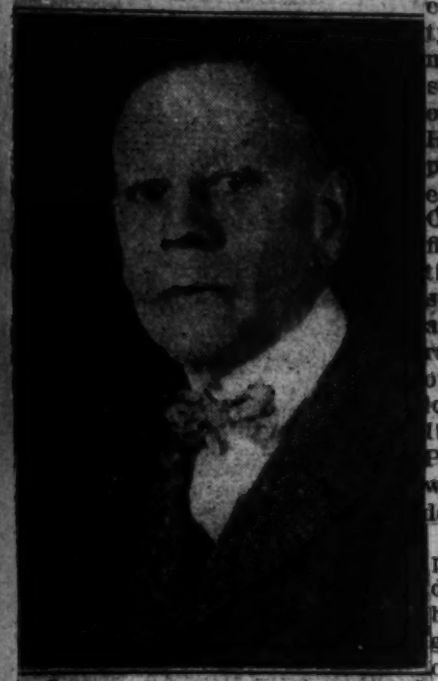
In addition to being the first principal of Lane school, Mrs. Cleaves was, for a period, editor of the Christian Index, official organ of the C.M.E. church and was also organizer of the Women's Mite Missionary society.

She was married to the Rev. N. C. Cleaves, on August 2, 1889 at the home of her parents. Four children were born of this union, three of whom survive. Mrs. Shellie B. McCloy, a daughter, died in 1927.

Necrology - 1935

Missouri.

LEADER WHO IS DEAD



JUDGE CHARLES H. TURPIN

DIES OF BITE OF INSECT

The news of the death of Charles Hymen Turpin, who died suddenly at Miami, Florida, Dec 24th, came as a shock to his many friends in St. Louis. His death was said to have been caused by an insect bite suffered on the train while en route to Miami. 12-27-35

Judge Turpin left St. Louis Friday night, December 20, to visit friends in the peninsula city. The intelligence of his demise came through a long distance telephone message from Miss Hannah Blanton, a friend of the judge, who was also vacationing in the South. Judge Turpin was born in Columbus, Ga., and was sixty-two years old. He came to St. Louis as a lad with his parents.

His first work was that of a boot black. As a young man he worked in the post office and at twenty-one he received an appointment in the office of City Assessor and later worked in the office of the Recorder of Deeds. He came into prominent notice in politics in 1910 when he was elected Constable of the Fourth Constabulary District, being the first of his race to hold an elective office in the State of Missouri. He was re-elected in 1914 and in 1918. In 1927 he made a race for a member of the Board of Aldermen of the Sixth Ward, losing by a small margin, and in 1928 he was elected Justice of the Peace and was re-elected in 1934, which office he held until his death.

Judge Turpin was a strong personality and possessed an indominitable will. He had a keen business insight and made some good investments. He was the owner of the Booker Washington Theatre, which he successfully operated for about twenty years. He was especially devoted to his niece, Mrs. Nannette Thomas Merrifield, whom he educated. She is the wife of Prof. Norman Merrifield of Indianapolis, Ind. Other relatives surviving are his sister, Mrs. Nannette Thomas of St. Louis, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Willie Mae Turpin of Webster Groves.

Funeral arrangements have not been completed though it is understood that his body will arrive from Miami Friday, accompanied by Miss Blanton, and will lie in state at the Harrison Undertaking parlors, 2906 Lawton Ave.

His successor as Justice of the Peace will be named by the circuit Judges of St. Louis in general term, which will probably take place following the funeral.

Necrology - 1935

Nebraska

Zanzye H. Hill, Nebraska's First Woman Lawyer, Dies

LINCOLN, Neb., April 12.—Miss Zanzye H. Hill, the first Race woman attorney in Nebraska, died in a hospital in Jackson, Miss., Thursday evening. She had gone to the hospital about two weeks previous for an operation. She had been in ill health for several years and had been forced to give up her position as legal counsel for the Woodmen of the Union Insurance company of Hot Springs, Ark.

Miss Hill was graduated from the University of Nebraska law college in 1929, being the first Race woman admitted to the bar in the state. She was very popular on the University campus and during her senior year her name was presented by the law college as candidate for honorary colonel. She assisted in the organization of the local A. K. A. sorority chapter and served as its first president.

For the past two years she had lived in Yazoo City, Miss. Surviving are her father, P M E Hill Yazoo City; two sisters, Mrs. B. Lilly of Lincoln and Xa CaDene, studying medicine at Nashville, Tenn. Three brothers, P. M. E. and Tonzonia of Lincoln and Henry of New York City. Funeral services were held in Lincoln, April 8 from Umberger Funeral home.

Necrology - 1935

New Jersey

George A. Douglas, Veteran Newark Attorney, Succumbs

Masonic services Tuesday night preceded a religious service and cremation Wednesday afternoon for George A. Douglas, second Negro lawyer to practice in Newark, who was found dead in his bed last Sunday morning. Mr. Douglas established his law practice in Newark in 1896, soon after Alfred Cosey established his, and two years after graduating from Howard University Law School. His first two years of law practice were in Washington, D. C., where he was admitted immediately to practice before the District of Columbia Court of Appeals.

Admitted to the New Jersey Bar as an attorney in 1896, Mr. Douglas passed his counsellor's examination in 1901. The year prior to that and again in 1908, he was an alternate delegate to the Republican National conventions. On several occasions he was a candidate for the Assembly in Essex county. He was a native of New York, and attended public schools there before matriculating at Howard University.

He was a member of Alpha Lodge 116, F. and A. M., whose master, Dr. Robert Thompson, conducted Tuesday night's ceremonies, with Rev. Lewis H. Berry, rector of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, officiating the next day. Surviving are Mrs. A. H. Douglas, the widow; a daughter, Mrs. Beatrice D. Collings, two sons, John W. and Malcolm G. Douglas, and a sister, Mrs. Isabelle Foster.

Dr. J. W. Tildon, Lincoln '77, Dies in Orange, N.J.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Dr. J. W. Tildon, prominent physician here, died at his home, 54 N. Clinton Street, early Friday morning.

Although Dr. Tildon had been confined to his bed for a week with what was apparently a mild attack of pneumonia, his death came very unexpectedly. He passed the two previous days comfortably and was apparently on the road to recovery.

He had lived in East Orange for the past seven years, and prior to locating here had practiced for nearly twenty-five years in Fort Worth, Texas. He was an organizer of the Texas State Teachers' Association and the president of that body for many years.

Dr. Tildon was born in Perryman, Md., March 23, 1862. He was a graduate of Lincoln University, class of 1877, and pursued his medical education at the University of Michigan and the Illinois Medical College.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Esther Alexander, wife of Dr. R. C. Alexander, and by two sons, Dr. J. W. Tildon of Chicago and Dr. T. T. Tildon, psychiatrist at the Veterans' Hospital, Tuskegee, Ala.

TIMES

Montclair

NOV 1 1935 NO

A TRIBUTE

To the Editor of the Montclair Times,

In the passing of Mrs. Mary Haye Allen of Montclair, American ha lost one of its foremost citizens, fo not only was her influence felt in New Jersey, but in many other States of the Union through her stimulating influence as a former college president.

Mrs. Allen typified the best in Christian principles, courage, and fidelity. Those with whom she came in contact soon recognized her sterling qualities for she was always a scholar and a lady, kindly but firm.

Her life is worthy of emulation because she always gave her best for her fellow men. An appeal for aid in any way from her less fortunate brethren constituted a command to her to bestir herself in their behalf.

As president of the Montclair branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, she gave willingly of her time, energy and knowledge to champion the cause of her race in Montclair. Negroes will miss her sorely for in every fight for their rights she was always in the vanguard. And she was never a coward in the face of adversity. Always frank and fearless, she commanded the respect of everyone. Negroes everywhere need more Mary Allens. Her kind is far too few.

In spite of all her hardships and rebuffs in championing the civic rights of her race, Mrs. Allen always maintained a sanely triumphant spirit because she had an abiding faith in the sufficiency of God in the midst of apparently unsurmountable difficulties.

Hail and farewell, Mary Hayes Allen, triumphant warrior, faithful wife fond mother, and true friend.

ARTHUR C. THORNHILL, M. D.
(Vice President Montclair Branch N.A.A.C.P.)

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 18, 1935.

Necrology—1935.

New York.

Dies Suddenly

CORNELIUS A. HUGHES

DEATH IS SHOCK TO FRIENDS

5-23-35

Cornelius Hughes Dies Of Heart Attack; Was Veteran Democrat

FOUGHT HEALY

Recently Joined Forces With Harry C. Perry To Oust Leader

Cornelius A. Hughes, prominent figure in local political circles and long one of the outstanding Negro Democrats of the country, died early Monday morning at his home, 221 West 130th street. Death, believed to be due to a heart attack, came to him in his sleep. He was 75 years of age.

Born in Charlottesville, Virginia, Hughes' life story rivals that of a Horatio Alger hero. At an early age he joined the navy where he remained for three years until he met John D. Mackey, the Bonanza King, who controlled the Mackey-Bennet Cable Company. Resigning from the navy and armed with letters and money from Mackey, young Hughes went to San Francisco where he worked his way up to a position of trust. While out there he also married.

His first venture in politics was in Seattle where he joined the Democratic Party. During the administration of Grover Cleveland, he secured a federal position which he lost as soon as the Republicans returned to power. In Portland, Oregon, he became connected with Geo. E. Chamberlain and proved instrumental in securing the latter's election to the offices of District Attorney, Governor and United States Senator.

After editing and publishing a newspaper in St. Paul, Minnesota, for a while, Hughes came to New York where he again delved into politics. A personal friend of William Randolph Hearst, Hughes was one of his strongest supporters, leaving the regular Democratic organization to work for him on the Independence League ticket. Returning to the organization after the campaign was over, Hughes was later given charge of Hearst's campaign among the colored voters of New York when Hearst ran for governor. Becoming dissatisfied with the regular organization, known as the United Colored Democracy, Hughes led a revolt which resulted in the election of a new leader and Hughes himself becoming secretary. He became the first Negro member of the Democratic Committee and the first Negro district captain.

He served successively as a Special Agent in the Department of State Excise, clerk in the Board of Elections and Deputy Chief Clerk of the Tenth District Municipal Court. For ten years prior to his accepting the court job, he had served as publisher and editor of the Fraternal Review, and to the work done by this paper is credited the election of two colored Democratic judges.

Hughes once again sprang into prominence about three years ago when, because of an article he wrote in the Fraternal Review criticising a decision of Judge Charles E. Toney, Negro Municipal Court Justice of the Tenth District, he was removed from office and sentenced to fine and imprisonment by the same Judge Toney. Embittered by what he considered unfair treatment, Hughes again broke away from the regular organization and supported McKee in the Mayoralty race of 1933, and is said to have done much to weaken the regular organization candidate, O'Brien, in the race.

Quite active in the 19th Assembly District, Hughes had lined up behind Harry C. Perry one of the several candidates for Democratic leadership in the coming primaries.

Funeral services will be held Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock from the Duncan Brothers Funeral Parlors at 2303 Seventh avenue. The remains will be cremated on Friday at 10:00 a. m.

Hughes is survived by a son, Cornelius A. Hughes, jr., and two daughters, Mildred H. Fayles and Grace Hughes, who live in San Francisco, California.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

MAR 15 1935

Death of "De Lawd"

There will be sincere sorrow in thousands of American hearts at the death of Richard B. Harrison, the distinguished Negro actor who for the past five years has been winning the acclaim of press and public as "De Lawd" in Marc Connelly's play, "The Green Pastures." The great success of this remarkable drama and the subsequent award of the Pulitzer Prize as the best play of the year were due in great measure, unquestionably, to the splendid portrayal of the leading rôle.

The histrionic triumph of this modest and gentle Negro late in life furnished a spectacular chapter in the chronicle of the American theatre. His career for more than a half-century was not essentially different from that of the great mass of his race, a continual struggle for a living, against adverse conditions. Gradually he improved his lot, and from newsboy and bootblack he became a bellboy, a waiter and a Pullman porter, finally emerging after much study and self-teaching as a Shakespearean reader. In this capacity he attained a moderate success and pleased audiences of his own people, but he still remained obscure and poor.

So he was sixty-five years old, a respected but wholly unknown representative of his race, when Mr. Connelly made his dramatic version of Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," a series of humorous sketches of the sermons of a fictitious old Negro preacher, and called it "The Green Pastures." It was by a happy chance that Mr. Harrison was chosen to interpret the leading part. It was no light task, for the nature of the play itself made its presentation a delicate and doubtful undertaking, and the most difficult point in the whole undertaking was the showing of the central figure. There was a wealth of rollicking humor in the play and to let that shine forth while preserving the required atmosphere of reverence was an adventure without precedent in the theatre.

But the end was achieved and the production made history. It would be difficult, and it is not now necessary, to appraise the exact responsibility of Richard Berry Harrison for this extraordinary achievement. Unquestionably the unexpected success was very largely due to his presence and inspiration as well as to the strength of his splendid characterization. All the seventy-five Negroes appearing in the production were undoubtedly fired by the spirit of his earnestness and reverence. He was a simple soul, a man of great dignity and of a deeply religious nature. Being what he was, perhaps his success was a natural outcome of the opportunity that came to him. There can be no appraisal of the great good that he did during these last five years of his life. He could have asked nothing more from life than to "serve de Lawd" in the unusual and mighty way which finally became his privilege. The world has lost a great man, one of exceptionally lovable quality, and the American theatre has lost one of its greatest actors.

NEWARK, N. J.
EVENING NEWS

MAR 15 1935

"De Lawd" Is Dead

RICHARD B. HARRISON, Negr actor, is dead, but the death i not a routine news story. For thi man, his characterization and "Th Green Pastures" itself all are event in theatrical history. At 70 years h passes from the scene, but to many who saw the play the reverent atti tude of the player toward his role and the effects produced by both will not soon fade from recollection.

The former Pullman porter and Chautauqua player, son of a fugitive slave, who first saw the light of day in Canada, owes much to Roark Bradford and to Marc Connelly, who fashioned the play from Bradford's recollections of Southern life among what Mrs. Stowe called the "lowly." But not all. Harrison created the role of "De Lawd" and made of it a greater thing than any Negro player had ever done before. There was something in the man himself that set it apart from theatricalism. The play has made history and won the Pulitzer Prize; it is still running after five years. Employing the services of an entire Negro cast, the production centered on "De Lawd" and what Harrison did with his impersonation.

The play may be a classic of our theater. Harrison, as pioneer in its leading character, has left tradition that will not soon fade. Others who will assume his place must, perforce, be followers in his footsteps.

John William Smith, Former Alderman, Dies of Heart Attack

John William Smith, noted legal attorney and former alderman, died suddenly at his home as the result of a heart attack, late Tuesday evening, November 5. Smith was said to have been almost 70 years of age and had been in ill health for some time.

Smith lived with his wife at 90 Edgecombe avenue. According to her, he arose from bed Tuesday evening and suddenly collapsed on the floor. Drs. Oma H. Price and U. Conrad Vincent, summoned hastily, pronounced him dead.

Smith was a native of Petersburgh, Va., and had been a resident of New York for over thirty years. He was twice elected Alderman from the 21st A. D.

He was defeated by Conrad A. Johnson in 1933, however, and retired to private practice maintaining law offices at 53 Park place. Due to ill health, however, he is said to have visited the office on very rare occasions of late.

Funeral arrangements had not been made at the time The Age went to press.

Ex-Solon Dies

John William Smith.

Attorney John William Smith, former alderman, succumbed to a heart attack at his home, 80 Edgecombe avenue, Tuesday evening. He had been ill for some time and the strain of arising from the bed to cast his ballot in the election brought on the attack.

Smith came to New York from Petersburg, Va., more than thirty years ago, and built up a large private law practice here. He maintained offices at 53 Park Row. Twice elected alderman from the Twenty-first A. D. he lost to Conrad A. Johnson in 1933.

Funeral services will be held at Mother Zion A. M. E. Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 1 p.m. Interment will be at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Attorney Smith is survived by his widow, Mrs. Marie Smith; his stepmother, Mrs. Louvania Smith, and three brothers, Maceo, Hazel and James Smith. The body will remain at the Rodney Dade Funeral Home, 2344 Seventh avenue, until the time of the funeral.

New York.

Necrology - 1935

Death Cuts Short Careers Of Two Famous Authors In Same Week In New York City

Dr. Rudolph Fisher and Wallace Thurman, Authors of Popular Novels, Are Victims of Grim Reaper.

(Special to The Pittsburgh Courier)

NEW YO. K, Jan. 3—Death struck twice in the higher reaches of Negro literary life last week, when Dr. Rudolph Fisher, author of two popular novels, "The Walls of Jericho" and "The Conjure Man Dies," and Wallace Thurman, novelist, playwright, scenario writer and book editor, died within five days of each other.

Dr. Fisher passed Wednesday evening after being thought on the road to recovery from a major operation at Edgecombe Sanitarium by Dr. Louis T. Wright. He was ill and had been ill for many months. Wallace Thurman died five days before in a city hospital of a lung ailment, from which he also had lingered for many months. He was 32.

Dr. Fisher, a native of Washington, D. C., and educated at Brown University, was a successful practitioner in Harlem and X-ray expert before he turned to literature. His first book, "The Walls of Jericho," was a story of Harlem life among the plain, hard working class. Two moving van workers were his heroes. The second book, "The Conjure Man Dies," was hailed as a new departure in Negro writing, being the first detective story written by a Negro.

Thurman, although younger by five years, had three novels to his credit and several plays. Born in Salt Lake City and educated in California, he came to New York in his twenties and after working on the old Messenger magazine wrote his first book, "Blacker the Berry." This was followed later by "Infants of the Spring." His last work was in collaboration with a white writer and did not relate to the color problem. It was a story of conditions in the city hospitals, called "Interne."

Thurman was know as a rather gay young man, and had many friends. He spent the last of his working years as a reader and editor for Macauley Company, book publishers. Last year he was given a scenario assignment in Hollywood.

Dr. Rudolph Fisher Dead

Dr. Rudolph Fisher, 37, physician, X-ray specialist and novelist, died last Wednesday evening at the Edgecombe Sanitarium after a long illness. He was given a military funeral on Saturday morning from the Chapel of Duncan Brothers, 2303 Seventh avenue. He held the rank of lieutenant in the Medical Detachment of the 369th Infantry, N. Y. N. G., and a guard of honor accompanied the body to the cemetery.

The late Dr. Fisher was born in Washington, D. C., in 1897, son of the Rev. and Mrs. John Wesley Fisher. He was reared in Providence, R. I., where his father held a pastorate. After completing the public and high schools of Providence, he matriculated at Brown University, where he blazed a brilliant trail. He majored first in English literature and then biology. In his junior year he was elected to three national honorary scholastic fraternities, Phi Beta Kappa for scholarship, Sigma Psi for scientific work and Delta Sigma Rho, forensic. He was class day and commencement orator in 1919 when he received his bacheler of arts degree, and was further honored with a fellowship to the graduate school of Brown University for his work in biology. He did research work and taught at his alma mater and in 1920 the university awarded him the degree of master of arts.

His scholastic record at the Medical School of Howard University where he matriculated in 1921 was equally brilliant. He was awarded honors in all subjects upon graduation in 1924. That same year he married Jane Ryder, a teacher in the public schools of Washington, and began his one-year interneship at Freedman's Hospital.

Although a successful physician he soon became known to literary circles and was contributing short stories to the Atlantic Monthly and other magazines. Several of his short stories were selected by Edward J. O'Brien in his list of best stories of the year. He also wrote two successful novel, "The Walls of Jericho" in 1928 and "The Conjure Man Dies," in 1932.

As a physician, Dr. Fisher maintained an x-ray laboratory at 2352 Seventh avenue and was connected with the x-ray department of the New York Health Department.

Besides his wife and a son, a sister, Miss Pearl Fisher, a junior high school eacher, and a brother, Joseph, survive.

Death Takes Noted Authors In Harlem

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Funeral services, held last week for Dr. Rudolph Fisher and Wallace Thurman, rang down the curtain on two of America's most brilliant of the school of young writers and leaders in the "New Negro" movement that has been so conspicuous here during the past ten years.

Dr. Fisher, besides [illegible] a national reputation as a novelist and short-story writer, was an X-ray specialist. He died Wednesday at the Edgecomb Sanitarium following a major operation for an ailment that had kept him in and out of hospitals for several years. The operation, performed by Dr. Louis L. T. Wright, was at first pronounced a success, but a relapse shortly afterwards brought to an end the career of a brilliant person.

Dies of "T. B."

Wallace Thurman, who passed away Saturday, December 22, at the City hospital on Welfare Island, had also been ill of tuberculosis for several years. Of a type exactly opposite to that of Dr. Fisher, Thurman was always debonnaire and carefree. He was noted in Harlem for his Bohemian parties and his contemptuous attitude toward life. In spite of this, he stood at the head of a long list of writers from the point of view of material success. His first novel, "Blacker the Berry," released about 1925, created furore among Harlem readers. Later, when it was converted into a play, and appeared on Broadway under the title of "Harlem," it brought immediate fame to its author.

Thurman, using this success as a wedge, soon pushed himself into the heart of New York's literary world. His second book, "Infants of the Spring," was released by McCauley after he had been employed by that publishing firm as an editor. It was while serving with McCauley's as an editor that he received an invitation to go to Hollywood as a staff writer for one of the larger motion picture concerns. On the West Coast, his health grew worse, and last summer he returned to New York to enter the tuberculosis sanitarium where he died.

His funeral at Levy and Delaney's parlors on 134th street was conducted in the spirit that characterized his life. Simple services were read as his friends—all the literary lights of Harlem and some of the big names on Broadway—looked on. There was not the usual weeping that attends funerals, but just the quiet presence of those who knew him and who loved him for his achievements. Among those present were Countee Cullen, Walter White, Dorothy West, Mollie Lewis, Chester Erskine, Harold Jackson and others.

Born in Utah

Thurman, who was 32 years old, was born in St. Lake City, Utah, and was graduated from the University of Utah. He also did graduate work at the University of Southern California. His latest book, "The Interne," dealt with the hospital in which he died.

Dr. Fisher, a graduate of Brown University in Providence, R. I., leaped into the literary limelight with his writing of the short stoy "The City of Refuge," which was published in the Atlantic Monthly, reprinted in O'Brien's anthology, and later reprinted in the "New Negro," edited by Dr. Alain Locke. This was followed a few years later by "The Walls of Jericho," which still stands as the finest book done by a member of the Race on Harlem life. In 1932 Dr. Fisher had published "The Conjure Man Dies," a detective story. Even had the novels not been written, Dr. Fisher would have a high rating a a writer, but with these books he had reached a place in literature that made him the envy of all.

Born in Washington, D. C., Dr. Fisher was taken to Providence by his parents at an early age. During his school career at Brown, he won membership in three honorary societies, Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Sigma Rho and Sigma Psi. He was also awarded a fellowship to do research in biology at Brown, and taught some classes while there.

Dr. Fisher's funeral services were held at Duncan's parlors on Seventh avenue. He is survived by his widow, one child, a sister, Pearl, and a brother, Joseph. As an officer in the 369th Infantry, a guard of honor from the regiment attended the services.

FEB 16 1935

Mrs. Thirkield Dies; Noted for Religious Work

Long Active in Mission Field—Helped Husband Found Southern School

Mrs. Mary Haven Thirkield, 76, formerly national president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church and for years a noted figure throughout his country and Mexico in Methodist church work, died yesterday after a year's illness at the Klassen Hospital and Nursing Home, 206 Clinton Ave. Her husband, the Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkield, is a retired bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Thirkield suffered a cerebral hemorrhage on Feb. 22, 1934 in Keystone Heights, Fla., and had been ill ever since. About a week ago she suffered another stroke.

Mrs. Thirkield, who was the mother of Gilbert Haven Thirkield, vice president of the Brooklyn Trust Company, was born in Malden Mass., May 7, 1858, daughter of the late Bishop Gilbert Haven of Boston She was the sister of the late Dr William Ingraham Haven, who was for 29 years secretary of the American Bible Society.

Through her father Mrs. Thirkield was a Mayflower descendant. Her mother, the late Mrs. Mary Ingraham Haven, was a member of an old Brooklyn family. She studied at Lasall Seminary and was graduated from Boston University in 1880 and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. She was married to Bishop Thirkield on Oct. 27, 1881, and went with him to Cincinnati. She became the president of the Local Home Missionary Society and was also on committees of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Young Women's Christian Association.

She served as an active member of the board of trustees of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, becoming vice president prior to 1913 when she was elected president. During her tenure of office the annual national budget of the society was increased from less than $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. After her retirement she raised $50,000 in $1,000 gifts during a jubilless campaign. The organization has a membership of more than 400,000.

At her death Mrs. Thirkield was president emeritus of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Helped Found Seminary

In 1883, with her husband, she accepted the call of Bishop Henry White Warren of Atlanta, Ga., to share in the founding of Gammon Theological Seminary for training ministers for the Negro race. She spent 17 years in this work during which time her husband was president of the seminary.

During her years in the South she was active in behalf of colored people and Southern mountaineers. In later years she aided the work of her husband as bishop in the New Orleans area and also as the first resident bishop in Mexico and at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. Thirkield leaves seh husband, her son and two daughters, Mrs. George Alexander Wood, Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. Orwyn E. Cook, Los Angeles, Cal.

The funeral will b held at 2:30 p.m. Monday at the Thirkield family home in Franklin, Ohio, now the home of Mrs. Ralph B. Parks, a sister of Bishop Thirkield. Burial will take place in Woodlawn Cemetery, Franklin. Prior to her illness Mrs. Thirkield lived with her husband at the Hotel White, Lexington Ave. and 37th St. Manhattan.

City Folk Record Comment On Acto

3-16-35

Indianapolis Recorder

The death of the beloved actor, Richard Berry Harrison, of "The Green Pastures," drew comments Thursday afternoon commensurate to the dignity of fallen great men.

F. B. RANSON, general manager of the Walker Manufacturing company: "The tragedy of Richard B. Harrison's life was that he had to wait until he was 65 years of age before he had a chance. We who knew him before he was identified with "The Green Pastures," know that the honors that came to him ought to have been his 20 or 30 years ago. It will be a long time before the race can boast of another Richard B. Harrison."

THE REV. J. L. WHITE, pastor of the Jones Tabernacle A. M. E. church: "I think that the race has lost one of its greatest characters in the death of Richard B. Harrison. Whatever our opinions may be of the play 'The Green Pastures,' he was the greatest artist of his day."

GOVERNOR PAUL V. McNUTT: "He was a very fine actor and a noble character. His passing takes away one of the most picturesque figures on the American stage."

THE REV. R. C. HENDERSON, pastor, Greater Bethel A. M. E. church: "The late Richard B. Harrison was unquestionably one of the greatest actors of moder ntimes, regardless of race. He wa sthe second Ira Aldridge. He excelled in character portrayals. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul."

RUSSELL A. LANE, principal of Attucks high school: "In the passing of Richard B. Harrison, the entire world has lost a philosopher of the stage. His place in dramatics will never be filled. In our words Richard B. Harrison did not belong to the common stage but to the ideal stage before which one could sit and be imbued with a spirit to live a better life. His place in drama will never be filled. His life, his acting will be forever indelibly impressed on the mind of the theatre yet to come."

JOHN C. KERN, Mayor of Indianapolis: "Richard B. Harrison's death is not only a loss to his race, but a loss to American civilization."

MRS. H. L. HEROD, vice president of the Indiana Federation of Colored Women's Clubs: "I regarded Richard B. Harrison as a perfect actor, because he portrayed a part totally different from any other on the stage and he did it so naturally."

Recorder

MRS. LILLIAN CHILDRESS HALL, head librarian, Attucks high school: "America weeps at the passing of "de Lawd." We give thanks that we had the privilege of knowing him at the height of his glory."

3-16-35

MRS. LILLIAN M. LEMON, President of the Cosmopolitan School of Music and Fine Arts: "Richard B. Harrison lived the life of the part he played in 'The Green Pastures.' his was a life well spent in the service of his people."

Indianapolis Recorder

ROBERT L. BROKENBURR, attorney: "Richard B. Harrison, 'de Lawd,' was a great man, one of the few Negroes to make the front pages of leading white publications. His life is another example of the fact that merit will win recognition from the world in spite of race prejudice.

MRS. O. A. JOHNSON, Dean of Girls, Attucks high school: "A soul so great that he seemed like one divinely chosen for the role he played."

MISS SAYDE A. MAYES, 2405 N. Capitol avenue, teacher at School No. 26: "Sincerity and loyalty to his friends and a sympathetic attitude towards all persons were among the outstanding traits of the late Richard B. Harrison."

Tarboro, N. C., Wkly. Southerner
March 21, 1935

"De Lawd" Passes

One of the most unusual characters of the American theatre is dead. He is Richard Berry Harrison, 70-year-old Negro who won fame as "De Lawd" in that most inspiring of plays, "The Green Pastures".

The play, a Negro folk interpretation of Old Testament stories, is an unusual thing in itself; Harrison as "De Lawd" made it even more unusual. The wonder of it is the manner in which religious people the country over were attracted to the production. If, before the play was first put on five years ago, Christian leaders had been asked what they thought of the idea the answer more than likely would have been one of opposition. It would have been inconceivable that a group of Negroes could present such a play — but carrying with it the idea of sacrilege. And for a man to attempt to portray "De Lawd God Jehovah" in a semi-humorous folk play would have appeared preposterous. But the play went on, and criticisms, if any, never reached vocal expression.

This wholehearted approval of "The Green Pastures" was due largely to the man who played "De Lawd". He was so obviously sincere, so patently determined to carry out the part with reverence and dignity and humility, so utterly unspoiled by the importance of his part, that he won the affection of the American public, and that affection spread to the whole show.

Richard Berry Harrison, son of former Negro slaves, was not an actor upon a stage when the play was in progress; he was, as nearly as it was possible to be, "De Lawd". He lived his role with a deep conviction that what he was doing was a thing capable of giving spiritual uplift to all who saw the play, and he proved his sincerity, by living off the stage as he did on it. He was the idol of the others in the cast—kindly, patient, untiring and possessed of that rare quality of being able to settle, with a word, a gesture or a smile the little difficulties and quarrels that inevitably arose in the cast.

Harrison must take his place as one of the most important members of his race.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST GAZETTE
MAR 16 1935

Gone to Greener Pastures

RICHARD BERRY HARRISON, 70-year-old Negro actor who died in New York March 14, stricken while preparing for his 1,659th appearance as "De Lawd" in "Green Pastures," was the son of slave parents, a gentleman of finest character, an artist of skill and high sincerity, an honor to his race and profession—and to many thousands who saw him on the stage not merely an agent of entertainment but a source of inspiration.

Reverent. he won reverence.

New York.

Necrology-1935

DOUGLAS, ARIZ.
DOUGLAS DISPATCH
MAR 27 1935

Great Negro Actor, Son of Slaves, Dead

Fairly measured, the negro race in the United States has been a going concern for only about 70 years.

It follows that great names in the negro race would hardly be expected and certainly could not show in large numbers.

There are three names that come quickly to memory and stand out in the history of negroes in America as shining examples of the fact that the negro does have a chance, if he also possesses the ambition with ability. No doubt study would multiply this number many times. But for present purposes, these are sufficient.

Death claimed one of this trio the other day, Richard B. Harrison, who proved he had great ability as an actor and passed away in New York City. He had been "de Lawd" in Marc Connelly's remarkable religious play "The Green Pastures."

Richard Berry Harrison was born in days of slavery, of parents who had been slaves. His birth took place at Ontario, Canada, one of the places where slaves who escaped from the south by the "underground railway" made headquarters. He had a varied experience until a little more than four years ago when he was cast for "de Lawd," in the Connelly play. Then his success rolled in and for 1653 times he enacted the role of "de Lawd" upon the stage. He had enacted it for moving picture films, too, so his work may still go on.

Of this outstanding trio of negroes, Booker Taliaferro Washington was a slave by birth. After the Civil war, he still slaved but for pay. He worked in a salt mine. But he had vigor and determination and ambition and he won. He beame what might literally be classed "savior" to his race educationally. His leadership has been greater inspiration to the negro race than any other force in stirring a desire for college education.

The third of this trio is Major John Roy Lynch, U. S. army, retired, now living in Chicago in his 88th year. He was born a slave. When freedom came his mind was keen enough for him to have something to do with programs for the negro. He served in the Mississippi legislature. He was elected two or three times to congress. In the Spanish-American war he enlisted and served, as paymaster. Later he was transferred to the regular army as paymaster and retired from there.

Major Lynch had become a force in the republican party of the south and in 1884, when the late President Theodore Roosevelt was starting in politics he met Lynch at the Chicago convention. Roosevelt took the situation in hand to iron out a clash between the Blaine and Conkling forces and Lynch was made temporary chairman of the convention by compromise, the only negro ever to preside over a major national political convention.

Thus these three great representatives of the negro race represent three distinct fields. One was an educator, one a political leader and one an actor-dramatist, for Harrison had also written plays as well as acted.

The wide recognition gained by Richard Berry Harrison as an actor is evidenced by the honor he was accorded at his funeral. The rites were conducted in the cathedral of St. John the Divine with Bishop William T. Manning of New York participating in the obsequies.

"His life and example reflect honor and credit upon his own race and upon all of us alike," said Bishop Manning. "May he have blessing and peace and fullness of reward in those 'Green pastures,' where he is now with Christ forever."

More than 7000 people attested the same interest and respect in the great negro actor that Bishop Manning, leader prelate in the Episcopal church in America accorded him.

The role portrayed by Mr. Harrison "de Lawd," was that of the Lord God Jehovah. Necessarily, it was a deeply religious character. He was greatly imbued by its lesson. He became literally the reigning force of the company. He recognized the importance of his role. When he felt himself breaking in health he turned to the negro who was his understudy and said "Charlie, hold me up, hold me up. I'll be back in a few days. The world needs this play."

In his latest remembered words there is found a real truth as to Mr. Harrison. The world needs such as he and especially does his race need their force and character and inspiration. What he did, there is still a field for individuals of the negro race to duplicate.

FORMER PORTER, BOOK COLLECTOR, CALLED BY DEATH

NEW YORK CITY, April 25.—George Young, the former Pullman porter who became one of the best-known Negro bibliophiles, died at St. Luke's Hospital on Tuesday of a heart attack. He was 65 years old and had been in failing health for several years. Since 1915 he had managed Young's Book Exchange formerly at 135 West 145th street but more recently at his residence, 255 West 144th street.

Born in Virginia of parents out of slavery only a few years and self-educated, he was known to thousands in all parts of the world as one of America's foremost exponents of education for Negroes. His book exchange was a centre for those seeking information on the Negro. He had customers in almost every country in the world.

At one time his library, said to be one of the finest of its kind in existence, numbered between 8,000 and 10,000 volumes, most of them books either written by or dealing with Negroes. Included in his collection were many rare first editions and other valuable books.

Mr. Young had an exceptional opportunity to collect books during many years as a Pullman porter. He visited every important city in the United States, never failing to search through the principal book stores for books concerning the Negro.

Frederick Douglass, the Negro orator and lecturer, was his friend bailiff for the United States Court In later years Mr. Young was s in the Southern District of New York, and also a special court attendant to Federal Judge John M Woolsey.

Mr. Young's affability, his erudition, and his generosity attracted a large personal following among all classes of Negroes in Harlem and in other American cities. Hundreds of white persons, including many educators and civic leaders, also were cherished friends.

An indefatigable worker for the cultural advancement of the Negro, he was national treasurer of the John Brown Memorial Association a former president of the Frederick Douglass Chapter of the association and of St. Mark's Lyceum, and a former superintendent of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday School.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER EXPRESS
JUN 6 1935

Lansing E. Johnson, Leader Of Negro Democracy, Is Dead

One of first members of race from Buffalo to be named to Assembly service

Lansing E. Johnson, one of the leaders of Negro Democracy in Buffalo, founder and president of the Square Deal Colored Democratic Association and a member of the official staff of the New York State Assembly, died early yesterday morning at City Hospital, a victim of heart disease. He was 52 years old and had been ill for upwards of three months.

Mr. Johnson shared with Robert H. Henderson of 172 Clinton Street the distinction of being the first of their race to have been appointed from Erie County to legislative service, in the memory of veteran politicians. Messrs. Johnson and Henderson were sworn into Assembly service January 21st, Mr. Johnson being designated as official messenger and Mr. Henderson being assigned to general utility duties.

The two appointments were made by Speaker Irwin Steingut of the lower house on the recommendation of the Erie County Democratic organization and Assemblyman Bert Fischer, Democrat of the third district, within which Mr. Johnson carried on the lion's share of his political activity.

Mr. Johnson had just settled down to his Assembly duties last winter when illness overtook him, compelling him to return home, where he became a patient in General Hospital, later being transferred to Buffalo City Hospital, where the end came yesterday.

Born in Albany, Mr. Johnson migrated to Buffalo about eight years ago, and soon thereafter became an employe of the Vendome Hotel. He was assistant manager to William R. Clore at the time of his death.

Some three or four years ago, Mr Johnson enlisted under the banner of Erie County Democracy, being elected as a member of the county committee for the eighth district of the fifth ward. He took an active part in all election campaigns and was credited with having recruited hundreds of citizens of his race to the Democratic cause, especially in the eighth ward in which he lived and the fifth ward in which he was a committeeman. He was rewarded for his party service with the legislative appointment.

The body was removed yesterday to the undertaking rooms of William H. Walker, 535 William Street, where it will remain on public view until shortly before the funeral services.

The latter will be held tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock at St. Philip's Episcopal Church, 166 Goodell Street. Following the rites, the body will be transported to Springfield, Mass., for burial in the family plot there.

Mr. Johnson was member of the Masons, Elks and a number of other organizations, civic and political. He is survived by his widow, Sophia; one young son, Lansing E. Johnson, Jr., his mother and a sister. The family home is at 47 Cherry Street. George J. Blankenberg, Sr., chairman of the fifth ward Democratic committee, joined with Chairman Carr and other party leaders yesterday in paying tribute to the Negro leader. A committee from the Democratic organization will be appointed to attend the funeral services.

Mrs. Cornelia Fells.

'Mama' Fells, Mother Of Sculptor, Is Dead

Parent of Augusta Savage Succumbed Sunday Night

Although her likeness smiled benignly from several canvasses on the walls and her spirit seemed to pervade the place, a familiar figure was missing from Augusta Savage's Studio at 230 West 135th street yesterday.

It was the figure of Mrs. Cornelia Fells, 66-year-old mother of Miss Savage and "Mama" to the scores of art students who have studied under the noted sculptor. Mrs. Fells succumbed Sunday evening after being confined to her bed for more than two weeks by high blood pressure.

Seven of her nine living children, as well as a number of her grandchildren and her one great grandchild were at her bedside at the end, but Mrs. Fells' "children" were by no means confined to her immediate family. To the scores who had studied in the studio, to the hundreds who had visited it, and to the host of Harlemites who knew and appreciated Augusta Savage's work, Mrs. Fells was "Mama," and as permanent a fixture as the easels, paint brushes and model's stands there.

Picture Won Prize.

Daily she moved about the rooms of the studio as the students went about their work. Often she posed for them. An oil painting of her, "The Mother," executed by Marvin Smith, one of the pupils, was cited at the Metropolitan Museum art exhibit. But probably the greatest daily pleasure for "Mama" Fells was to overhear some visitor, any visitor praise the work of her talented daughter. For the mother was wrapped up in Augusta Savage's career.

No one was more elated than she when Miss Savage won scholarships to Rome, to Fontainebleau, to Paris. The daughter herself could not have been more proud when Miss Savage was elected to the exclusive National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, the first member of her race to receive this coveted honor. And Death, no respecter of individuals or aspirations, robbed Mrs. Fells of one of her fondest hopes Sunday when it denied her the privilege of witnessing the completion of her daughter's most ambitious effort, a life-sized statue of two figures which will be called "Realization."

The mother had followed this undertaking from the first moment of inspiration. She had watched it take form daily and was looking forward to the day this month when it would be ready for casting. She had known also that a committee of admirers of Augusta Savage had secretly created a fund to finance the casting of the statue as a surprise and tribute to Harlem's outstanding artist. All this must have passed through her mind Sunday as the end drew near.

Had Known Tragedy.

But Tragedy was no stranger to "Mama" Fells. In 1928, her eldest son, Fred, was drowned in West Palm Beach, Fla., after he had repeatedly dived into the bay and rescued victims of the fearful tornado which swept the state that year. In 1929, her husband, Edward, had been burned to death in his bed here after the couple had come North to live with Augusta.

And just last year the officials at City Hospital had given "Mama" Fells herself only a few days to live and had urged her daughter to take her home to die. She had been taken back to the studio, but once there, she belied the doctors' prophecy and recovered miraculously.

So "Mama" Fells probably accepted her disappointment about "Realization" in the same philosophical manner that she had always accepted tragedy—although this latest work threatened to supplant "The Gamin" in her affections. The latter piece, the smiling head of a mischievous boy, was posed for six years ago by Ellis Ford, Mrs. Fells' grandson, who reached his twenty-first birthday on the day of his grandmother's death.

Simple funeral rites were held for "Mama" Fells Thursday at the Duncan Brothers Funeral Home on Seventh avenue. The Rev. A. C. Garner of Grace Congregational Church, presided.

All of her children, with the exception of one son, David, were present at the rites. They were Augusta Savage, Mrs. Ruth Ford, Hubert Fells and Irene Savage of New York City; Mrs. Elizabeth Goggins, Mrs. Flossie Goggins and Arthur Fells of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Ethel Robinson of West Palm Beach, Fla. The absent son, David, is a resident of West Palm Beach also.

Pierre Henry, First Negro Patrolman, Dies in B'klyn

Brooklyn lost one of its oldest and best known citizens in the death of Pierre Henry, first Negro policeman of Greater New York, who was buried amidst military splendor Wednesday morning. A mute testimony of the esteem in which he was held in the community was evidenced by the crowd, estimated at 1,500 persons, which attended the funeral services at Concord Baptist Church Tuesday night.

Mr. Henry, said to have been the last Negro member of the Grand Army of the Republic in Brooklyn, died last Saturday night in the United States Veterans' Hospital, No. 81, the Bronx, where he had been confined for some time. He was 83 years old.

The former officer was born in Beaufort, N. C., in the slave quarters of William C. Bell, prominent land owner. During the Civil War he served on the U. S. "Forward" as a powder boy. He settled in Brooklyn in 1873 and established his own business, a piano moving concern. Twenty-six years later he joined the police force, becoming the first Negro to serve after the consolidation of Old Brooklyn and New York City.

Prior to this there had not been less than four Negroes in the department, all of them said to be alive. They are Wiley Overton, mortician; Tom Peyton and John Lee, all of Brooklyn, and John Nelson who resides in New Jersey. Pierre Henry also was the only former slave to become a member of the New York police department. He retired in 1920 while attached to the Beach street precinct, in Manhattan. He formerly had served at the Flushing avenue station in Brooklyn.

Mr. Henry was a United States deputy marshall from 1888-1895. He was a Republican and for a time was Negro leader in the Tenth Assembly district. The deceased was the last member of the William Lloyd Garrison Post 207, G. A. R., composed of Negro veterans.

After his retirement from the police force Pierre Henry had devoted himself to his church duties. He was a trustee at Concord and one of the oldest members. He was also a Mason, having belonged to the Widow Sons Lodge. There are two sons surviving, Alfred B. and Herbert P. Henry. There are five grandchildren and six great grandchildren. The widow predeceased him by eleven years.

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. James B. Adams and the Spanish American War Veterans had charge. Interment was made in Evergreen cemetery. The deceased had lived at 560 Washington avenue.

Necrology - 1935

New York

DEATH STRIKES AGAIN AT "GREEN PASTURES"

Richmond Va. 3-28-35

Passing of "De Lawd", R. B. Harrison, Emphasizes Tragedy Following Marc Connelly Play

By ROBERT GARLAND

Only the other day, in his bright and cheerful room at the Fifth Avenue Hospital, De Lawd of "The Green Pastures" was preparing to break a spell. But De Lawd of Things-As-They-Are thought otherwise and Richard B. Harrison has been gathered to His everlasting celestial fishfry.

Now that the spell De Lawd of "The Green Pastures" hoped to break has broken him, he lies calm and contented at Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Fifth Street waiting for the day of his burial. The indifference of the dead is upon him, the indifference of the dead which, I have always thought, is another name for the peace that passes understanding.

Recovering from the uncanny illness which overtook him in his dressing-room at the Forty-fourth Street Theater a week or so ago, Dee Lawd of "The Green Pastures" was all prepared to lift the curse which has descended like a blight upon Marc Connelly's ill-fated adaptation of Roark Bradford's curseless Southern sketches.

During the five years of its run, during the 40,000 miles its players have traveled, during the close to 1,600 consecutive performances those players have given, every player who ever left the cast on account of sickness has never lived to return. Mr. Harrison planned to. He didn't.

Richard B. Harrison

Just a few hours before *The Tribune* went to press last week, came the announcement of the death of Richard B. Harrison, star and leading man in "The Green Pastures," a Marc Connelly production acclaimed the outstanding play of this generation.

Mr. Harrison had appeared in the role of "De Lawd" more than 1,600 times, dropping out on account of an illness which proved fatal.

"The Green Pastures," based on the overdrawn and fantastic conception of Southern Negro life, by Roark Bradford, assumed to present the Negro idea of Heaven—strongly resented by many of our people, banned in Great Britain as sacrilgious, the play reached heights of popularity unequalled for many years.

The search for an actor to fill the role of "De Lawd" was long and painstaking; to find some trained performer possessed of the genius to conceive, and the talent to present in acceptable manner this astounding portrayal of "God" seemed hopeless. The producer selected 66-year-old Richard B. Harrison, an amateur dramatic reader who had never appeared on the so-called legitimate stage. The unbroken chorus of approval from critics of the highest rank, the long run in New York and the hinterlands proclaimed the Harrison rendition collossal, superb; and now at his death the Metropolitan press unite in crowning Richard B. Harrison one of the foremost actors of all time.

His brief career is an epoch in race history—his passing a definite milestone in our struggle onward and upward. To Negro actors his success is a pricesless inspiration to carry on in what had seemed a losing battle to win a place in the sun of theatrical achievements.

Richard B. Harrison takes his well won place in the Hall of Fame. Success came late in life. To him, but all too shortly came the plaudits due the victor. To those of us who knew and loved him, and to all of us he leaves a legacy of hope for the future and reverent memory of a great American.

7,000 IN CATHEDRAL AT RITES FOR 'LAWD'

Times 3-18-35

Negro and White Mourners Fill St. John's for the Final Tribute to Harrison.

CHOIR SINGS SPIRITUALS

Newyork Daily

Voices Fill Great Edifice—Manning Praises Actor for 'Unspoiled Simplicity.'

Tremulous organ music, rich-timbred Negro spirituals, the faint scent of many floral wreaths and the mystic light of breeze-blown tapers awed more than 7,000 mourners yesterday afternoon at the funeral service for Richard Berry Harrison in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Bishop William T. Manning probably never before looked down from his pulpit on so mixed a throng as listened in deep silence to his solemn eulogy of the venerable Negro who for five years had played the rôle of "de Lawd" in "The Green Pastures."

Every foot of space, even the area around the communion rail before the great white altar where candles flickered against a background of scarlet drapery, was filled with sorrowing Negroes and white admirers of the old actor. They flowed into the chapels and even into the street.

From All Walks of Life.

Negro ushers, grave and dignified in frock coats, mingled with the customary laymen who act as ushers in the cathedral. Aristocratic white men and white women, richly attired—most of them well advanced in years—sat beside shabby Negroes from Harlem.

Throughout the service the quavery pitch of emotional Negro women rose above the warmly blended notes of the choir from "The Green Pastures." Here and there one could see a gray-haired woman swaying to the chanting of the choristers and clenching withered fingers to suppress spiritual ecstasy.

As the throngs filed silently into the pews beneath the towering arches the organ poured out a continuous flow of soft music. The thousands who had come down from Harlem sat staring at the deep shadows and the rich fittings high over their heads.

The organ music died away. A hush settled on the multitude. The procession moved past the coffin between the rows of gleaming candles; the crucifier, the black-gowned choir, the clergy in white vestments tipped with purple and scarlet and black; then the honorary pallbearers, Paul Laurence Harrison the son of "de Lawd," and the cast of "The Green Pastures."

They walked to their appointed places in the stalls at either side of the chancel, half the choir on one side, half on the other.

Hymn by the Choir.

Dean Milo H. Gates pronounced the sentences that opened the service and the chanting of the choir lifted in the simple hymn, "The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done." A moment of silence as the echoes died away and then the chorus rose again in swelling, somber volume, in the burial chant:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Come unto Me and rest."

Below the pulpit on a small camp chair an old Negro woman in a threadbare plush coat joined in the singing with a cracked voice filled with religious fervor. She held a hymn book in her work-worn hands, but it was upside down. She knew the words by heart.

The sun, which had struggled through the huge windows, hid behind a passing cloud and something like a chill closed down on the mourners. The candles flanking the coffin with the great blanket of carnations and red roses guttered softly with every breeze.

Then the black-clad verger, with snowy head bowed, led the way to the pulpit, followed by the Bishop's chaplain holding aloft the golden pastoral staff. Bishop Manning ascended the pulpit.

"We are gathered here in this cathedral," he began, "to commit to its rest the body of Richard B. Harrison and to commend his soul to the care and the loving kindness of the God and Father of us all. And as we remember him before God and lift up our prayers for him, we give thanks for his good example and for his service here."

The gray old Negro woman with the shabby plush coat turned her face toward the soaring arches and a tear slipped down the high lights on her cheek and splashed on her prayer book.

"Truly Remarkable Life."

"His life and example reflect honor upon his own race, and upon all of us alike, for the qualities of soul and character which he showed are the qualities which give dignity and greatness to human life everywhere. His experience of life was a truly remarkable one, reaching from the humble beginnings to a phase unique in the history of dramatic art.

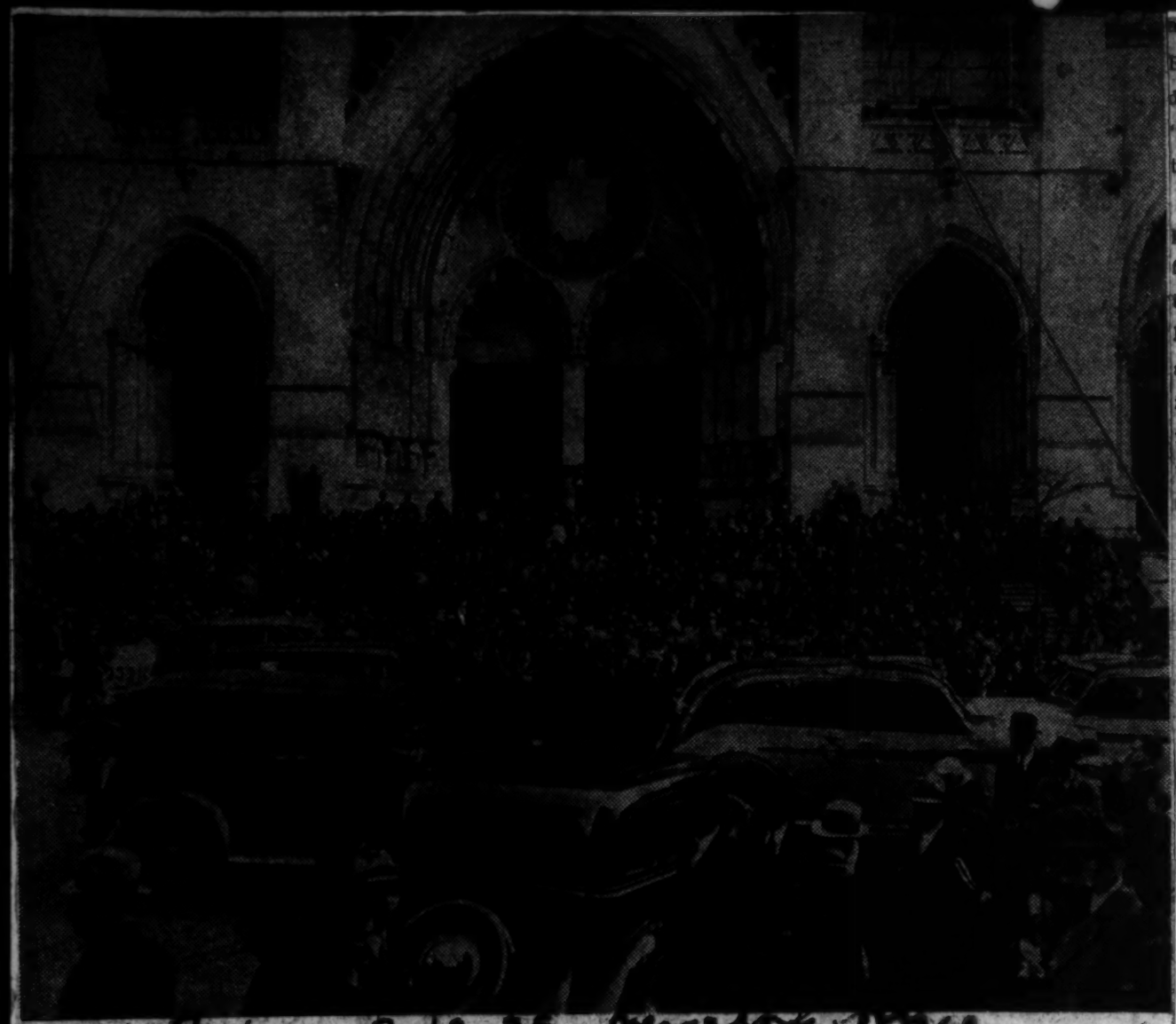
Each word and syllable gave back from the far, dim corners of the cathedral. The sun broke through again and invested the stained glass with glowing blues and greens and reds.

"We think today of his simple sincerity, of his fortitude and patience under long continued trial, of his gentle strength and his failing human kindness, and of the unspoiled simplicity and dignity with which he met success and fame, when they came to him.

"By his qualities of soul and character he helped us to see the truth which Christ and His gospel teach us that whatever their race, or nation, or color [the gray-haired woman punctuated each phrase with a solemn nod of agreement] all men are brothers, sons of one Father and Creator Who calls us to live as His children and as members of one great human family on all this earth.

"May he have blessing, and peace, and fullness of reward in those Green Pastures where he is now with Christ, the Good Shepherd, forever."

The Rev. Shelton Hale Bishop spoke next. His eulogy was a tribute to the simple old man who went up into the dressing room of one of the choir from "The Green Pastures" and the triumphs of Harrison's death, and of his sudwhite altar with his back to the cents short theatre.



Times 3-18-35 New York, N.Y.

Associated Press Photo.

THRONG PAYS FINAL TRIBUTE TO "DE LAWD."

Part of the great crowd that gathered yesterday at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for the funeral of Richard B. Harrison, central figure of "The Green Pastures."

flooded the Cathedral with spirituals:

Oh, de bliss' man stood on de road
An' cried.
Oh, de bliss' man stood on de road
An' cried.
Cryin' "O Lordy," save me!

All over the cathedral men and women took up the familiar, slow-rolling chant and the old woman with the cracked voice triumphantly sang high above them. It was then that th emourners began to sway.

Lord, I don' feel noways tired.
I'm seekin' for a city Hallelujah.
For a city to the kingdom Hallelujah.
For a city to the kingdom Hallelujah.

This was one of Harrison's favorites in the show, and so was the next:

I am a po' pilgrim of sorrow,
I am tossed in this wide world alone,
No hope have I got for tomorrow,
I've started to make Heaven my home.

Sometimes I am toss'ted an' driven Lord,
Sometimes I don' know whers to roam,
I've heard of a city called Heaven,
I've started to make it my Home.
My mother has reached that pure glory,
My father's still working in sin,
My brothers and sisters won't own me,
Because I am tryin' to get in.

Final Part of Service.

The Rev. A. Clayton Powell of the Abyssinian Baptist Church read from the Scriptures—Corinthians, Fifteenth Chapter. Again the soaring notes of the organ pealed and vibrated through the cathedral. All eyes were on the gleaming coffin and the flickering candles through the reading of the second part of the burial service.

Bishop Manning lifted his right hand and intoned the benediction. The last hymn was sung:

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear.

Then came the recessional, the silent departure of the Bishop and the white-surpliced priests, the lifting of the dark coffin with its cover of 1,657 blossoms (the words "Green Pastures" done in white carnations on a bed of deep red roses, one blossom for each performance of the show), and the throngs filed out into Amsterdam Avenue.

More than 100 policemen kept the crowds moving, but thousands stood fast on the cathedral steps, holding their hats against the high wind. Traffic stood still in the sunlight and the black-robed choir assembled around the hearse.

Paul Laurence Harrison and the new Lawd climbed into the motor coach, the son to accompany the body to Grand Central Station. Burial will be in Chicago.

The pallbearers came slowly down the steps with the coffin on their shoulders—Frank Wilson, who is Moses in the show; Oscar Polk, who is Gabriel; Ivan Sharpe, the Prophet; Reginald Fenderson, candidate magician; Daniel Haynes, who plays Adam; Morris McKenney, who plays Noah and Do De Green, understudy to Gabriel.

A lane opened before the pallbearers on the long stone flight and the cleavage of the human tide recalled Marc Connelly's most powerful lines:

"Gangway! Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!"

Charlottesville, Va. Progress
March 20, 1935

"De Lawd" Dies

Not since Charles Gilpin thrilled audiences with his performance in "The Emperor Jones" has a colored actor scaled the heights of Richard Berry Harrison, who died a few days ago after r[illegible]ing the part of "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures" in almost 1,700 performances.

Harrison's role in the brilliant play which Marc Connelly made from Roark Bradford's studies of the Negro's conception of religious history, was what the critics call actor-proof. It is impossible to imagine a man of any talent failing to be impressive in the part: the sheer vitality of the play and the Connelly-Bradford conception would carry the role. But an actor-proof role was not needed by Harrison. His magnificent grasp of what the authors were trying to do, his excellent voice, his sure sense of tempo combined to make his performance as memorable as any in the recent history of the theater.

Harrison in a few years become a leader of his race. An exponent of the simple virtues of kindness, understanding and honesty, he was the antithesis of many colored men, like Marcus Garvey and Father Divine, who have likewise won fame. They have imposed on the members of their race to get money and power; Harrison has constantly striven to help them to encourage thrift and studiousness and ambition and honest dealings. In his death the country lost not only a great actor but a valuable citizen.

New York and on the road. Only a few days before his collapse the play had returned to New York to re-open on the fifth anniversary of its premiere performance, which took place February 26, 1930. Weary after 40,000 miles of traveling to 203 cities, Harrison had stipulated that the New York engagement be limited to three weeks.

Harrison, who had been head of a colored dramatic school in the South, was placed in the role after a chance encounter with Marc Connelly, the author, in Harlem. He hesitated to accept the role at first, fearing it would be sacriligious to impersonate the Lord. Religious friends induced Harrison to play the part.

During the five-year engagement Harrison was repeatedly honored for his tender and understanding performance by educational and religious groups.

"De Lawd" has been called home to real "Green Pastures."

Virginia Beach, Va., News
April 5, 1935

FAITH—A NEGRO

(Frank Parker Stockbridge in a syndicated article)

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that an old Negro who was buried the other day did more than scores of ministers and hundreds of churches to help restore thousands of Americans to their faith in God. The funeral service for Richard B. Harrison, the venerable actor who played the part of "De Lawd" in the play "The Green Pastures," was conducted by the Episcopal Bishop of New York in the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, as a tribute to the spiritual force that he had exercised in the last five years of his life.

Cynics may sneer and agnostics scoff at the childlike absurdity, as it seems to them, of the simple faith of the Negro as portrayed in that play. But faith is not the product of reason or of logic; it springs not from the intellect but from the emotions. And few who have ever seen "The Green Pastures" have failed to be profoundly stirred.

I thought that Bishop's text might well have been taken from the 17th verse of the 18th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

NEWARK, N. J.
LEDGER
MAR 16 1935

Richard B. Harrison

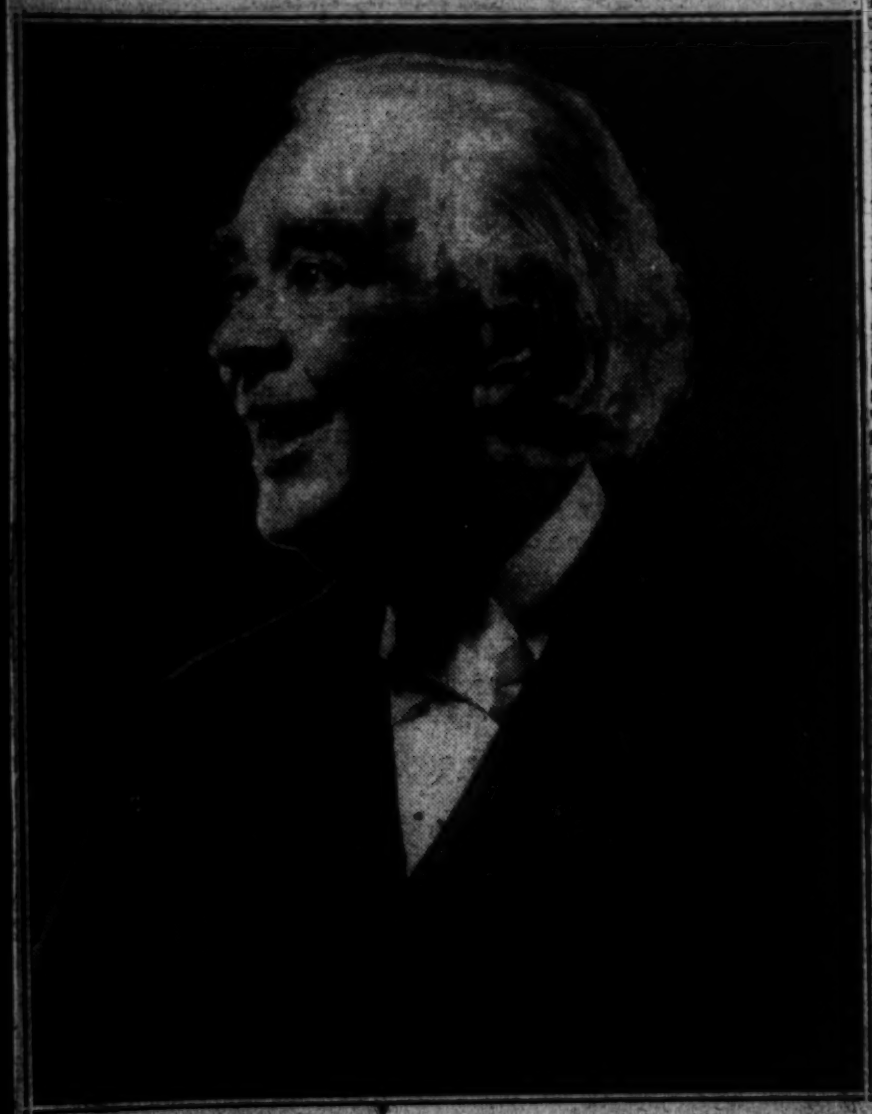
The death of Richard B. Harrison, 70, who played "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures," will be mourned by thousands of theatergoers all over the country who saw this colored man play the leading role in the noted play. He succumbed to a stroke suffered as he was preparing for a matinee performance of the show.

Harrison was a real trouper. He had appeared in 1,652 performances of the play when stricken never missing one in its five-year engagements in

Necrology - 1935

New York.

Created Role of 'De Lawd' in 'The Green Pastures'



Pinchot Studio

Richard B. Harrison as he appeared in the Marc Connelly Play

R. B. Harrison, 'GreenPastures' 'Lawd,' Is Dead

Actor's Heart Got Tired Out March 2 as He Started His 1,659th Performance

Son of Runaway Slaves

Name Still on Theater Signs and the Show Goes On

Richard Berry Harrison, the white-haired patriarch known to the cast of "The Green Pastures" and the world as "de Lawd," died at 8:20 a. m. yesterday in the Fifth Avenue Hospital, Fifth Avenue and 105th Street, where he was taken March 2 when he became too tired to go through his 1,659th performance in Marc Connelly's fabulously successful play. The soft-spoken, deeply spiritual Negro, who for five years had impersonated the Lord God Jehovah on the stages of big cities and small towns throughout North America, was seventy years old.

When Mr. Harrison's fatigue got the best of him just before the matinee of "The Green Pastures" at the Forty-fourth Street Theater on March 2, he summoned his sixty-nine-year-old friend and understudy, Charles Winter Wood, who never had had a chance to appear in a performance, and said to him: "Charlie, hold me up. Hold me up. I'll be back in a few days. The world needs this play."

Name Still on the Signs

The world was assured that Mr. Harrison indeed would be presiding again over the famous fish fry scene before long. His ailment was diagnosed simply as a tired heart. But Wednesday night he became very uncomfortable and called a nurse just before his fatal attack. She saw that the old actor's pulse was failing and called his physician, Dr. M. Bates Beek, of [illegible]. Mr. Harrison was dead by the time the doctor reached his bedside. The star of "The Green Pastures" had died of acute coronary occlusion, Dr. Salsbeck said.

Mr. Harrison's name was still starred on the billing of "The Green Pastures" over the marquee of the Forty-fourth Street Theater last night. The management said that there would be no interruption in the performances.

Traveling 40,000 miles to play in 203 cities in the United States and Canada during the last three and one-half years on the road doubtless took a great deal out of the 223-pound actor, but the public never knew it, even when he went to New York for a three-week return engagement on February 28. Tirelessly, he went over the office scene again and again for the motion picture newsreel men in the afternoon before the reopening night and performed flawlessly during the evening.

There was loud applause that night when, for the 1,658d time in his life, Mr. Harrison, wearing his wide-brimmed, black hat and shabby Prince Albert coat made his first appearance in the play in response to the cue spoken by Gabriel: "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!"

That line made the audiences gasp. There never had been anything quite like it in the American theater. On Mr. Harrison's entrance as Gabriel's voice died away depended the success of the show. After such a cue a bungled entrance would have been disastrous.

Mr. Harrison never bungled. He came in with his head high, his magnificent stature towering over the angels at the fishfry, dignified and benign, his frock coat, starched white shirt and white tie immaculate. He was a Presence, and the bass cadence of his first words, "Is you been baptized?" was in consonance with his dignity. Mr. Harrison never let the show down.

Wife and Daughter Ill in Illinois

No funeral plans were made yesterday for Mr. Harrison, the fifth member of the cast of "The Green Pastures" to die since it opened on a memorable night at the Mansfield Theater on February 26, 1920. His son, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Chicago orchestra leader named after the famous Negro poet who was a close friend of the actor, is expected to arrange for burial when he arrives here this morning. Neither Mr. Harrison's wife nor his daughter will be able to attend, for both are ill in a hospital at Hinsdale, Ill.

It afforded Mr. Harrison great inner satisfaction that with his share of the proceeds from "The Green Pastures," which grossed more than $3,000,000 in five years, he was able to provide comfort for his invalid wife who is suffering from a disease said to be incurable. Until Mr. Harrison was sixty-six years old he was an obscure teacher of dramatics and elocution and he saw little hope of meeting large hospital bills until he became "de Lawd."

Born Among Runaway Slaves

Mr. Harrison was born on September 28, 1864, in London, Ontario, in what was a colony of Negroes who had escaped from slavery in the South by means of the Underground Railroad. His father was Thomas Harrison, said to have been owned by the Bullock family of Lexington, Ky., who had fled North after seeing two of his brothers sold down the river.

The actor's mother was a small Negro woman who had waited on the elegant young ladies of the famous Chouteau family in St. Louis. As their slave she had accompanied them to the theater and the opera and spoke French fluently, though she knew very little English. She was treated well, but tired of the life of a servant and escaped via East St. Louis, Springfield, Chicago and Detroit, to London, where she met Thomas Harrison. They were married in 1854.

Before long the Negroes of London became interested in the idea of starting a colony of their own in Haiti, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison migrated there. But the plan turned out disappointingly and the young couple returned to London, stopping in New York, where Mrs. Harrison is supposed to have insisted upon splurging in the sole luxury of seeing Edwin Booth play "Richard III." The child who was to become "de Lawd" was born soon after that and received his first name, Richard, in honor of Shakespeare's famous character.

Brother a "Jack-Leg Preacher"

Thomas Harrison died while the son was young, and the youth was called on to support his mother, his sister Queen Victoria; his brother Tom and his brother Will, who later became "sort of a jack-leg preacher," according to "de Lawd," who saw them again when he played in London a short while ago.

Although he played "de Lawd" before his brothers and sisters in his native town, Mr. Harrison's most poignant memory of his childhood was aroused one night when, several months ago, he was appearing in St. Louis. A white man came back stage and introduced himself as Henri Chouteau, whose family had owned Mr. Harrison's mother back in 1853. With tears in his eyes, Mr. Chouteau gave Mr. Harrison a picture of the cabin in which the actor's mother had been born.

Mr. Harrison earned a living as a boy by selling newspapers in London. When he was in his 'teens he went to Detroit, where he obtained a smattering of education at the Detroit Training School. He worked for a while as a bellhop in a Detroit hotel and while he was there a guest gave him a copy of "Richard III," which he studied until he knew many of its passages by heart.

Obtaining tickets when he could and buying peanut gallery seats when he could not, Mr. Harrison managed to see such famed players as Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Lawrence Barratt, Sarah Bernhardt and Louis James.

Mr. Harrison left a porter's job in Detroit to become a dining car waiter on the Chicago & Alton and then on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and still later on the Santa Fe. While serving on the Santa Fe he made the acquaintance of A. G. Wells, one of the line's officials. Mr. Wells became impressed with Mr. Harrison's dramatic ability in reading and recitation and spoke to his wife of the young Negro's talents. Mrs. Wells put Mr. Harrison in touch with L. E. Behymer, a California impresario, who took the actor under his wing. The actor's first public appearance as a dramatic reader was in 1891.

There followed many uneventful years, during which Mr. Harrison beat his way up and down and across the country on Chautauqua and Lyceum circuits. His repertoire consisted of three Shakespearean plays and fifty recitations. It was during this time that he developed his soft but resonant voice, which served him so well in "The Green Pastures" when he commanded "An' when I says firmament, I means a whole mess o' firmament."

Knew Original "Uncle Tom"

Somewhere around 1920 Mr. Harrison settled down. He became a member of the faculty of the Agricultural and Technical College of Greensboro, N. C., where he taught dramatics and elocution. There he could give more time to his reading. His favorites were the Bible, the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who was best man at Mr. Harrison's wedding; Thackeray, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Tennyson, Byron, Burns, Emerson and Poe. He had a sentimental attachment for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" because Sam Lucas, the original Uncle Tom, was a close friend of his.

Then, in 1929, Mr. Connelly wrote his fable out of Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Children" and set about desperately to find a Negro capable of playing "de Lawd." According to Ward Morehouse, Mr. Harrison happened to be in New York one day and wandered into a Harlem casting agency called the Immense Thespian. There he met Mr. Connelly and there Mr. Connelly decided that the light colored Mr. Harrison was his man.

Mr. Harrison demurred. He felt that it would be sacrilegious for him to attempt to impersonate the Deity and particularly in such a whimsically anthropomorphic light. It was not until the late Right Rev. Herbert Shipman, Suffragan Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, prevailed upon him that Mr. Harrison accepted.

Thus commenced a theatrical saga that for duration of time was exceeded only by "Abie's Irish Rose" and the end of "The Green Pastures" is not yet in sight. It was not long before Mr. Harrison was known as "de Lawd" to the members of the cast, who looked up to him as their protective father. They borrowed from him when pay day seemed a long way off; they went to him with their troubles

Noted Radio Talker Eulogizes 'De Lawd'

By EDWIN C. HILL

EDITOR'S NOTE:- This beautiful tribute by Edwin C. Hill, famous "Human Side of the News" commentator, was delivered over the Columbia Broadcasting System network Friday night, March 15.

HE maketh me to lie down in Green Pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. In those Green Pastures and beside those still waters De Lawd is walking tonight. In the old days when he left his little office in heaven, the little office with the rolltop desk that the Dustin Angels were so anxious to gold up—he used to say to Gabriel: "I'll be back Sattaday." But he won't be back Sattaday and the loss is ours. There is so much to say about Richard Berry Harrison, so much, indeed, that one lacks words for the saying.

He was the most eminent Negro that our country has ever produced in at least half a century. To my mind his was a more compelling influence for good than that of even Booker T. Washington. To my mind this gentle, elderly colored man who had been newsboy, bellboy, waiter, pullman car porter, lecturer, Shakespearean actor and finally one of the authentic stars of the American stage, was the most effective preacher of pure religion that we have known in many years. This was so because the man himself was so essentially good, and righteousness and benevolence shown from his kind eyes. Understanding of humanity, fondness for humankind echoed in every note of his pleasant voice.

A little more than five years ago, I think it was the second night of the production of The Green Pastures, this speaker, thrilled by the whole performance and especially by Mr. Harrison's work, went to his dressing room. Sitting in the dressing room at the time, and talking to the star was a gentleman of distinguished appearance, whose voice was somewhat familiar, but whom for the woment I couldn't place. And presently, I was introduced to him. He was Bishop Herbert Shipman of the Episcopal church. It was he who overcame the scruples of Mr. Harrison and advised him to take the part of De Lawd in the play of "The Green Pastures."

* * *

MR. Harrison, honest, simple, sincere soul that he was, had been afraid of some impiety in attempting to impersonate the Creator of all things. But when a distinguished Bishop of a great church assured him that he would be performing a real service accepting the part and playing it, and even more by throwing himself into the majestic spirit of it, he was converted from then on, and one can say so without the slightest irreverence, came as close to being the living God as any human being could be.

I don't know how many people saw him at the Fish Fry in heaven with the Fat Angels and the Thin Angels and the little chubby Cherubim, or how many heard the grand eloquent announcement of the Angel Gabriel: "Gangway, gangway, for De Lawd God Jehovah" or how many saw him walk his good Green Earth in the golden sunshine calling out to the little daisy children, "How is you, chilluns?" Or heard their reply, "We'se fine, Lawd"; or saw him expose to Moses the burning bush; or saw him smite the children of Israel on account of the Babylonian night club; and most wonderful of all saw him place his kindly arm around the shoulder of the blind, broken and defeated Moses and lead him up from the end of the road to view a land which was much finer than the land of Canaan.

* * *

THE play will go on because it is a great play, because it gives us in such simple human form the true value of faith; giving to religion, indeed, a note of humor which it so terribly needs. One sometimes reflects that the whole world would be more religious today, would have a deeper faith if religion had not been so dismal, so [illegible]n, so forbidding to people of natural instincts.

The Green Pastures and Richard B Harrison presented religion and faith in such a beautifully human fashion. God himself, De Lawd, became suddenly understandable. One felt that one knew him. You felt that you could walk up and shake hands with him. You could even offer him a ten-cent cigar. He was De Lawd, it is true, but he was also your understanding friend. Quite literally he gave his life to the play. For more than five years he was De Lawd God Jehovah, this son of two runaway slaves. And finally in his seventy-first year, he goes to face that Being who one knows instinctively will greet him with outstretched hand and say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

* * *

THE play carried on with Charles Winter Wood who, as de Lawd's understudy, waited five years for his opportunity and would gladly have waited the rest of his life. But for most of us who loved the play in all that it stood for, who have been moved to laughter and to tears, who have been thrilled by the majestic surge of the Hebrew people across the sands of the desert—for us, I am afraid De Lawd God Jehovah is dead. Never again will his deep, rich, melodious voice be heard crying, "Let de fish fry proceed," as he greets the angels; never again will we see him sitting at that battered rolltop desk, his thick silver locks hanging down over his shoulders, sorting his papers in his celestial cubicle; never again will we see him standing at the window of his office looking out into blue infinity, troubled a bit by the heat of the sun. Perhaps a little annoyed because the Polishing Angels had put too high a polish on the sun and saying in his gentle way, "Let it be a little cooler."

Never again will we behold him broad-shouldered and fervent, as he goes aboard the Ark which has finally found land, and hear him reflecting "Dis things turned into quite a proposition." Never again will we hear him as the God of wrath and vengeance renouncing unfaithful man and crying out with deep agony, "I will deliver them no more." And never again see his eyes shine and his face brighten, as he discovers to his great surprise, "Dat even God must suffer." De Lawd is dead.

NEWS
Coachdale
MAR 21 1935

"DE LAWD" AND HIS DISCIPLES

There was one Lord who died on a cross, just outside Jerusalem, 1900 years ago, and there was a "Lawd" who died in a hospital in New York City last week. The first was mourned then by eleven disciples and a handful of converts to his teachings. The latter was, and is, mourned by many thousands of Americans who deeply admire his real character, particularly his wonderfully effective picturization of the part of "Lawd" in a drama.

The Lord's few followers of 1900 years ago have swelled in number to many millions—682,400,000 in 1931, almost one-third of the population of the world. "De Lawd's" admirers will, of course, dwindle in number until, after a decade or so, there will be but few who will have a place in their mind for Richard Berry Harrison.

But just now there is no actor in the world more mourned than this kindly old Negro who had portrayed the part of Christ 1,659 times through five years, closing his career at the age of 70 years, without having ever disappointed an audience in that five-year period except that last one which had gathered in a New York theater to see "The Green Pastures" again. Some of them had witnessed it many times before, as had other persons all over America. It was in Indianapolis.

Harrison's conception of the Lord, of course, conveyed the ideas of the author of the drama, but into it he wove his own sweet, benign personality and made much more of the part, it is probable, than can ever be made of it by his understudy.

The genuine admiration and deep affection held for him by thousands of Americans, most of them of the white race, points a moral in the matter of race prejudices which is—a Negro who has talent sufficient to lift him above the level of his race should be given the opportunity to rise and should not be kept pressed down in the ranks. Harrison helped himself in this respect, unconsciously perhaps, by maintaining throughout his life an attitude of self-effacement which controverted the hostility of many persons of the white race who unreasonably resent anything suggesting self-advancement on the part of Negroes.

Perhaps, after all, there was not a great amount of tolerance toward the Negro on the part of the 1,659 audiences that had greeted the cast of "The Green Pastures." He was on of a company of 90 persons, and all of them were Negroes, but they were on the stage and the white audience sat apart.

Once, in a vision, an old time church worker who had been narrow in his application of the Gospel to humanity, thought he saw a great net set down from heaven in which were all manner of living things. Being a Jew, he was horrified at the proximity of those animals, but there came a voice which cleared away that prejudice and that man went out to work among people whom he, before, had thought unclean.

That voice yet speaks!

RALEIGH, N. C.
NEWS OBSERVER
MAR 15 1935

To Green Pastures

With the death of Richard B. Harrison in New York yesterday the country not only lost its best loved Negro actor but North Carolina lost the fulfillment of his promise to come back after his days of acting were done to the Negro Agricultural and Technical College, where he once taught, to teach dramatics to members of his race. "De Lawd," as many a story will say, has gone from the Heaven of "The Green Pastures" to the Heaven for which all of us hope.

Few actors of his generation came to such fame as was Harrison's in the popular play of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly based on the Negro folk interpretation of the Bible. Probably it was Harrison's acting more than any other thing that made this minstrel show about God palatable and pleasing not only to the general public but to many clergymen and other very religious people. He gave a dignity to his acting and there was a dignity about his life which the wearying whimsicality of press agents about "De Lawd" could not destroy.

Now without Harrison "The Green Pastures" may go on piling up the number of its performances but it is doubtful whether any other man can take the comedy of the Bible story as the literal-minded whites taught to the voraciously credible Negroes and give it a dignity which made it a pious miracle play. With Harrison in the role of the Lord, "The Green Pastures" was infused with that reverence which makes vital the religion of simple folk. Without him the play may fall into that burlesque in blackface of the Bible which Harrison kept it from being. He will be missed but he will have left behind him thousands who saw through his acting that the simple faith of simple men may not be half so comic as those who think themselves so superior in the forms and aspirations of their worship that they may laugh at others' conception of God and others' faith in that conception.

New York.

Necrology - 1935.

De Lawd' Goes To Reward As 16,000 Pay Him Homage

Chicago's Teeming Thousands, From Gold Coast On Into Harlem, Pay Respect To Aged Negro Actor Who Gained Fame In 'The Green Pastures'

By Everett Holles
United Press Staff Correspondent

CHICAGO, March 19.—The Negroes down in the heart of Chicago's Harlem saw the Angel Gabriel come down to the pearly gates today, blow a blast on his horn and lead Richard Beery Harrison away to "De Lawd's" green pastures.

White folks who came in fine cars stood in awed reverence among Pullman porters and bootblacks of De Lawd's own "chillun" outside St. Edmund's Episcopal Church.

Across the street, in the morning shadow of the church's weather-beaten spire, Negro mothers hushed their babies.

"Gangway! Gangway fo' De Lawd Jehovah!" Gabriel must have called out exultantly as the crowds cleared a path for the slow-moving hearse on its way to a grave in Lincoln Cemetery.

Silent crowds, white and black, tied up traffic over a six-block area in the vicinity of the small church where only 500 were able to gain entrance. Fifty policemen cleared an aisle up the stone steps where many had waited since daylight.

Goes Away Slowly

The 70-year-old, kindly Negro whose portrayal of De Lawd in the Pulitzer prize play "Green Pastures" brought him such great fame, went slowly and grandly.

Like the night five years ago when he strode from the wings of a Broadway theater and into the circle of a heavenly fishfry, Richard Harrison was majestic in his role at the final curtain.

"De Lawd can't be a-hurrying—He's got to take it easy-like."

That was his interpretation of the part into which he poured such religious feeling that sophisticated audiences wept.

De Lawd God Almighty with his flowing white hair lay in a gleaming bronze coffin, before which nearly 16,000 persons walked in bowed homage throughout yesterday and until long after midnight.

He wore the same garb familiar to 1656 audiences—a Prince Albert coat and white string tie.

No Eulogy

The grave to which he was carried eight miles through the city's Negro district was a small plot on a tiny knoll near the entrance to the cemetery. There the members of his race, many of whom were born of runaway slave parents as De Lawd was, have gone to find the Angel Gabriel.

None of the rich-timbered spirituals which the swaying actors of "Green Pastures" chanted were heard as the Rev. Samuel J. Martin led a high requiem mass. A chorus of 25 voices sang the "Missa De Angelus" to deep, inspiring pipe organ music.

There was no eulogy—only a solemn litany—for the former dining car waiter and Pullman porter who tried to walk, offstage and on, in the path of De Lawd.

Roses Cover Casket

The casket, resting in the nave of the small church, was covered with a blanket of 1657 roses, one for each of his performances in the role he made famous. In the pews were many notables—Mayor Edward J. Kelly, Dr. Preston Bradley, Customs Collector Anthony Czarnecki and men and women who came from the Gold Coast across town.

Bishop George Craig Stewart, who confirmed De Lawd a year ago, appeared in the vestments of the church.

Before the services the body lay in state in the Harrison home, only a block from the church.

An old Negro—older than De Lawd—shuffled by the casket, twisting a shapeless hat.

Slender tapers flickered from a tall candelabra.

"Yes, I guess he was jes plumb tuckered out," the old man said.

Chattanooga, Tenn. News
March 15, 1935

"Even Bein' de Lawd—"

FEW Negroes in America have cast so much credit on their race in the past decade as the venerable Richard Harrison, whose portrayal of "de Lawd" in "The Green Pastures" was so well known. He died yesterday.

Harrison had been in Chattanooga many times. One of his benefactors was the Negro Bishop Lane, of Jackson, Tenn., and Harrison in his younger days came to Chattanooga for lectures among his race.

A member of The News staff talked with him in his dressing room, in an intermission of "The Green Pastures." The white-haired actor told how he was writing a book. The title would be "Even Bein' de Lawd," and it was taken from a line in the play. Sore perplexed with the sins of his people on Earth, De Lawd turns to Gabriel and says, "Even being de Lawd ain't no bed of roses."

Acting in the play was no bed of roses for Harrison. Many times, almost too weary to go on, he held to his determination never to miss a performance. And he did not, from the night the play opened in New York five years ago to two weeks ago, when, the strain too much, he collapsed with a stroke. It is easy to believe that grief over being out of the play proved the final blow, and the famous Negro actor died of overwork.

"Even bein' de Lawd—"

as one of the lines of the play expresses the thought, that "Even bein' de Lawd ain't no bed of roses," although it was characteristic of the man and the manner in which he viewed the importance of the play that when his understudy, CHARLES WINTER WOOD, told him he was engaged in that capacity, HARRISON answered, "You are not the understudy, you are hired to outlive me so the play can go on."

Possibly this gentle, kindly, old man, who was just as much of a patriarch off the stage as on, was a natural actor, although long training, in dramatic school, on lyceum and Chautauqua circuits and in the conduct of classes in the drama prepared him for the part he was to play at the end of his life. But the story of the Chicago bell-hop and former Pullman porter who became a Broadway celebrity and who even played the part of "de Lawd" is one of the interesting stories of the stage. With it all RICHARD HARRISON remained a man of plain and simple faith who caught from his role a sense of spiritual exaltation which, as he imparted it to many who saw the "Green Pastures," accounted in no small part for its success. There was no profanity in his role.

RICHARD HARRISON was a Christian. "Green Pastures" was to him a parable, which it was his mission to utter and interpret, and his service of his role was not merely histrionic art. It was religion.

whelmed with honors. But his span of threescore years and ten began in the shadow of slavery, and most of them he spent in hard work and wandering.

He was chosen for his role not alone for his ability, though he was once an itinerant actor and interpreter of Shakespeare to his own people. His sincere faith, which was with him to the end suited him for the part he played. And though the last years of his life gave him high honors and rewards, they failed to rob him of his simplicity and honest humility. This was a successful life, though it lacked many elements and experiences which have been called essentials of success.

Rome, Ga News-Tribune
March 18, 1935

BEAUTIFUL FAITH EXEMPLIFIED

SOME lessons in contentment might be learned by "white folks" through a little study of the character so impressively portrayed by the negro, R. B. Harrison, who appeared as "De Lawd" in "Green Pastures" until his death a few days ago.

Harrison helped to make "Green Pastures" one of the most successful plays ever staged and did it through a peculiarly faithful portrayal of the unquestioning and elemental faith of the negro "believer."

This faith, so strikingly illustrated by Harrison, is not hung with question marks. It accepts the reality of a God and the reality of a Heaven and takes no note of fine-spun theories touching the incidentals of religion.

Theological controversies may provide mouth-filling terms and afford means of confused thought to some but they mean nothing in the simple life of the colored believer. It is enough for him to know that God is good and that He has prepared a good place where one may rest when the toils and difficulties of life have been brought to a close.

Harrison interpreted this beautiful, childlike faith in a manner which proved he possessed it to a marked degree, and thereby rendered a service which extended much beyond the theatre.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BULLETIN
MAR 15 1935

"DE LA? —NPROFANED

In the simplicity of his art in an age which had come to count sophistication a virtue, but which took strongly to heart the fundamental appeal of the play in which he appeared, RICHARD B. HARRISON, "de Lawd God Jehovah" of "Green Pastures," claimed a larger audience than falls to the lot of most actors. When he accepted the role, five years ago, he was already at an age when many actors retire, but since then, as trouper and as patriarch of the large company of Negro players which he headed, he toured nearly every State in the Union, a large part of Canada, and appeared in more than 200 cities and towns until "back on Broadway," where the play had started, he had to quit a few days ago because he was, as he said, "just tuckered out."

Perhaps, at the end, he had found

PHILADELPIA, PA.
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER
MAR 15 1935

GREENER PASTURES

A REMARKABLE figure of the modern theatre has laid aside forever the role which won him fame and modest fortune. It is not easy to imagine another playing the part which Richard B. Harrison made so much his own in "The Green Pastures." Since its first performance he has enacted "De Lawd" in this miracle play, invariably with dignity and reverence and extraordinary art and understanding. He was the inspiring personality of over 1600 performances and had visited 203 cities and traveled 40,000 miles before the weariness of death took him away to the green pastures of his faith.

It now seems strange that this kindly colored gentleman, a great actor in a single role, should have spent forty years of his life as a dining-car waiter. In the latter years of his life he was over-

New Yorkers Join in Last Tribute At Impressive Rites for 'De Lawd'

NEW YORK, March 17.—(AP)—In an atmosphere that curiously mingled austerity and suppressed emotion, funeral services were held today for Richard Berry Harrison, "de Lawd" of "The Green Pastures" and the country's foremost negro actor.

In the vast and impressive interior of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the still uncompleted shrine of the Protestant Episcopal church in America, the formal rites were conducted by the Rev. Shelton Hale Bishop, rector of the Negro Episcopal church of St. Philip, in Harlem, assisted by the Right Rev. William T. Manning, bishop of the New York diocese.

A throng of 7,500 devoted followers of the "de Lawd," gathered from the white and black races and representing the church and theater and the benign patriarch's great lay following in Harlem, filled the great crossing of the cathedral and overflowed into the nave, the ambulatory and the chapels off the choir.

"May he have blessing and peace and fullness of reward in those green pastures where he now is with Christ, the Good Shepherd, forever," intoned Bishop Manning from the high stone pulpit.

At the foot of the aisle before the sanctuary rested the bronze coffin, covered with a blanket of red roses and white carnations, 1,657 blooms, one for each of the performances that "de Lawd" played in "The Green Pasture," the tribute of the members of the cast.

He had played the principal role for more than five years, throughout a phenomenal run in New York and then across the country, only to be stricken, "tuckered out," in the first week of its New York revival on the afternoon of March 2.

In the choir stalls were members of the Hall Johnson choir that sang during the performances of "The Green Pastures." In flowing black cassocks they sang the favorite spirituals of "de Lawd," one of them the "City Called Heaven," which was sung by the children of Israel in the play as they marched into the promised land.

Outside the cathedral several thousand more persons, most of them Harlem negroes, awaited the reappearance of the coffin. It was borne down the steps by pallbearers who were fellow members of the cast—Daniel Haynes, the Adam of the play; Oscar Polk, who is the Angel Gabriel, and others.

It was the beloved and solicitous "Gabe" who shouted the immortal "Gangway fo' de Lawd God Jehorah!" at the first entrance of Harrison in each performance of the play.

Paul Laurence Dunbar Harrison, son of "de Lawd" and a Chicago orchestra leader, was the only member of the family in attendance. Harrison's wife and daughter are ill in Chicago.

The body will be taken to Chicago tomorrow where additional funeral services will be held Tuesday forenoon in St. Edmund's Protestant Episcopal church, with burial Tuesday afternoon in Lincoln cemetery.

Augusta, Ga., Chronicle
March 16, 1935

"De Lawd" Is Dead!

For sixty-six years a negro struggled to express his soul to the world. The three score and ten years were almost run out, like the sand in the hour glass of life. He had opened his eyes on a turbulent world. Civil strife had lately rent the South. The North faced the cost of a war. His mother had traveled the uncertain trails which led from slavery to London, Ontario, before he was born. Her flight and the urge to be free put courage into her boy.

When conditions allowed the boy made his way to Detroit, the struggling city on the Lake, and was a bell boy in a hotel. He moved like a rolling stone in his effort to find his place in the world. Each new place brought him nearer his destiny, until, at the age of sixty-six he taught dramatics in Harlem. He had no chance to accomplish anything more than he was doing with an indifferent class of students.

Then he met Marc Connelly. Mr. Connelly had dramatized Roark Bradford's "Ole Man Adam an' His Chillun." He wanted to assemble a cast and present the play that has since become more famous than the book,—"Green Pastures." That was little more than five years ago.

The most difficult role was that assigned to the child of the slave, Richard Berry Harrison. He has made that role known throughout the world. He carried into the communities of this entire nation the reverence and the artistry of his great soul. He lost his own identity in much the same way as Joseph Jefferson lost his in "Rip Van Winkle." Richard Berry Harrison became to millions "De Lawd."

He carried on until he had achieved the most successful theatrical record in American history. As he prepared for his 1,659th portrayal of the character of "De Lawd" he tried to raise his hand. The hand that had been held out with its wonderful understanding of the frailties of humanity in the play and the hand that helped in interpreting "De Lawd" to thousands of his own people could not be raised again. The tongue that spoke perfectly the lines was powerless to move. The foot that so often had walked along the roadway that symbolized life, no longer could bear his weight. He had suffered a paralytic stroke.

And now "De Lawd" is dead. He has left the world better because of his faithfulness to a difficult task. He literally breathed reverence in his every act.

He has doubtless been ushered into the room he had visualized so often. St. Peter who was, in the play, asked to be careful and not blow the horn has made a slip. He blew the horn for "De Lawd." The plain desk used in the play and which had withstood the appeals of the angels who cleaned the office has at last been replaced. The angels wanted to have the desk gold-plated. Now it is solid gold.

And who knows but that the golden streets and the walls of precious stones, and the countless towers which pierce the sky over the "heaben" of yesterday will see a loved face coming toward the "great white throne" and out of the crowd will step a friend who has been "lost awhile" and as Richard Berry Harrison goes on he will pause as his friend stretches out his hand and says "Have a good time, Lawd."

'De Lawd' Enters Eternity 'Green Pastures'

4-1-35

Last Rites for Famous Negro—Strachey Continues to Lecture—Miss Perkins Offers Little Hope

(Correspondence from Chicago)

CHICAGO, March 25.—A great tribute was paid to the memory of Richard B. Harrison at his home in Chicago, when, following the memorial service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, his body was brought to this city for burial. Fifteen thousand people, young and old, rich and poor, white and colored, walked past the casket as he lay in state at his home on Indiana avenue. St. Edmund's Episcopal church was filled to capacity for the church services conducted by Bishop George Craig Stewart, assisted by the pastor, Samuel J. Martin, and other ministers. The streets were lined with thousands of people as the cortege solemnly moved to the cemetery.

Richard Harrison Combined Humility With Dignity

It was, I think, not so much the extraordinary success of the play, nor even the astonishing achievement of the actor in portraying the role of "De Lawd" in the theater without seeming sacrilegious, that called forth this tribute. It was the character of the man revealed in his triumph. I met him personally and conversed with him intimately on two or three occasions and was impressed with the singular combination of genuine humility and personal dignity which characterized him. I also arranged with him to speak on "How it feels to play 'De Lawd'" in Joseph Bond chapel at the university and afterward to take lunch with the faculty of the divinity school at the Quadrangle club, and all were impressed with the quality of the man and with the reverence with which he regarded his role. He viewed his task as a genuine religious ministry. And so it was.

SIOUX CITY, IA.
JOURNAL

MAR 24 1935

RICHARD BERRY HARRISON

Richard Berry Harrison, famous Negro actor who appeared as "de Lawd" in the stage play, The Green Pastures, made a deep and lasting impression upon the American lovers of drama in the time of his brief but celebrated career. The adulation in which he was held by those of his own race and by a multitude of his white friends and admirers must have been regarded by the Negro actor as possessed of the highest value of all things that accrued to him in consequence of his success on the stage. This was marked when Richard B. Harrison died. It was more marked when his funeral was held in Chicago, with 20,000 paying their respects to him, a vast multitude composed of whites and Negroes from the varied walks of life.

The son of fugitive slaves, Richard B. Harrison was born in Canada. Only late in life did he taste the cup of success and enjoy the aura of fame. He played the role of "de Lawd" for the first time at the age of 65. He made it as famous, perhaps, as any role interpreted on the American stage in the last 25 years. Not even Frank Bacon in Lightning was more picturesque or better cast or a more faithful interpreter.

The Green Pastures, itself, has made a deep impress upon American life, not merely by reason of the surpassing skill of Richard B. Harrison. More than that was responsible for its success, although it long ago was recognized that he contributed richly to the potency of the play's remarkable appeal. Compromise may be suggested here to say that The Green Pastures helped Richard B. Harrison as much as he helped The Green Pastures. Play and actor had reciprocal effects. Together they offered a combination rare on any stage.

The Green Pastures never was, properly interpreted and understood, any kind of burlesque. There is no sacrilege in any part of it, in line or plot, or actor's demeanor. Instead it was a serious enough presentation of a childlike faith, which, perhaps, might be extended to other elements of the national life to the advantage of the Christian religion. One seeing the plot unfolded would be charmed, delighted with the picture so naturally presented. Seen from the viewpoint of American playgoers who have affection for and, who sympathize with Negroes—and this as any southerner knows does not eliminate the old south—The Green Pastures was a rich contribution to American theatrical history. They also would know that Richard B. Harrison had been the bright particular star in its presentation.

New York.

Necrology - 1935

Lawd of Green Pastures Dies in New York City

Telegraph

Paralytic Stroke Is Fatal to Famous Actor in Connelly-Bradford Play

3-15-35

NEW YORK, March 14 (AP)—The final curtain fell today for Richard Berry Harrison, 70-year-old Negro actor whose portrayal of "de Lawd" in The Green Pastures brought him into national prominence.

Harrison died in Fifth Avenue hospital from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He collapsed in his dressing room March 2 while preparing for his 1,659th performance in the play, one of the most successful in American theatrical history.

One of six children born to slaves who had escaped through the "underground railway" to London, Ont., Harrison passed his earlier years as a bellboy in Detroit and other midwestern cities, occupying a gallery seat in the theater as frequently as his finances would permit.

Then, at the age of 66, a chance encounter with Marc Connelly while the playwright was roaming Harlem in search of someone for the role of "de Lawd," lifted him from an obscure post as a teacher of dramatics and elocution.

The Green Pastures, dramatized by Connelly from Roark Bradford's Old Man Adam an' His Chillun, opened five years ago last month and is still going, with Harrison's understudy in his role, after a 40,000-mile tour of 203 cities.

Throughout his long association with the play, Harrison was regarded with reverence by the more than 90 other Negroes in the cast. Offstage as well as on, they referred to him as "de Lawd."

Remembered Here

Richard B. Harrison, who died yesterday after playing "de Lawd" for five years in The Green Pastures, addressed Macon civic clubs here when the Green Pastures company played in Macon.

Lucy Laney, Nergess ex-slave who left Macon many years ago and went to Augusta where she founded an industrial high school, cared for Harrison at a time when his fortunes were lowest. Stranded in Augusta, he was almost destitute when the woman gave him a small job at the industrial school.

RICHARD BERRY HARRISON

R. B. HARRISON, 70, 'DE LAWD,' IS DEAD

Times

Creator of Unique Stage Role Succumbs Suddenly While Thought to Be Recovering.

3-15-35

BECAME A REVERED FIGURE

New York Times

Former Church Reader Played in 'The Green Pastures' 1,657 Times in Five Years.

Richard Berry Harrison, 70 years old and for 1,657 performances "de Lawd" of "The Green Pastures," died suddenly at 8:20 o'clock yesterday morning at the Fifth Avenue Hospital. He had been ill less than two weeks.

Sixteen days before he had returned to New York in triumph as the star of the Marc Connelly play in which, here and on tour, he had created a rôle unique in American drama and a revered place in the hearts of some 2,000,000 theatregoers. The plaudits of that return were not yet dim when, on the afternoon of March 2, he suffered a slight cerebral thrombosis, or brain clot, and startled the public by missing his first performance.

Still he was not thought to be critically ill. His condition had shown steady improvement. Last Monday his physician, Dr. Milton J. Raisbeck, 1,115 Park Avenue, said that the actor would be ready to return to his rôle in two weeks. Mr. Harrison had been "just generally tired out," Dr. Raisbeck had said when he first collapsed.

Reported Well on Wednesday.

Yesterday a spokesman for the physician declared that on Wednesday Mr. Harrison had been "perfectly well" and that his condition Wednesday night had been "good." His speech was clear and there was no sign of paralysis. But, upon awakening yesterday morning at 8 o'clock, Mr. Harrison complained of "a weak spell" and the nurse who was attending him observed that his pulse was failing. She summoned a house physician and Dr. Raisbeck, but Mr. Harrison was dead before the latter arrived. Acute coronary occlusion, or a cutting-off of one of the blood vessels of the heart, was given as the cause of death. It was not related to the cause of his earlier collapse.

If the passing of the good gray "Lawd" was unexpected even by his physician, Mr. Harrison's friends in the office of Rowland Stebbins, producer of the play, were not less surprised—and shaken. His own courage and confidence, as well as reports of his improvement, had prepared them for his recovery and his return to the play that had been his life for five years. At least one of them had called upon him daily during his illness. To Clarence Jacobsen, company manager of the play, he had said only a few days ago that "I'll set a new record. I'll be the only member of the company to have left the show because of illness and return to it." And to Miriam Doyle, a member of Mr. Stebbins's staff, he seemed Wednesday afternoon to be "very cheerful."

His eagerness to return was not the vanity of an actor monopolizing a rôle. When told on March 2 that he could not go on for hte matinée performance, he protested briefly, then called for his old friend Charles Winter Wood, the understudy who had waited in vain for five years to play the rôle.

"Hold me up, Charlie, hold me up," he said. "The world needs this play at this time. I'll be back in a few days."

Mr. Wood replaced him competently and will continue to play the rôle indefinitely. But Broadway could not believe last night that "de Lawd" had actually gone. In the theatre and out of it people knew that five years of consecutive performances "ain't no bed of roses," as God's duties are described in the play's most famous single line. Nevertheless, as Broadway immortality goes, Mr. Harrison's identity with "de Lawd" promised to be eternal.

Became a Legendary Figure.

Gabriels and Noahs came and went in the cast of "The Green Pastures," and so did two generations of the cherubs who populated the play's heaven. "De Lawd" remained. Thef former churchreader, elocutionist and Chautauqua lecturer had become in his own lifetime a legend and a symbol, on Broadway as in Harlem, whence he came to the play. His company regularly sought his advice and financial aid, and he gave them both. To the cherubs he was "de Lawd" in more than fancy.

Last night, as his profound belief in the play would have dictated, that company gave its performance as usual at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

It was not easy. Half an hour before the performance, the backstage corridors that usually are ahum with activity and the old excitement of the curtain hour were subdued to the whispers of actors gathered in little groups. They were talking in low tones of the man whom they had honored and with whom many of them had traveled 40,000 miles and visited 203 cities. In the dressing rooms downstairs, where the cherubs are accustomed to gather boisterously, was an awed silence.

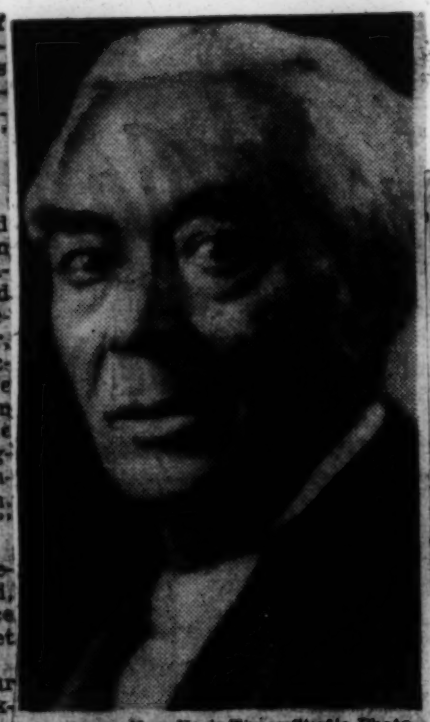
Tribute Wired by Connelly.

And on the bulletin board was a telegram from Mr. Connelly in Culver City, Calif. His tribute read: "Let me join with you in mourning thel oss of as gentle and lovable and gallant a man as any one of us will ever meet."

As grave as any in that solemn backstage group was Mr. Wood, the understudy who had waited so long. He was sitting in the late star's dressing room and remembering that only last Tuesday he had visited him in the hospital and that Mr. Harrison had said "Charlie, they tell me you're doing all right. Keep it up."

That, said Mr. Wood, was an order he wouldn't forget.

There was a good deal of reminiscence, and otu of it emerged the portrait of kindly gentleness that the public knew. George Randol, the wicked Pharaoh of the play, who has never missed a performance, recalled that 'de Lawd" never failed to say to him, just before Pharaoh's big scene: "Well, they're out there. It's up to you." Sixteen hundred and fifty-seven times he said it. It was reassuring. Frank Wilson, who joined the company only recently, but knew Mr. Harrison twelve years ago in Harlem, said simply that the old man grew more lovable as he went on.



New York Times Studio Photo.

RICHARD B. HARRISON.

"We're an emotional people," he said. "Just his presence calmed us down."

They recalled his habit, on the long "jumps" between towns, of meditating on the success of the play. Some one was always pretty certain to tell him that it couldn't have succeeded without him. He always denied that. "They could have got any old man to do it," he always said.

Few of them suspected his illness. Oonly Dodo Green, for two years and a half the Angel Gabriel who hovers near his master throughout the play, would say last night that he knew something was wrong. "De Lawd" started to waver toward the end of the performance in Jacksonville on Jan. 30, last, said Mr. Green, and from then on Gabriel hovered even closer to catch him if he fell. But he wouldn't admit fatigue until the day he left the play for good. Then, according to Mr. Green, he confessed: "I'm going to take a rest, Gabe. I'm tired."

They all remembered a number of things like that, and then, the curtain rising, the show went on with a nedge of extra fervor, as if they were afraid somehow of "letting down." Until the new "Lawd" made his entrance, it would have been hard to guess that the old one's name had come down from the marquee in the morning.

Funeral arrangements are still uncertain pending the arrival tomorrow noon of Mr. Harrison's son, Paul Lawrence Harrison, a

his performance after five years had grown even warmer, more simple and deeper in its religious devotion. He had always considered the rôle a religious responsibility. He didn't want to play any other.

Otherwise, he had not changed. Honors came to him from many sources, and he accepted them with implacable dignity and courtesy as the representative of his rôle and his company. In 1930 he received the Spingarn Medal for the highest achievement by an American Negro; he accepted it, after a eulogy by the then Lieut. Gov. Lehman, but with the comment that the medal should be broken up into ninety-five pieces for all who had shared in the play.

More dramatically, he returned on tour to his birthplace, London, Ont. Nationally famous, he wondered if any one there remembered him. He was welcomed by the Mayor, dined by the Rotary Club, and came away in gratitude and wonder. Occasionally during the run of the play, here and on tour, he returned to the recital platform for special readings, and leaders in the arts were proud to sponsor those performances. Arriving in New York for the fifth anniversary of the play, he called on Mayor La Guardia, who asked if he thought that he (the Mayor) would meet any politicians in heaven.

With characteristic solicitude, never quite outside his rôle of "de Lawd," Mr. Harrison answered, "What I'm worryin' about, Mr. Mayor, is whether the politicians is gonna meet you there."

Son of a Fugitive Slave.

Less bright were his years on the other side of that February night in 1930 which made him famous. He needed, as he once confessed, all his faith in God. Born on Sept. 28, 1864, in Ontario, the son of fugitive slaves who had fled to Canada, he remained there until he was 17. In Detroit he studied dramatic art, worked as a bell hop, and toiled at any job open to a member of his race. In 1891 he was ready to go South to do pioneer dramatic work among the Negroes, instructing them in elocution and giving public readings.

Studying as he traveled, he enlarged his repertory for growing audiences until his readings included Shakespeare, dramatic poems and dialect numbers. He journeyed into Mexico and Canada, toured over the same Chautauqua circuit which employed William Jennings Bryan, and for seven years was engaged as a reader by the Behymer Lyceum Bureau of Los Angeles. Later he was a popular attraction of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau of Chicago.

But there were difficult intervals. His career in the theatre having been blocked by racial discrimination, he was forced to organize a "one-man" Shakespearean company and present protean interpretations. And when this failed he had to take a job as a Pullman porter on the Santa Fe Railroad. In all, he crossed the continent sixteen times. He was often penniless and hungry.

"But," he said, "the Lord looked after me."

In 1923, he unwittingly drew nearer his great opportunity when he became dramatic instructor of the Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina, a Negro institution. He could then make leisurely trips to New York in the Winter for a season of readings in the churches and schools of Harlem. During one season he played a leading rôle at the La Fayette Theatre in "Pa Williams' Gal," a melodrama by Frank Wilson, the Negro actor. It was a brief engagement in an otherwise unimportant play. But in the audience one day was a casting agent who saw him, remembered him and, when the casting of "The Green Pastures" began, sent for him.

Mr. Harrison was not at all sure, when he first read the play, that he wanted to have anything to do with it. He was worried about sacrilege and, besides, he was reluctant to leave the college in North Carolina. After two weeks of indecision, however, and prompted by the Right Rev. Herbert Shipman, Suffragan Bishop of New York, he decided to join the company and "stick with it until the end of the play." Two months after the play opened, he still thought of his engagement in it as an interlude in his career as an elocutionist. His Broadway training, he believed, was "good experience" for him.

But if Mr. Harrison had his doubts, Marc Connelly and Rowland Stebbins, the producer, had none whatever. At their first meeting with the actor, both were impressed by his "overwhelming rightness" for the part, as the playwright called it. And Mr. Connelly said later: "I have found him a simple, kindly and intelligent man, with the humility of a great artist."

A career was under way, and he honored it by never missing a performance throughout the first New York engagement or the entire tour. Two generations of cherubs outgrew the Fish-Fry scene in which "de Lawd" made his first appearance, but "de Lawd" himself was always there—in his original wide-brimmed hat, Prince Albert suit and shoes. The hat, suit and shoes were worn by long trouping and often repaired, but he wouldn't give them up. On the play's return to New York, his white hair had grown longer, and his voice was possibly less resonant than it had been.

BULLETIN
Denison, Tex.
MAR 21 1935

Richard Harrison, Negro

Many Bulletin readers who witnessed the play, "Green Pastures", will remember Richard B. Harrison, the aged Negro, who played "De Lawd" in the picture. Harrison died last week at the age of 70 years, worn out after five years of continuous playing his part in Green Pastures."

The Death of Richard Berry Harrison

Christian Index
3-28-35

By way of comments, strange mental comparisons are being drawn both by daily nd weekly newspapers with regard to the sudden passing from the theatrical stage to his reward of Mr. Harrison whose role was that of "The Lawd-god" in that famous play "Green Pastures." It seems now-a-days befitting for not only our secular, but for our religious newspapers as well to take a rather light hearted fling at a serious moment in life's affairs especially when it smacks of men whose careers might be used as a turning point to more mature thinking, and deepening of vital religion which is "The chief concern of mortals here below." Be it remembered that Mr. Richard B. Harrison's last words were if correctly quoted (?) "I'm plumb tuckered out," whatever that may mean. It was not as easily understood as "I Have Foguht a Good Fight," or "There's No Darkness Here, Its All Light and I Pass Over," or that "I'm no more afraid to die, than to walk cut yonder-door," *et cetera.*

This editor knew Mr. Harrison well, has heard him recite many a time, and every time I heard him I got the feeling that he was running away from a "Call to Preach" and if I was not mistaken, it seems that Mr. Harrison will have a rather hard time at the Gate explaining why he "jonah-ed?" Other than making a bit of money to live on for these hard times, in the light of the fact that white people of the South didn't want colored people to sit with them beholding as to how badly they treated us over here after bringing us out of Africa against our will, and due to engendered feeling stirred up over the country on the account of that play; we very frankly confess that it did a very little good, and most certainly Mr. Harrison could have found a better field for his talent by helping to soundly convert just one old drunkard wretch at the very bottom of human society.

Life with Harrison was of the humblest, most obscure origin. For many years he endured the direct poverty and supported himself by most menial tasks. All he asked was that he be given a chance to make the most of his life at the tasks society assigned his race—newsboy, bell boy, waiter and porter, but all the time he was studying Shakespeare, giving readings when anyone would listen, and teaching dramatics now and then.

Not until he was 65 years of age did his opportunity come, but when it came in the lead of "Green Pastures", he was ready. He gave a performance that lifted the whole piece to inspiring heights, and gave spiritual comfort to thousands and thousands of people in all parts of the country. The life of Harrison, Negro, should help those of today who are low in spirits. If they will but reflect on the indomitable spirit of this individual, their burden would be greatly lessened.

MEMPHIS, TENN.
COMMERCIAL APPEAL
MAR 16 1935

Credit To Stage And Race

Through the death of Richard B. Harrison, "De Lawd God Jehovah" of "Green Pastures," the American modern stage has lost one of its most extraordinary players and the negro race, an inspiration. To say less than that would do one who had reawakened reverence and spurred spiritual conscience in thousands of hearts of two races an injustice.

Harrison's record in the Marc Connelly vehicle will remain, for many, many years, an American stage epic. The role is one to challenge the ability and imagination of any player. Harrison never overacted yet he more than acted. He believed in his role. An inherent spiritual sense enabled him to so shade it and so dignify it that there was something startlingly real in it.

Now the Prompter Death calls him just at the climax of his career, a Broadway reopening. Perhaps that is well. He was 70. The years of great success were very few as compared with the many of arduous struggle. No play, however great and popular, can go on forever. Harrison finds his real Green Pastures at the ideal moment.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to his work was that given him by the white south which unquestionably understood better for what he was striving and what racial characteristics inspired it than did Broadway. One of the most impressive features of his last appearance here a few weeks ago was the large number in the audience who had seen and enjoyed the play before. They made him take a curtain call.

In his off-stage moments his demeanor was all that could be asked for, simple and unassuming.

Necrology - 1935

New York.

GOTHAM PAYS TRIBUTE TO 'DE LAWD' IN DEATH

NEW YORK, March 16 — (AP) — Park Avenue and Harlem—the blue-bloods and the black—joined today with Broadway, which dotes upon them both, to honor in death Richard B. Harrison, for five years "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures."

The cast of the play was among those who planned to pass silently through the Harlem church where the negro actor's body lay in state.

Services will be held tomorrow in the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with Bishop William T. Manning officiating. Then the body will be taken to Chicago for final rites Tuesday.

Great Negro Actor Famous For His Conception Of 'De Lawd' Is Dead

NEW YORK, March 14.—(AP)—The final curtain fell today for Richard Berry Harrison, 70-year-old negro actor, whose portrayal of "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures" brought him into national prominence.

Harrison died in Fifth Avenue Hospital from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He collapsed in his dressing room March 2 while preparing for his 1,659th performance in the play, one of the most successful in American theatrical history.

One of six children born to slaves who had escaped through the "underground railway" to London, Ontario, Harrison passed his earlier years as a bellboy in Detroit and other midwestern cities, occupying a gallery seat in the theater as frequently as his finances would permit.

Then, at the age of 66, a chance encounter with Marc Connelly, while the playwright was roaming Harlem in search of someone for the role of "De Lawd," lifted him from an obscure post as a teacher of dramatics and elocution.

"The Green Pastures," dramatized by Connelly from Roark Bradford's "Ole Man Adam an' His Chillun," opened five years ago last month and is still going with Harrison's understudy in his role after a 40,000-mile tour of 203 cities.

Wearied by so much traveling and troubled by the illness of his wife and daughter in Chicago, the benign, gentle old negro stipulated when the play returned to Broadway last month that the return engagement here be limited to three weeks.

When first approached for the role of "De Lawd," Harrison was reluctant, fearing it might be sacrilegeous to portray the deity on the stage, but an Episcopalian suffragan bishop, the Rt. Rev. Herbert Shipman, allayed his doubts.

Throughout his long association with the play, Harrison was regarded with reverence by the more than 90 other negroes in the cast. Offstage as well as on, they referred to him as "De Lawd."

Before he had settled down as head of a drama school in Greensboro, N. C., Harrison had traveled the Chatauqua circuits as a declaimer of Shakespeare, many of whose plays he knew by heart.

Funeral plans await the arrival from Chicago of his son, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, an orchestra leader.

Footlights and Flickers

BY HARRY MARTIN

THE PASSING of Richard B. Harrison, "De Lawd" of "The Green Pastures," will be generally regretted wherever audiences had the privilege of witnessing this modern miracle play.

Memphis was indeed fortunate in being one of the last cities to see "The Green Pastures" performed with the veteran negro in the principal role. In years to come, when Marc Connelly's spectacular production becomes the great American show for staging by amateur companies hither and yon, Memphians can point back happily to the time when they saw it given with Harrison as the star.

This is not meant to imply that "The Green Pastures" becomes a poorer show because of Harrison's death. It is continuing successfully in New York, with the role of deity played by Charles Witner Wood, the angular understudy who was seen here as the negro Sunday school teacher in the introductory sequence.

Percy Hammond, New York Herald-Tribune critic, for instance, said in his review the morning after Wood was substituted for Harrison, when the latter became ill:

"I happened to be on hand at the hour of Wood's substitution, and am able to testify, along with other witnesses, that Harrison may rest comfortably on his bed of sickness assured that his pupil is worthy of his teachings.

"Wood's Jehovah is gentler and more exalted than that of Harrison, and is a discouraged Gawd Almighty not in the least jealous or avenging, but still determined to rectify the errors of a hasty six-days' creation.

"The new Lawd has not the majestic benignity of the old one, but he is rapt and full of tender furies

You are advised not to let Harrison's absence from 'The Green Pastures' prevent you from seeing again the best play of its genera tion."

De Lawd of Broadway Fame Goes Home To Green Pastures

Negro Actor Who Starred In Connelly Play Dies of Heart Attack

BY DOROTHY ROE
Universal Service

NEW YORK, March 14. — "De Lawd," who walked the earth like a natural man, went home today.

Richard B. Harrison, the 70-year-old negro actor who played the role of "De Lawd God Jehovah" for five years in "The Green Pastures," died at Fifth Avenue Hospital after a collapse in his dressing room March 2.

Broadway joined Harlem in reverent tribute to the white-haired old actor whose gentle dignity and simple faith touched the moving fable of Marc Connelly and Roafk Bradford with a magic which made "The Green Pastures" a classic of the modern theater.

Fame Came Near End

The old negro, who spent a lifetime as an obscure Shakespearian actor to find world-wide acclaim and a unique renown at the end of the road, will be taken to his home in Chicago for burial. His son, Paul Dunbar Harrison, Chicago band leader, will arrive in New York tomorrow to take the body of "De Lawd" back home.

The story of "De Lawd" began when an old negro actor who had worked through a long lifetime to support his ailing wife and two children sought the counsel of an Episcopalean bishop as to whether it would be sacrilegious to accept the offer of the role of the diety in a play about a negro heaven.

It was a dazzling and undreamed-of chance for an unknown negro actor to reach Broadway, but Richard B. Harrison, possessed of a deeprooted faith more important to him than even the lights of Broadway, hesitated.

Told Of Influence

Bishop Herbert Shipman gave the old negro good counsel. He told him the play might have a strong religious influence. And so "De Lawd" walked on a Broadway stage.

His fame was assured from the time when he first walked among the angels at the heavenly fish-fry in response to the most famous entrance line in theatrical history:

"Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovar!"

Since then "De Lawd" has played 1,657 performances of his famous role, including a triumphal return to Broadway a few weeks ago after an extensive and successful road tour.

The "Angel Gabriel" and the cherubim and seraphim of the huge "Green Pastures" cast looked on Richard Harrison as "De Lawd" off-stage as well as on.

When he collapsed from a heart attack in his dressing room less than two weeks ago, "De Lawd" gripped the shoulder of his understudy, Charles Winter Wood, who had waited five years to play the part, and said in a shaking voice:

"Hold me up, Charlie, hold me up. They need this play."

NORFOLK, VA.
VIRGINIAN PILOT
MAR 15 1935

Curtain Call For De Lawd

On March 1, 70-year-old Richard B. Harrison, "De Lawd" of "The Green Pastures," suffered an attack of faintness as he was applying his make-up preparatory for his 1,659th performance of the leading role. The show had shortly before reopened in New York City after four years on the road. "I'll be back in a few days," he said to Charles Winter Wood, lifelong friend and understudy who went on in his place. De Lawd was tired and needed a rest, said the doctors. Soon he would be back with his heavenly crew. But De Lawd was tireder than the doctors knew or were willing to say. Yesterday he died.

Up to six years ago Richard B. Harrison was an obscure and poverty-stricken teacher of dramatics in Southern Negro colleges, having arrived at that precarious hold on the arts after forty submerged years in occupations like hotel bell-hopping and waiting in dining cars. He was directing Negro church festivals in Harlem when Marc Connelly, who landscaped "The Green Pastures" from Roark Bradford's "Old Man Adam an' His Chillun," and put him in rehearsal for the role of "De Lawd God Jehovah." That was in November, 1929, when the ramparts of Wall Street were crumbling like the walls of Jericho.

The play opened the following February and was an instantaneous hit. Its whole life contemporaneous with the worst depression in the nation's history, "The Green Pastures" played to more than 2,000,000 people in thirty-nine States, drew more than $3,000,000 gross through the box office, and raised Richard B. Harrison to a unique eminence in the American theatre.

The eminence was unique because, unlike that of most other actors who arrive at high achievement, it rested on a single interpretation in a single dramatic vehicle. For the portrayal of God on the stage there were no modern precedents. It is a role that dramatists fearfully avoid. Blacktacing the whole heavenly dramatis personae and sifting the Biblical episodes through the imagery of the deep South's Negro revivalism, made the dramatic problem somewhat less formidable, but a Lawd God Al-

HAGERSTOWN, MD.
HERALD
APR 1 1935

TODAY'S TALK

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS
Author of "You Can;" "Just Among Friends"

"De Lawd"

A reverential silence took possession of millions recently when the news was flashed that Richard B. Harrison, "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures," had died in New York. Grief was universal, for one of the most beloved figures of the stage was gone, and certainly the greatest negro actor of his time—perhaps of all time.

So much has been written about this notable actor that I could not hope to add, except by way of a brief sincere tribute, and to suggest a few thoughts that same to me as I pondered upon his death.

In the first place, how interesting the development and discovery of genius and talent! Roark Bradford, undoubtedly the greatest writer and interpreter of negro life and character, wrote the story from which Marc Connelly devised the play. Then Connelly roamed the negro section of New York City for his main character, "De Lawd." He discovered him in Harrison. How much the world owes to Bradford and Connelly!

I shall always be happy over the fact that I saw this wonderful play and beloved actor. It is said that Harrison in the character of "De Lawd," was so thoroughly lost in his role, that he actually felt he had a direct mission to perform from God himself. And everyone loved this sincere and devout man, on and off the stage.

Richard B. Harrison was born in London, Ontario, Canada, and when he played in this, his native city, the whole town turned out to do him honor. Honors were heaped upon this noble human being, who at the age of 65 was hardly known! In five years fame and glory came to him. A short tribute, but one which will live. Also a lesson for those who become discouraged long before this time.

Years before fame came, Harrison was a bellhop, waiter, Pullman porter, cash boy, police station handy man, and a dozen other things. But he never lost sight of his ideal, which was to be an actor—and he kept ever at it. He became a wanderer, "clinging desperately to the theatrical tradition." After more than 40 years of waiting, his chance came! But he was prepared.

"De Lawd" brought new lustre to the stage, and honored the negro race as few men ever have. He inspired us all. The memory of such figures in human life is as untarnished as pure gold.

Labor
Washington, D.C.
MAR 27 1935

Passing of a Great Negro Actor

An old negro died in a New York hospital last week at the ripe age of 70, and his obituary occupied the better part of three columns in the New York "Times."

Not since Booker Washington passed away has the life story of a negro received such extended and sympathetic attention. It was richly deserved.

Richard Berry Harrison, "De Lawd" in Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures," was a fine actor. "A simple, kindly and intelligent man, with the humility of a great artist," to use the words of Mr. Connelly.

And yet, until he was well past 60, Harrison gave no evidence that he was to become a master of the dramatic art. He was born in Ontario, the son of fugitive slaves who had fled to Canada. As a bell hop in a Detroit hotel, he studied elocution and went South to instruct his own people. He tried his hand at lyceum work and proved a good reader, but his color was against him, and he had to take a job as a Pullman porter on the Sante Fe. Finally he got back to elocution, and for one season he appeared in a negro melodrama in Harlem.

He accepted his "big chance" reluctantly, fearing he might be charged with sacrilege if he attempted the role of "De Lawd." Possibly that reverential approach to the task saved him. In any event, he scored a great triumph in his first performance and gradually won his way into the hearts of the American people, so that when he passed he was mourned, not only as a foremost actor, but as a sweet character who could touch the robe of Divinity without defiling it.

When we consider that we are only 70 years removed from slavery, there is something bordering on the miraculous about Harrison's achievement.

FORT DODGE, IA.
MESSENGER & CHRONICLE
MAR 26 1935

"De Lawd Is Dead"

Columbia Missourian: "I'm glad you're able to go on, Charlie," said Richard Berry Harrison, "De Lawd" of "The Green Pastures" to his understudy, Charles Winter Wood, before he died recently. "The world needs this play."

With simple, reverential dignity Harrison accepted stardom in "The Green Pastures" and became the symbol of heavenly faith. No one who saw the play could ever think of sacrilege because the man with the "10-cent seegar" was the emblem of an all-encompassing love of God.

The child-like faith of provincial people was demonstrated throughout the play. Little black children with red hair ribbons forgot the grueling ugliness of daily life, as they heard the wonders of the heavenly world. Maids struggling with their tasks became new people when they thought of greener pastures.

The natural beauty of the characters in the drama spoke of ethereal reverence. Heaven was a simple place of beauty, where people became their better selves and found love and joy in daily tasks. Sacrilege found no part. Rather "The Green Pastures" was an embodiment of a child's love of god; it was the wonder of a heaven of joy.

"I'm goin' down to earth, Gab. I'll be back next Tuesday," said De Lawd. He did come down to earth, into the hearts of the people, into sceptical minds.

The earth does need this play. It needs the simple sign of reverence, for what could so bespeak a picture of heaven, even to the most sophisticated, than an escape from ugliness? By whatever name God is known, it is the tender embodiment of all that is lovely. "De Lawd" came to earth and brought a new message to the people. He is dead, but his natural work of dignity lives on.

mighty attended by dark, calico-winged angels, attending celestial fish-frys and passing out "ten-cent seegars" could be prevented from becoming an offensive burlesque only by the exercise of a deft, deeply human and finely balanced art. That was what Richard B. Harrison brought to one of the most extraordinary roles written for the modern theatre.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
RECORD
MAR 16 1935

DE LAWD

Those who did not see Richard B. Harrison play the part of De Lawd in "The Green Pastures" won't have the remotest idea of what this editorial is about, and there is no way of telling them.

The picture of De Lawd in one of the scenes, strolling quietly across the stage, turning upon the good folks and the sinners, too, a glance at once so gentle, so kindly and so implicit with genuine joy, cannot be reduced to words. Now Mr. Harrison is dead, and those who didn't see him in the role missed one of the better experiences of their day.

It is an awful thing even to suggest that such a role could be played "in character." Certainly it could not be done by any actor who deliberately set out to do it. Mr. Harrison didn't set out to do it; it happened. But his preparation had made him ready for the call when it came.

He was 65 at the time. Those years had been spent in poverty and obscurity. Forty of them had passed while he waited on table in Pullman cars, worked at odd jobs around a police station, served as janitor of a school building. Some little spark made him interest himself in the theater, and he read Shakespeare to his people in little towns where the theater never came. He had known hunger, cold, misery.

When Gabriel finally said "Gangway for the Lord God Jehovah!" and De Lawd walked upon the stage, he had something not many actors have. He had a knowledge of wretchedness and pain, a consciousness of what it meant to be a "po' mis'able sinner," a long experience of waiting on people and doing their bidding. Something of this was distilled out and came over the footlights, and many have testified to the emotional experience which was theirs while they watched the old Negro on the stage. He seemed to know what De Lawd ought to do, as only one who had waited long, but in faith for Him to do it, could know.

New York

Necrology—1935

KANSAS CITY, MO.
TIMES
MAR 15 1935

A Great Negro Actor Dies.

In the death of Richard B. Harrison, who played "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures," the American stage has lost one of its finest Negro actors and the Negro race one of its outstanding figures. Harrison achieved a position among the serious dramatic artists of his people comparable, from a technical point of view, only to that of the late Charles E. Gilpin, whose performance in Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Emperor Jones," gave him a national reputation. But Harrison's influence was greater than Gilpin's because of the affection he inspired among the people of his race. In that respect he ranked with Paul Robeson, the singer, who is also a fine actor.

The role that Harrison performed in Marc Connelly's play was particularly difficult. Without his dignity and evident fineness of spirit, it might easily have become offensive to many persons. Indeed, the lord chamberlain, who is censor of the stage in Great Britain, obviously was influenced in forbidding the production of "The Green Pastures" in that country because of this possibility in the part. Had he seen Harrison's conception, he might have changed his mind. The Negro cast which played "The Green Pastures" in the United States made a notable contribution to the American theater and it is an inspiring reflection that at their head was the son of former slaves.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
TVE TENNESSEAN
MAR 15 1935

In Green Pastures.

As Richard Berry Harrison, tired from his labors goes to those green pastures of which the Psalmist sang, it will be conceded that he had by his remarkable work in the now-famous Roark Bradford-Marc Connelly play, become one of the most outstanding and best beloved members of his race.

Snatched from obscurity at the age of 66, he assumed the role of "De Lawd" as the production was launched, and had never missed a performance for five years until recently stricken in his dressing room in New York. After 1,659 consecutive performances the understudy who had never had an opportunity to enact the role, was given his opportunity.

The negro people have every right to be proud of the achievement of this favorite, who forged his way to the top from lowly beginnings, preparing himself for the opportunity that was finally presented by hard study and application. For many years he had appeared throughout the country in readings, giving especial attention to Shakespeare and the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who was his personal friend.

None could have given to the characterization of "De Lawd" a greater dignity and humility, or have shown a better understanding of what the authors of "The Green Pastures" had in mind when they sought to portray the white man's view of the negro's idea of religion. With the aid of Harrison, the production exercised a strong spiritual influence wherever it appeared—and there were few centers in the United States where he had not been presented.

Richard Berry Harrison, a star in his own right, enjoyed merited fame and respect, and the memory of his artistry will long be remembered.

WORCESTER, MASS.
GAZETTE
MAR 15 1935

"De Lawd" Is Dead

Millions of people who had never seen him on the stage, much less known him personally, experienced genuine sorrow yesterday at news that "De Lawd" of the play "The Green Pastures" was dead. Indeed, some who felt that sorrow may have known little about the play and may not have known until the story of his death appeared that "De Lawd," off stage, was Richard B. Harrison. For in the five years since Marc Connelly's play came to take the Pulitzer prize and go on to extraordinary success, the personality of the elderly Negro had seemed to become one with the character in the play. He was no longer Richard Harrison, the actor. He was, in a sense, "De Lawd."

Possibly not in this generation has a stage personality thus wholly captured and held the affection of the public. People rejoiced at the success that came so late in life to this Negro teacher of elocution. They rejoiced as his fame grew and the play went from New York, to continue on tour for a grand total of more than 1600 performances before he was stricken by illness and forced to give over his role to an understudy. It is pleasant to realize that the gentleman who did so much to make the play what it is, was awarded the Spingarn medal for achievement by a Negro, and had numerous other honors given him. He deserved them all.

Not only will the name of "De Lawd" be inscribed among those of the leaders of his race. It must rank, too, with the great names of the American theater.

Augusta, Ga. Herald
March 17, 1935

L—K—S

—"DE LAWD"—

RICHARD B. HARRISON, the most famous negro actor of his day, failed to rally and his place will be filled by another. The show will go on and perhaps his successor will bring to the part the same simple dignity, or he may have his own interpretation which will be so different as to prevent comparison. But those of us who saw Harrison when he came to Augusta last season in that most unique and remarkable play, "The Green Pastures", are glad that we saw his performance.

"The Green Pastures" was and is a play that has aroused widely different emotions. There were those among its white audiences who were shocked, who found it jarring to their sense of reverence. Others found in it merely a source of amusement while still others were touched by its sincerity and its purpose. Among the negroes there were those who found it spiritually inspiring while there were others who were intensely irritated because they thought that it showed the race to the world as ignorant and backward.

But whatever anyone thought of the play itself, I don't think that there was a person who saw it who was not touched by the gentle dignity and sincerity of the man who took the part of "De Lawd", Richard B. Harrison.

It was as difficult a part as a man could be called upon to interpret. "The Green Pastures" was not done as a religious ritual, in the way the Passion Play originated. America does not lend itself readily to such things. And so the man who took the part of the "Lawd High Jehovah" had to maintain his dignity and his simple sincerity amid the tawdry and material surroundings of the stage. That he succeeded so well was due not so much to his ability as an actor as to his character as a man. Never once did he lose sight of the dignity of his part. He played it with that mixture of comedy and pathos for which his race has a peculiar talent.

Harrison was closely associated with this town where he had spent months at the Haines Institute and it was a pathetic incident of the visit of The Green Pastures to Augusta that another negro who had done so much for her race and would have so enjoyed renewing her friendship with "De Lawd" died the day the play arrived here. As Richard Harrison won his audience in Augusta, Lucy Laney closed her eyes on a troubled world and opened them where the Still Waters ripple amid the Green Pastures.

Somewhere amid those green pastures "De Lawd" wanders today. I think I can see him explaining to an All Wise Father some of the difficulties of the part he had to play. I can almost picture him saying, "You see, Lord, it was like this". And I can fancy their talking it over and perhaps laughing together over some of the lines in the play, a very gentle, tender sort of laughter at poor human nature. And perhaps he talks with Noah and learns from him of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and maybe he and Gabriel smile together over the trumpet and I am sure that the prophets welcome him and that he and Moses discuss that beautiful scene where the Children of Israel enter the Promised Land which Moses may not reach.

And then I can fancy him, a little tired from his long hours of work for the last five years, seeking out a quiet corner in heaven where nothing was "guilded up", and resting himself until the cool of the evening when he will once more wander, with his Lord, through the Green Pastures, beside the Still Waters.

GREENSBORO, N. C.
RECORD
MAR 16 1935

To Green Pastures.

With the death of Richard B. Harrison in New York yesterday the country not only lost its best loved negro actor but North Carolina lost the fulfillment of his promise to come back after his days of acting were done to the Negro Agricultural and Technical college, where he once taught, to teach dramatics to members of his race. "De Lawd," as many a story will say, has gone from the heaven of "The Green Pastures" to the heaven for which all of us hope. Few actors of his generation came to such fame as was Harrison's in the popular play of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly based on the negro folk interpretation of the Bible. Probably it was Harrison's acting more than any other thing that made this minstrel show about God palatable and pleasing not only to the general public but to many clergymen and other very religious people. He gave a dignity to his acting and there was a dignity about his life which the wearying whimsicality of press agents about "De Lawd" could not destroy.

Now without Harrison "The Green Pastures" may go on piling up the number of its performances but it is doubtful whether any other man can take the comedy of the Bible story as the literal-minded whites taught to the voraciously credible negroes and give it a dignity which made it a pious miracle play. With Harrison in the role of the Lord, "The Green Pastures" was infused with that reverence which makes vital the religion of simple folk. Without him the play may fall into that burlesque in blackface of the Bible which Harrison kept it from being. He will be missed but he will have left behind him thousands who saw through his acting that the simple faith of simple men may not be half so comic as those who think themselves so superior in the forms and aspirations of their worship that they may laugh at others' conception of God and others' faith in that conception.—Raleigh News and Observer.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
MORNING TENNESSEAN
MAR 17 1935

"De Lawd" Is Dead.

The life of Richard B. Harrison, the 70-year-old negro actor who died in New York Thursday, should stand as a beacon to light the way of his race up the long hill to achievement.

Behind his five years of fame as "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures" lay sixty-five years of struggle—struggle for meat and bread, struggle for self-improvement, for a better foothold.

The embarrassments and heartbreak which sometimes defeat lesser members of his race failed to embitter him. He was without complaint. Suffering enriched his outlook and nourished in him compassion for those struggling with him, but less successfully, to improve their condition, and for every living creature.

It was that benignity, which showed in every contour of his large body and of his face, which recommended him for the role in "The Green Pastures." Without that appearance his voice, his stature, his intelligence would not have been enough to promise a portrayal of "De Lawd" free from ridicule and travesty.

This former newsboy, Pullman porter and Shakespearean reader was not spoiled by the success that came to him. "De Lawd" on the stage, he was, off it, the father and wise counselor of every member of the company and all went to him with their problems.

Deeply religious, the theme of the play inspired him, but at his advanced age he could not continue indefinitely to carry the heavy burden which his role imposed upon him. Collapsing just before the curtain was to go up on a matinee performance, he was taken to a hospital. The doctor found that, except for fatigue, he was in excellent physical condition. But, though it was believed at first a brief rest was all he needed, later developments showed that the rest was too late in coming.

This negro, self-educated, became, with the assumption of his role in "The Green Pastures," a beloved and respected national figure. He had fought a long and sometimes bitter road to final achievement—not merely to fame, but to that perfection of character which proved to be his best qualification when his big chance came and which was the quality which most impressed itself upon the public.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
GLOBE-DEMOCRAT
MAR 16 1935

PASSING OF "DE LAWD."

Richard B. Harrison, whose mother was a slave until she escaped to Canada and freedom, appeared as "De Lawd" in 1652 performances of the play, "The Green Pastures." In the five years since the play opened in New York on February 26, 1930, he traveled 40,000 miles to 203 cities, never missing a single engagement until he was stricken while preparing for a matinee performance two weeks ago. His impersonation was seldom if ever criticised as being sacrilegious. He was honored by religious and educational groups and in 1931 he won the Spingarn Medal, awarded annually in recognition of Negro achievement.

Many who have seen "The Green Pastures" must have wondered why this play continued to be such a great attraction. It was rather astonishing to see fish-frys in the celestial regions. Some of the lines spoken by Gabriel and other dusky characters in the play seemed to have no other purpose than to provoke laughter. There appeared, for a while, at least, to be much comedy and little else. But there was throughout the play a sincere religious motive that commanded respect.

"De Lawd" was well fitted for his role, in which he personified a conception of the Lord that might exist in the mind of an uneducated colored man or woman, just as the final act in Molnar's play "Liliom" depicts the actor's idea of the hereafter. As he strode along a moving section of floor, by this mechanical means keeping the center of the stage, protesting in gentle tones of the evidences of the sinfulness of the world he saw as crap-shooters and other evildoers passed across the stage, the audience listened attentively and not without a feeling that the world's sinning is, indeed, regrettable. And when, in conventional dress and seated at a rolltop desk, he looked down from his office window toward the world many miles below and complained that it was getting no better, the audience felt a little sorry for "The Lawd."

In the latter part of the play were some remarkable stage effects, but it was the fine acting of Harrison that kept it before the public for five years. Without previous professional experience in the theater, although he had been the head of a Negro dramatic school in the South, he took one of the most difficult roles that has ever been given an actor, and performed it so perfectly that his first performance has been repeated more than 1600 times, and might have been repeated many times more if death had not intervened and taken "The Lawd" from this sinful world.

WILMINGTON, N. C.
STAR
MAR 16 1935

Editorial Comment From Other Angles

TO GREEN PASTURES

(Raleigh News and Observer)

With the death of Richard B. Harrison in New York yesterday the country not only lost its best loved Negro actor but North Carolina lost the fulfillment of his promise to come back after his days of acting were done to the Negro Agricultural and Technical College, where he once taught, to teach dramatics to members of his race. "De Lawd," as many a story will say, has gone from the Heaven of "The Green Pastures" to the Heaven for which all of us hope.

Few actors of his generation came to such fame as was Harrison's in the popular play of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly based on the Negro folk interpretation of the Bible. Probably it was Harrison's acting more than any other thing that made this minstrel show about God palatable and pleasing not only to the general public but to many clergymen and other very religious people. He gave a dignity to his acting and there was a dignity about his life which the wearying whimsicality of press agents about "De Lawd" could not destroy.

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Louisville, Ky., Herald-Post
March 15, 1935

"GANGWAY FOR THE LAWD!"

WHAT is wanted right now is that a poet, a man of his own color, Countee Cullen for instance, do for Richard B. Harrison, most admired, and most justly admired Negro actor, what Vachel Lindsay did when he was inspired to write "General Booth Comes To Heaven."

The news story put it neatly: "It's Gangway for the Lawd Gawd Jehovah." But it's tears and lamentations for the company which, for five years, played "The Green Pastures" North, South, East and West. And it's the keenest kind of regret among lovers of a play, a show, that was "good theater" from start to finish.

One night stands killed Harrison. A week ago, an interviewer told of how weary he was, and how pleased. Now he may rest. Now we may realize how few have been the Negro actors of first-rate ability, how many the singers of a real and memorable quality.

and lovable old Negro known to unnumbered thousands of Americans as "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures," a play which has had a phenomenal run, is dead at the age of 70 years. Financial success and widespread public recognition came to him only after he was 65 years of age. These may be said to have had their beginning with Marc Connelly's meeting him, while roaming through Harlem in search of an actor to take the leading role in his play. Prior to that time the greatest distinction Harrison had achieved was that of an itinerant Shakespearean reader and head of a school of elocution at Greensboro, N. C.

In Harrison's becoming "De Lawd" of "The Green Pastures" and of popular acclaim there was a marked "fortuituous concurrence of atoms," to employ a once popular scientific phrase, now fallen into disuse. It was through the coming together of the genius and work of Roark Bradford, as exemplified in his "Ole Man Adam an' His Chillun," the genius and work of Marc Connelly, who dramatized the book, and the genius and ability of the producer of the play, together with Connelly's more or less accidental meeting with Harrison that gave the old Negro his opportunity. And this opportunity, plus his ability and his taking advantage of his chance when the public was in a mood for "The Green Pastures," made it possible for Harrison to become "De Lawd," of whose death so many Americans read with deep regret.

And in achieving a noted place on the stage in this character, Harrison became, also, somewhat of a patriarch among his own people. If his belated success was the result of long, patient hard work in more or less obscurity, together with an opportunity created by a "fortuituous concurrence of atoms," his character and his career should also be an inspiration to his race.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
TIMES
MAR 16 1935

AS TO THE CREATION OF "DE LAWD."

Richard B. Harrison, noted

New York.

Necrology - 1935

GREENSBORO, N. C.
RECORD

MAR 15 1935

Curtain!

The final curtain falls. "De Lawd" passes out of "The Green Pastures" of earthly stageland's glamorous scenes of make-believe. He journeys afar, to walk, no doubt, in the pleasant green pastures eternal that stretch away and away on the other side of the river in the Promised Land. In the death of Richard Berry Harrison, in New York, at 70, the greatest actor the negro race has produced, the world loses heavily, and the loss is acutely and peculiarly felt here in Greensboro where the actor lived and labored for several years and where he had planned to return and make his home.

Few actors, white or black, achieved fame of such a lofty and unusual character as did Harrison in his portrayal of "De Lawd" in the phenomenally successful play, "The Green Pastures," the popular work of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly, grounded on a negro folk interpretation of the Bible. This play, with a less capable and a less pious and devout actor in the role of "De Lawd," would probably have descended into the realm of blackface minstrelsy and might have been greeted as offensive sacrilege. But Harrison, brilliant actor and thoroughly consecrated man that he was, gave the part and the whole play a dignity and a glory, yet withal a certain whimsicality, that pleased, amused, edified and inspired.

Harrison's career in itself—he, a son of former slaves, arouse almost unaided from obscurity to fame—is an inspiration. Self-educated, and to a great extent self-tutored in the ways of the stage, he mounted to glittering pinnacles, even to the lofty heights of stardom on Broadway. But not in this direction alone did he reveal greatness. He was beloved, accepted and honored, not only by his own race, but by the white race as well, as a powerful educational force among his people and as a true servant of the living God.

Death has prevented the fulfillment of Harrison's promise to come back to the state's Agricultural and Technical college for negroes here in Greensboro, after his days of acting were done, to resume the teaching of dramatics to members of his race. Here he had planned to spend the latter days of crowded, noble and brilliant career, teaching and inspiring negroes to carry on in the field of artistic and creative expression. But an all-wise Providence has decreed it otherwise.

The entry cue is given. We find ourselves upon the stage. We play our parts, great or small. Scenes shift. The world moves on. We succeed, or we fail. And then, quickly, comes the last act. Cue: exit. Curtain!

BOSTON, MASS.
HERALD

MAR 19 1935

"GANGWAY FOR DE LAWD"

"I'm a po' pilgrim of sorrow,
I'm tossed in dis wide worl' alone;
No hope have I for tomorrow;
I've started to make heav'n my home."

One of the most remarkable of all American funerals took place in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Sunday. A son of runaway slaves was mourned by thousands of white men and Negroes alike. Richard Berry Harrison had vermed once more the truth that the world is pretty sure to recognize what Bishop Manning described as "the qualities of soul and character which give dignity and greatness to human life everywhere."

Booker T. Washington always insisted that when the Negro proved himself worthy of the respect of his fellow-Americans he would receive his due. It was so with Fred Douglass, with Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet for whom Richard Harrison named his son; it is so with Countee Cullen.

By his performance in "The Green Pastures" the Negro actor Harrison fairly earned the respect and affection of the country. His own pastor spoke no more than truth when he said that the service in the cathedral was "a tribute of an admiring populace throughout the land to a man who made them feel they had been with the Lord."

Most poignant of all must have been the singing of the Negro spirituals by the choir of the cast in the play. The final message of the actor was spoken behind the scenes: "Don't let me down, Charlie; the world needs this play." And the world joins in the prayer of Dr. Manning: "May he have blessing and peace . . . in those green pastures where he now is with Christ, the Good Shepherd, forever."

"Lord, I don't feel noways tired,
I'm seeking for a city—
Hallelujah!"

DECATUR, ILL.
HERALD

MAR 16 1935

The Work of "De Lawd."

Richard B. Harrison, the Negro actor, will be remembered in theatrical history not because he played the role of "De Lawd" in 1,658 consecutive performances of "The Green Pastures," but for the distinction that he translated to the stage a conception of Divinity and played the part with reverence, humanity and sincerity. A devout man, Actor Harrison considered long before he accepted the responsibility of interpreting The Lord on the stage, even though that interpretation was one peculiar to one class of people, the more ignorant Negroes of the Deep South. But once he had appeared in the role, he was attracted to his opportunity and when his last illness forbade him to continue in the cast, he urged his understudy to carry on because "The world needs this play."

Critics doubted the popular success of "The Green Pastures" when it had its premier more than five years ago. They had seen other plays built upon religious themes fold up after a few performances. They doubted, too, that the naive treatment of the theme would be understood. There had been a long standing taboo against the appearance on the popular stage of persons in the role of a Divine character.

"The Green Pastures" will continue as a modern stage classic, even though Richard B. Harrison is dead. He created the principal role and wrought so well that other members of the company caught and shared his mood. During five years of devoted interpretation of the leading role, he gave the play a permanence that will assure its enjoyment by generations yet to come.

DISPATCH
Lunch, N.C.
MAR 29 1935

"De Lawd" Passes To Greener Fields.

Probably no other member of the Negro race has received more favorable publicity than Richard B. Harrison, famed as "De Lawd," who died recently a victim of apoplexy in his dressing room of a New York theatre as he was preparing to appear in his 1,659th performance of "Green Pastures", wherein his portrayal of the primitive Negro minister brought him into fame and fortune throughout the land. He was a familiar and likeable character to radio fans of both races, and just as he was liked by his unseen friends, so was he admired by both white and black that knew him personally.

The child of slaves, he was a native of London, Ontario, Canada, and it was not until he had reached the age of 66 that he was snatched from obscurity by cruising theatre men in search of natural talent and put on the road to wealth and fame. Up until that time, Barrington was an odd-job man, a bootblack, bellhop, Pullman porter and the like and in all these jobs, he played in sincerity just as he did when playing before his admiring audiences.

His portrayal of "De Lawd" to some might seem sacriligious, but indeed, far it was from such. The dramatic instinct and ability of this Negro, served to weave among his colored followers at least, a greater respect for the Divine than any church had ever instilled in them.

His charity among his own race was a crown in his life. Off-stage, he prowled the sections of New York and other cities where poverty dwelt and wherever he found it, that suffering was appeased.

Barrington has done much for his race. His acts in their sphere

HERALD
MAR 21 1935

Some Views of Our Contemporaries

De Lawd

Those who did not see Richard B. Harrison play the part of De Lawd in "Green Pastures" won't have the re- idea of what this editorial is about, and there is no way of telling them. Certainly it could not be done by any actor who deliberately set out to do it; it happened. But his preparation had made him ready for the call when it came.

The picture of De Lawd in one of the scenes, strolling quietly across the stage, turning upon the good folks and the sinners, so kindly and so implicit with gentle, so kindly and so implicit with genuine joy. Forty of them had passed words. Now Mr. Harrison is dead, and those who didn't see him in the role missed one of the better experiences of their day. Mr. Harrison didn't set role missed one of the better experi- ences of their day. Mr. Harrison didn't set out to do it; it happened. But his made him ready for the call when it came. Those years had been spent in poverty and obscurity. Forty of them had passed while he waited on table in Pullman cars, worked at odd jobs around a post- office and the lice station, served as janitor of a school building. Some little spark of inspiration had made him interest himself in the theatre, and he read Shakespeare to his

It is an awful thing even to suggest

people, in little towns where the theatre never came. He had known hunger, cold, misery.

When Gabriel finally said "Gangway for the Lord God Jehovah!" and De Lawd walked upon the stage, he had something not many actors have. He had a knowledge of wretchedness and pain, a consciousness of what it meant to be a "po' mis'able sinner," a long experience of waiting on people and doing their bidding. Something of this was distilled out and came over the footlights, and many have testified to the emotional experience which was theirs while they watched the old Negro on the stage. He seemed to know what De Lawd ought to do, as only one who had waited long, but in faith for Him to do it, could know.—Philadelphia Record.

CHICAGO, ILL.
AMERICAN
MAR 15 1935

Richard B. Harrison

His Was a Surprising and an Inspiring Life.

Richard B. Harrison, the richly gifted Chicago Negro who played "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures," has come to the end of a career as inspiring as it was surprising.

He was a son of former slaves, and his own beginnings in the world were humble indeed. He worked as a bellboy, a porter, a farmhand, a railroad laborer, before he finally became an actor.

He had little time for schooling, but he found time to educate himself.

At 66 he was an obscure actor, unknown to the American public. At 70 he died.

But in the five years that intervened he had become one of the best known figures on the American stage.

He had come to be recognized as one of the great dramatic artists of his time.

He had been honored by universities and educators—he who had so little time to go to school—as a leading disseminator of education, a powerful exponent of enlightenment and understanding.

The Negro race may well be proud of Richard B. Harrison.

The bright imagination, the gentle humor, the kindly whimsicality that enabled him to play "De Lawd" with such profound appeal came to him as a heritage of his race.

And America may well be proud of him, too.

Starting on the way to brilliant success at a time of life when most men either have succeeded and retired or have quit trying, he demonstrated once more that in this country THERE REALLY IS OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERYBODY.

Neither lack of early advantages nor the accumulation of years could stop Richard B. Harrison when he found the thing he was best fitted to do.

Nor need they stop ANYBODY in America.

CHICAGO, ILL.
AMERICAN
News
MAR 15 1935

"DE LAWD" GOES HOME.

The art of the stage loses one of its notable and beloved figures in the death of Richard Berry Harrison. His astonishing rise to popular acceptance and fame when he was little less than 70 marked that too rare happening, the fitting of a unique role in a unique play with a man seemingly born to interpret it. No part in "The Green Pastures" offered greater difficulties than that of "de Lawd." Whoever assumed it had to overcome a battery of prejudices in the public mind. Mr. Harrison accomplished that difficult task by an understanding portrayal in which he missed none of the whimsical humor of the role, but never let his characterization fall below the level of quaintly impressive dignity.

Appreciation of the acting of Mr. Harrison and his supporting company was common to all races and to all sections of the country. The south was no less generous in its plaudits than the north. It was natural and right that Negro Americans should rejoice in so wide a recognition of the genius of their race.

The temperament of the Negro seems peculiarly suited to artistic expression on the stage. Memories return of Bert Williams, who, in quite other roles, won from multitudes of theatergoers a warmth of admiration. And now the deep, bronze voice of Richard Harrison is still. Its rich tones, flexible to every accent of emotion, will not be heard again when "de Lawd" walks through the green pastures in the cool of the day. But Harrison has set a new mark of achievement for his people. He has won for their latent gifts a new and higher value in American life.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
HERALD POST
MAR 15 1935

"GANGWAY FOR THE LAWD!"

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One night stands killed Harrison. A week ago an interviewer told of how weary he was, and how pleased. Now he may rest. Now we may realize how few have been the Negro actors of first-rate ability, how many the singers of a real and memorable quality.

Winston Salem, N. C.
JOURNAL
MAR 15 1935

Our Greatest Negro Actor

In the death of Richard B. Harrison, former North Carolina A. and T. College professor and "De Lawd" in the play, "Green Pastures," America loses its outstanding Negro actor.

Although born in London, Ontario, Harrison had many of the characteristics of the old school Southern Negro. He was a man of dignity, who nevertheless loved humanity and was tolerant of its frailties and its prejudices.

He found in art what many other talented Negroes of today are finding; that in the field of artistic, creative expression, the wings of the black man are not clipped, that in art, the genius and the soul of the Negro may mount to its appointed heights.

There is something wistful, pathetic, in the search of the unlettered Negro for the things of the spirit. Something tragic in his efforts to interpret God. But in this wistfulness, this tragedy, there is also beauty and a sacred feeling that emanates from the sincere and the burning heart.

That Richard Harrison portrayed the role in a play depicting the Negro effort to interpret God faithfully, sincerely and with a feeling of reverence is evidence enough of his greatness in his particular field. The culture and the art of America will be broadened and enriched if other talented Negroes follow in his pioneering path.

John W. Smith, Former New York Alderman, Dies

NEW YORK.—(ANS)— John William Smith, attorney and former alderman, died Tuesday, November 5, following a heart attack at his home, 80 Edgecomb avenue.

Attorney Smith had been ill for some time but arose from his bed Tuesday to vote in the election. The strain of this brought on the fatal heart attack.

Coming here 30 years ago from Virginia, Smith built up a large practice. He was elected twice as alderman from the twenty-first district. He lost in 1933.

Smith is survived by his widow, Mrs. Marie Smith; his stepmother, Mrs. Louvania Smith, and three brothers, Maceo, Hazel and James Smith.

Necrology - 1935

New York.

"DE LAWD" IS DEAD

Richard Berry Harrison is mourned by the nation. Sev-enty years old and with 1,657 performances as "De Lawd" of "The Green Pastures" to his credit, he passed on.

Literally millions of Americans saw and applauded him. They came to laugh at this "darky revival" idea of heaven, and left awed and disturbed. 3-20-35

For here was no burlesque of God. Here was God as all had pictured him: a benign, patriarchal old gentleman, wearied by the sins of his children, but all-forgiving. Here was no jealous, revengeful God, but a deity who was all-loving, kindly, omniscient. And he was a Negro.

North, South, East and West America gazed upon this God and was strangely moved. Here, certainly, was the sort of God it had always imagined. And yet it slurred this God and his people; it discriminated against this God and his people; it exploited and persecuted this God and his people; it lynched this God and his people.

Queer America. Tortured by the thorns of paradox. Its high ideals distorted by a touch of pigment in its neighbor. It realized more than ever its ridiculousness when it saw "The Green Pastures." It sought to make up in full-some praise and glowing eulogies of Richard B. Harrison for the manifold injuries done him and his people. Around our terrestrial globe has gone the word borne swiftly through the air that a great man, a marvelous actor, a beautiful soul has departed this earth. America, which ignored this man's talents for three score years because he was of Negro de-scent, now would preserve his memory for posterity.

But America can erect no better memorial to Richard Berry Harrison than that of good deeds to the thirteen million children he leaves behind him. Tell us not in cold type and over the ether that this colored man deserved every honor, much as we appreciate that, but rather show us in the daily act that his people deserve every consideration.

Richard B. Harrison would smile more benignly up there beyond the clouds than he did on any American stage if he but knew that America so loved his memory that it was willing to end jim-crowism, discrimination, segregation and lynching, and admit his people to the Green Pastures of Equality.

Plumb Tuckered Out

"Plumb tuckered out," Richard B. Harrison, de Law of "The Green Pastures," died last week and was burie Sunday from New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine

For sixty five years life passed him by showing main ly its seamy side, and then it changed suddenly, bringin him a star role in a great play, friends, fortune, acclaim and even "50-cent segars."

Traveling 40,000 miles in the past five years did tir him out; 1568 straight performances was strain enoug on his energies. There was also the continuing annoyanc in every small town he played to find suitable lodging and meals for members of the cast. 3-23-35

But more than these to harass his soul and cause hir anguish were the delegations in many a small town t protest the jim crow seating arrangements in the theatre where "The Green Pastures" was to play. How, they ask ed him, could de Lawd stage a Bible play in a theatre whicl had seats for whites only or seats in buzzard's roost for colored only.

From the day de Lawd left New York and Chicago until he returned East two weeks ago, he carried these burdens in his heart. No wonder a person as fine and as gentle and as sweetly humble as he could take the char-acter of de Lawd in a show that was designed to make people laugh and change it into a passion play figure of dignity and reverence.

No wonder that after five years of it he would be "plumb tuckered out."

RICHARD B. HARRISON

FOR sixty years Richard B. Harrison, the Negro actor who died last week at the age of 70, tried to obtain an opening for the display of his histrionic ability. Having studied dra-matic art, he was familiar with the classics and gems of Eng-lish literature, from which he derived a living by appearing at Chautauquas and Lyceums. It was only less than a decade ago he was appointed instructor at a North Carolina College. Eventually he was discovered and his success assured from the start of "Green Pastures." 3-23-35

As the picture presents itself, we see Mr. Harrison first as the student of dramatic art, persistently attached to his beloved study; then again an itinerant, appearing at Chautau-quas and other public gatherings. He was always striving to perfect himself and ever hopeful that at some time he would be called upon for a great enterprise. This hope was realized in "Green Pastures."

It is unanimously conceded by critics of the theatre that Mr. Harrison's acting was of the highest order and ranked among the best on the present day stage. What is to be ad-mired in the man, however, is his dogged perseverance to keep prepared, and to be able to carry on when called upon.

"OR RACE, OR CREED"

Last Friday in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the last rites were held for MICHAEL PUPIN, the herdboy of Serbia who became the world-famous American physicist. Recognized in his profession by his election to the presi-dency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he was more widely known and beloved as the "immigrant," who became the "inven-tor." As a scientist he found in his long-distance studies "objective physical evi-dence that God loves the soul of man" into which "the spirit of the Lord has planted liberty."

It is an impressive sequence that to-day the son of a slave receives like at-tention on his way to the grave—who beholding the glory of the Lord found the same liberty and is "changed into the same image from glory to glory." "Gangway" is given to the soul of

RICHARD B. HARRISON by whose simple, reverent art the poignant incidents of the pilgrimage of life have been glori-fied even as the faith of PUPIN was strengthened by science. Religion offers its requiem alike to both who have, each in his own faith and work, made mortal life a nobler calling.

20,000 Attend Rites For Negro Actor

3-28-35

CHICAGO, March 19.—(AP)—"De Lawd" went to his eternal Green Pas-tures today.

Richard Berry Harrison, who acted the role of God in "The Green Pas-tures," was laid to rest among the sprouting green tufts of Lincoln cem-etery after the most impressive funeral ever accorded a member of the negro race in Chicago.

Some 20,000 persons—representa-tives of city and federal governments, actors, judges, singers, porters, men, women, children, negroes and Cau-casians—turned out for the final rites. Another 20,000 had filed past the bier in the Harrison home before the bronze casket was borne through bareheaded throngs to St. Edmund's Episcopal church.

The ritual was marked by pomp and pagentry. The Rev. Samuel K. Martin chanted a solemn high requiem mass. A vested choir of 40 voices in-toned the responses. Bishop George Craig Stewart pronounced the benedic-tion. There was no eulogy.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
NEWS

MAR 15 1935

De Lawd.

De Lawd is dead. Richard Berry Harrison, the grand old man who played the Lord God Jehovah in that utterly respectful play The Green Pastures, has passed over "Jurdon."

Mankind proved a great responsi-bility. De Lawd had created Earth purely by accident, as a result of an over-supply of "firmament" for a Heavenly fish fry. But having created it, he had to watch over it. And that Man was in the begin-ning as vexing as he is now was shown by the frequency with which de Lawd had to leave his Heaven and go down to fix up some trouble. "I'll be back Saddy," he'd tell Gabriel, and depart on a mis-sion which could not be handled by the usual hurling of a few well-aimed thunderbolts.

But de Lawd was merciful. He bore with his chillun. He suffered with them, with Cain, the first murderer, Noah the tippler, Moses because he tried to play God. And something of the same forebear-ance became a part of Harrison's character. He was only a little less than divine in the minds of the Negro members of his troup. He was only a little less than sainted to those who saw him play his part and perceived that like the Great Stone Face it had ab-sorbed him.

De Lawd won't be back any more Saddy. De Lawd, bless his soul, has gone home.

Workers Join in Last Tribute at Impressive Rites for 'De Lawd'

NEW YORK, March 13.—(AP)—In an atmosphere that curiously mingled austerity and suppressed emotion, funeral services were held today for Richard Berry Harrison, "de Lawd" of "The Green Pastures" and the country's foremost negro actor.

In the vast and impressive interior of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the still uncompleted shrine of the Protestant Episcopal church in America, the formal rites were conducted by the Rev. Sheldon Hale Bishop, rector of the Negro Episcopal church of St. Philip in Harlem, assisted by the Right Rev. William T. Manning, bishop of the New York diocese.

A throng of 7,500 devoted followers of the "de Lawd," gathered from the white and black races and representing the church and theater and the foreign patriarch's great lay following in Harlem, filled the great crossing of the cathedral and overflowed into the nave, the ambulatory and the chapels off the choir.

"May he have blessing and peace and fullness of reward in those green pastures where he now is with Christ, the Good Shepherd, forever," intoned Bishop Manning from the high stone pulpit.

At the foot of the aisle before the sanctuary rested the bronze coffin, covered with a blanket of red roses and white carnations, 1,657 blooms, one for each of the performances that "de Lawd" played in "The Green Pasture," the tribute of the members of the cast.

He had played the principal role for more than five years, throughout a phenomenal run in New York and then across the country, only to be stricken, "tuckered out," in the first week of its New York revival on the afternoon of March 2.

In the choir stalls were members of the Hall Johnson choir that sang during the performances of "The Green Pastures." In flowing black cassocks they sang the favorite spirituals of "de Lawd," one of them the "City Called Heaven," which was sung by the children of Israel in the play as they marched into the promised land.

Outside the cathedral several thousand more persons, most of them Harlem negroes, awaited the reappearance of the coffin. It was borne down the steps by pallbearers who were fellow members of the cast—Daniel Haynes, the Adam of the play; Oscar Polk, who is the Angel Gabriel, and others.

It was the beloved and solicitous "Gabe" who shouted the immortal "Gangway fo' de Lawd God Jehovah!" at the first entrance of Harrison in each performance of the play.

Paul Laurence Dunbar Harrison, son of "de Lawd" and a Chicago orchestra leader, was the only member of the family in attendance. Harrison's wife and daughter are ill in Chicago.

The body will be taken to Chicago tomorrow where additional funeral services will be held Tuesday forenoon in St. Edmund's Protestant Episcopal church, with burial Tuesday afternoon in Lincoln cemetery.

Richard B. Harrison

DEATH last week brought to a conclusion one of the most inspiring examples of fine living this generation will know. RICHARD B. HARRISON became internationally famous as "De Lawd" of "The Green Pastures," and his loss to the producers of that marvelous play will be tremendous.

Mr. HARRISON'S journey through life was fraught with disappointments and disillusionments until he had passed three score years. And yet during all those hardships he lived cleanly, and never lost faith in the art that was to paint the sunset of his life so gloriously. How humanly easy it might have beeen for him to throw up in despair his ambition to interpret the drama! How easy it might have been for him to forsake the high ideals of life which he clung to and cherished until the very end!

But never an ill word has been spoken of RICHARD B. HARRISON. The good that he did has not been buried with him; and there is no evil to live on after he has gone. Only for so beautiful a character as dwelled within him could there be the universal respect and admiration that have been manifested toward him in life and in death.

No doubt, that is why he was so beloved as "De Lawd." For on earth we know of no one who more closely lived the ideals of the Almighty. His portrayal of Jehovah on the stage during the past five years has perhaps created a more genuine understanding of God as the God of love and mercy to the millions who saw him than any one other person of our times.

"Carry on," Mr. HARRISON urged his understudy when illness forced him to miss his first performance. "The world needs a play like this." And the play needs a "Lawd" like Mr. HARRISON. It required sixty-odd years to develop a character to play—and live—"De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures." Negroes should be proud that their race contributed that personality.

HE SPOKE, THE WORLD LISTENED

By the death of Richard B. Harrison, Negroes lost their ambassador of goodwill to the people of the United States. He was a great artist, acclaimed everywhere as one of the best. But he was more than the actor. Harrison was keenly aware of the possibilities that lay in the contacts he made in the theatre.

To the play "The Green Pastures" went the intelligentsia, the leaders of thought for the nation, as well as those who sought entertainment. Other actors, Bert Williams in the past, and "Bojangles" Robinson in the present, have had admirers, but their roles did not compel any consideration of their background as did Harrison's, did not lead to discussions as did his, and therefore did not throw light upon Negroes' inner selves.

Richard B. Harrison might have been only the great actor. Instead he chose to carry the additional load of personal contacts. Up and down the country he went, the Negro's interpreter for public officials, for ministers, for teachers, for interesting people in every walk of life, and he left them all thoroughly aware that any generalization must include the judgment that Negroes have among them individuals who deserve goodwill. The Catholic bishop who shook his hand in New York—the first Negro's hand he had ever touched—and said he had faced about in is opinion, was only one of thousands whom Harrison convinced that there are Negroes worthwhile.

"De Lawd" has taken his last curtain call. He died as a wise man would choose to go, in the noon day sun of his glory, with the world fixing his fame imperishably among the great. To those who think of dominion in terms of what it does by sheer might, his life is a revelation that there is also power in the still small voice, and in the loving heart.

"DE LAWD"

Perhaps Richard Berry Harrison, in his uphill fight to fame ran across and read a biography of Johann Kepler, the great German astronomer. There is inspiration a plenty to be gathered from such a reading, especially for men who begin life at 60.

It is said that Kepler, whom the world denied recognition and acclaim until far into the winter of life, though his "New Astronomy or Celestial Physics" was published when he was only 38, made reply to a scoffer who chided him because his book was not selling:

"If God could wait centuries for an observer, I can wait a life time for a reader."

Kepler was an old man when Isaac Newton was born. He had finished the allotted three score years and ten. The discoveries, however, of Newton, perhaps the greatest of modern scientists, were founded upon the Kepler law, the maker of which was content to wait a life time for a reader.

Richard Berry Harrison spent an average life time eking out a poor existence. Teaching and rendering dramatic and religious readings to a poor, underprivileged, exploited and oppressed people gets poor recompense. The world rarely pays attention to the makers of a civilization, the moulders of culture, or to the unfolders of hidden truths. This was Kepler's experience. What else could Harrison, the son of former slaves, expect? At last at sixty, the old man drifted into "Green Pastures" and fame.

Chattel slavery left its impress upon his outlook, but it did not mar his genius.

He resigned himself to the color cloud which damns America and labels this "Land of the free" as a nation of hypocrites and impostors. He was Jim crowed despite his great talents and abilities. He continued, nevertheless, to "Sing the song of Zion in a strange land."

"Requiescat in pace" "De Lawd." Your life and death prove that in America, color is king, before whose throne, even genius must cringe. When you were last in Richmond, neither your genius, fame nor money admitted you to a hotel where people of your renown usually live. Color takes precedent.

Be it remembered that "De Lawd" though in "Green Pastures" was then an old man and "walking through the valley of the shadow of death."

Necrology - 1935

North Carolina.

Wilmington, N. C. News
January 8, 1935

A LEADER OF HIS RACE

The Rev. J. A. Bonner, pastor of the Chestnut Street Presbyterian church, who died Monday, was among the most able and sagacious of the negro leaders of Wilmington, and in his 40 years of residence here both as teacher and pastor, he exerted a fine influence over the lives of his people.

Greensboro, N. C., News
November 30, 1935

WELL KNOWN NEGRO EDUCATOR STRICKEN

Henry P. Cheatham, of Oxford Ex-Congressman and Orphanage Head, Dies Friday.

(Special to Daily News)

Oxford, Nov. 29.—Henry Plummer Cheatham, 76, ex-congressman from the second congressional district of North Carolina and superintendent of the Oxford negro orphanage, died this afternoon at the orphanage where he had served as superintendent for the past 28 years.

Dr. Cheatham was acknowledged by prominent leaders of his race and many white citizens of the state as one of the outstanding negro educators of the south. He served two terms as register of deeds of Vance county and was elected in 1907 to serve as superintendent of the Oxford negro orphanage.

He was born in Granville county in 1857, educated at Shaw university, Raleigh.

He is survived by his wife, and the following children: Charlie E. Cheatham, Oxford; Henry P. Cheatham, Jr., Philadelphia; Richard T. Cheatham, Laura J. Cheatham, Oxford, and Mamie C. Wormley, Washington, D. C.

Funeral arrangements were not complete tonight but will be held at the orphanage chapel in Oxford

Oxford, N. C. Ledger
December 3, 1935

Dr. H. P. Cheatham Dies Quietly in Sleep

Dr. Henry Plummer Cheatham one of North Carolina's most distinguished negro citizens, died in his sleep at his home on Raleigh Road about 3 o'clock Friday afternoon.

He had been superintendent of the North Carolina Orphanage for Negroes for the past 28 years. He was in his 78th year. Death was unexpected, though he had been in poor health for the past several months.

The funeral was held Sunday afternoon in the chapel of the Orphanage. Rev. H. S. Davis, president of Mary Potter School, Oxford presided.

Born in Granville county, December 27, 1857, Henry Plummer Cheatham attended the schools of his home community, where he made the foundation for the career which was to take him to the Congressional halls of the United States for two terms, register of deeds of Vance county for two terms and four years as register of deeds in the District of Columbia under the administration of President McKinley.

Graduate of Shaw

At the age of 18, he entered the normal department of Shaw University, Raleigh, and graduated in 1882 with honors, being awarded an AB degree. Following his graduation, he was elected principal of the Plymouth Normal School, a state institution. He served as principal of the school for three years. In 1885, he was a candidate and was elected register of deeds in Vance county.

He held his county position until May, 1887, when he was elected to Congress from the second North Carolina district. On the Republican ticket, he returned to the national body, the 52nd session, winning over his opponent, J. M. Mewborne, Democrat, who received 15,713 votes as against 16,943 accorded Cheatham.

He distinguished himself as a member of Congress and was appointed by President William McKinley to serve as register of deeds in the District of Columbia. After completing a four year term, he retired to private life, making his home at Littleton. He returned to his native county of Granville when he was elected superintendent of the Orphanage which he had been instrumental in establishing.

Progress Under Him

The North Carolina Orphanage for Negroes had made wonderful progress under his direction. At the advent of his superintendency, the buildings were of frame construction, small and inadequate. Thru his vision, energy and foresight, he has seen seven brick buildings erected on the grounds and these are all of modern, improved design. Two buildings stand as memorials to the Duke family, whose interest he succeeded in obtaining in behalf of the unfortunate negro children. These buildings are the Angier B. Duke Memorial School and the Benjamin N. Duke Memorial Dormitory for Infants, completed only a few months ago.

The years of tireless work in behalf of the children of the institution he loved as much as life itself began to tear into the vitality of the aging superintendent about two years ago and he induced his son, Charlie Cheatham, who held a responsible position in New Jersey as secretary of a large company, to resign his work there and return to Oxford to assist him in his duties as superintendent. The job could offer Charlie Cheatham little in the way of salary, but his love for his father and for the underprivileged negroes of his native state, induced him to return.

In Poor Health

Last August, Dr. Cheatham went to Philadelphia where he was under treatment for some time before entering the Edgecombe Sanatorium in New York for hospitalization and treatment by his grandson, Dr. Lowell Cheatham Wormley, an attache of the Sanatorium. He returned home, somewhat improved in health. He had been going about his duties and his death was a decided shock to his family and friends in this section.

Dr. Cheatham was instrumental in the establishment of the local hospital for negroes, named in honor of his daughter, Susie Cheatham Memorial hospital.

He had a knack of discipling his children with little effort, keeping a spirit of friendly rivalry between the youngsters for the privilege of performing the tasks assigned to them in the cottages, on the grounds and on the farm operated by the Orphanage.

The Survivors

Surviving are his widow, Laura Joyner Cheatham; three sons, Henry Plummer Cheatham, Jr., of Philadelphia, an attorney and a captain in the American army during the World War, Charles E. and Richard Turner Cheatham of Oxford; two daughters, Mamie Cheatham Wormley of Washington, D. C., and Laura James Cheatham of Oxford, two grandsons, Dr. Lowell Cheatham Wormley of New York and Henry P. Cheatham, III, freshman in the Virginia State College for Negroes, Petersburg, Va., and two granddaughters, Edith Wormley Scott and Mavis Wormley Davis of Washington, D. C.

Dr. Cheatham was an advocate of public and civic enterprises which he deemed for the public good of the people of Granville county, white or colored. Just a few days before his death, he left his home and visited the polls and voted in support of a public hospital for Granville county.

The Funeral Service

The funeral for the distinguished citizen was attended by scores of men, women and children from all walks of life. The crowd was the largest to gather in tribute to any colored citizen of Oxford in many years, perhaps ever. The Orphanage chapel was filled to overflowing. Special music was rendered by the choir and by voclaists.

Dr. H. S. Davis was in charge of the service in the chapel. Dr. Nelson, president of Shaw University, Raleigh, read a list of messages from hundreds of friends from all parts of the nation.

Rev. G. R. Yancey pastor of the Negro First Baptist church, of which Dr. Cheatham was a member, in a carefully worded eulogy paid splendid tribute to the deceased. He described him as a man who held responsible offices of trust, yet one whose humility and labors of unselfish service made him honored by a host of friends in both races.' He always used his influence for a promotion of inter-racial good will, not only in his community, but through the state and nation.

'The lesson which he constantly drove home to his charges in the Orphanage was 'No success without labor.'

Interment took place in Harrisburg cemetery in a plat donated for burial purposes several years ago by Dr. Cheatham. His grave is beside that of his daughter, Susie. The many floral offerings bespoke mutely the high esteem in which he was held throughout this section.

Congressman F. W. Hancock, Commissioner of Agriculture W. A. Graham, Superintendent C. K. Proctor of the Oxford Orphanage, Mayor Jomes A. Taylor, T. C. Harris, President Nelson of Shaw University and scores of others prominent in national, state and local affairs attended.

Raleigh, N. C. Observer
December 2, 1935

THRONG ATTENDS CHEATHAM RITES

High and Low Pay Final Tribute to Head of Oxford Negro Orphanage

Oxford, Dec. 1.—The largest assemblage ever attending the funeral of a Negro citizen in Granville County was present this afternoon at rites for Dr. Henry Plummer Cheatham, superintendent for past 27 years of the Negro Orphanage of Oxford. The orphanage chapel was filled to overflowing with friends of both races who paid respect to this native son of Granville County who had won national as well as State fame in his chosen profession

of instructing the Negro youth of his State.

Before his election to the superintendency of the orphanage, Dr. Cheatham took a prominent part in State and national politics, serving as register of deeds for Vance County and Congressman from the Second District in 1887. During his administration at the Oxford orphanage, the plant grew from a few small wooden buildings to seven large, modern, brick structures, now largest Negro orphanage in the world, where he was training three hundred orphan children to learn, there is "no success without labor."

The services were presided over by the Rev. R. S. Davis, president of the Mary Potter School, Oxford; Dr. W. S. Nelson, president of Shaw University, alma mater of Dr. Cheatham, read a list of messages received from hundreds of friends over the country. The Rev. G. R. Yancey, pastor of the Negro First Baptist Church, Oxford, of which Dr. Cheatham was a faithful member, delivered the eulogy.

In the large assemblage were: Frank Hancock, Congressman from this district; W. A. Graham, State Commissioner of Agriculture, Raleigh; Dr. C. K. Proctor, superintendent of Oxford Masonic Orphanage; J. A. Taylor, mayor of Oxford; Representatives from several educational institutes of the State and other prominent visitors.

Interment took place in Harrisburg Cemetery. He was interred beside his daughter, Susie Cheatham, in whose honor the Negro hospital in Oxford was named.

Necrology-1935

North Carolina

FAMOUS DOCTOR DIES

case 3-24-35

End to Dr. Chas. H. Shepard

DURHAM, N. C.—(ANP)—Dr. Charles H. Shepard, one of North Carolina's most noted physicians and surgeons, died here May 16 from cerebral hemorrhage.

Dr. Shepard who was a brother of Dr. James E. Shepard, president of North Carolina college for Negroes, had served as superintendent of Lincoln hospital here from 1923 until January 1 of this year.

It was under his leadership that Lincoln hospital was expanded until it was one of the most important medical institutions for Negroes in the entire south.

The Duke foundation, which controls the vast sums left for philanthropy by the tobacco magnates, supported the hospital in large measures. Recently a white advisory staff has been added.

Dr. Shepard was active in civic and religious enterprises in Durham. At his death he was a member and trustee of White Rock Baptist church and a member of the board of trustees of the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity. He was born Nov. 18, 1878, and had been practicing nearly 35 years.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Adams Shepard; a daughter, Miss Dorothy M. Shepard; a mother, five sisters and a brother, Dr. James E. Shepard.

Raleigh, N. C. Observer
May 17, 1935

DR. CHARLES SHEPARD DIES OF HEMORRHAGE

Durham, May 16.—Dr. Charles Madden Shepard, 57, recognized as one of the State's outstanding Negro surgeons, died at his home Wednesday night shortly after 11 o'clock. He was for 35 years one of the leading Negro physicians of Durham and for several years superintendent of Lincoln Hospital. He was born and reared in Raleigh and was educated at Shaw University and the Leonard Medical School. Dr. Shepard was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage early Saturday morning and had been unconscious since that time.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon from the White Rock Baptist Church.

Surviving are his wife, Mary A. Shepard; a daughter, Dorothy M. Shepard; one brother, Dr. James E. Shepard, president of the North Carolina College for Negroes; his mother and five sisters.

Dr. Shepard was active in civic and religious enterprises. At his death he was a member and trustee of White Rock Baptist Church, a member of the board of trustees of Lincoln Hospital, North Carolina Medical Association and of the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity.

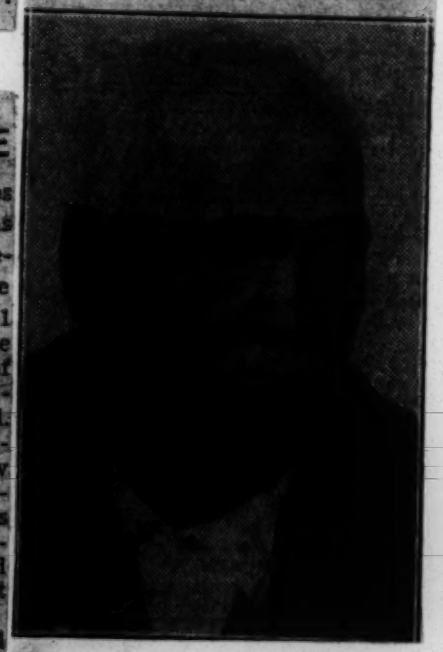
Fayetteville, N. C., Observer
June 28, 1935

RESPECTED NEGRO DIES

James Olice Suggs, 36, hardworking and respected negro, died yesterday afternoon. Funeral services will be conducted Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock from Rogers and Breece funeral parlors. Interment will be in Brookside cemetery.

Gastonia, N. C. Gazette
June 28, 1935

OLD NEGRO "SENATOR" DIES HERE



Jess Barber, 90, Who Claimed To Be Last Living Member Of South Carolina's Negro "Carpetbag" Legislature In 1876, Dies At Home Here; Funeral Sunday; Colorful Career.

Jess Barber, 90-year-old Gastonia negro, who claimed to be the sole surviving member of the famous South Carolina negro legislature of 1876, died at his home about 9 o'clock this morning, following an illness of about two months.

He died at his home on Harrison avenue in Happy Hill, Gastonia's colored section, where he had lived for many years.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Mattie Barber, two sons, Clinso and Leon Barber, and a daughter, Cora Barber, all of Gastonia. Also surviving are several sons by a former marriage, three of whom live in Cleveland, Ohio, one in Philadelphia, one in Portsmouth, Va., and others at various unknown places.

Funeral services are to be held at 1:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at Friendship Baptist church, of which Jess had been a loyal member for many years. He will be buried in the local colored cemetery on North Oakland street.

Jess' passing takes from the scene of human activity the last South Carolina negro legislator, according to his well-authenticated claim. He represented Fairfield county in the South Carolina senate. Jess served in the senate until it was dissolved by Ku Klux Klan activities and South Carolina moved to the support of the independent government set up by General Wade Hampton. One law introduced by Jess in the South Carolina senate, exempting homesteads from debts and judgments is reported to be still on the law books of South Carolina.

Jess was a slave before the War Between the States, belonging to Miss Melinda Barber, of Fairfield county, and he was body servant throughout the war for Captain Als Barber, of the same family. He served in this capacity throughout the war. He was in Charleston when Fort Sumter fell, served through campaigns in Tennessee and the valley of Virginia, the famous battles around Richmond, and was in Virginia when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomatox.

Jess came to Gastonia about 40 years ago. He worked for Parks R. Huffstetler, in the hauling and grading business for about 15 years, and later did the same kind of work for Clarence Holland. For the past several years he had worked at odd jobs of various kinds.

A yellow colored man with gray hair and mustache, Jess was a familiar figure along Main street and had many friends among Gastonia's white population as well as the colored people, who will hear with regret of his passing.

York, S. C. Enquirer
July 2, 1935

—Jess Barber, who died in Gastonia, aged 90 years, was the last South Carolina negro legislator of the Reconstruction days. He was in the senate and introduced the law exempting homesteads from execution for debts and judgments. Before the civil war, he was a slave of Miss Melinda Barber, in Fairfield county, and thruout that war was the body servant of Captain Barber, seeing the beginning at Charleston, the campaigns in Virginia and Tennessee, and the end in Virginia. He went to Gastonia about 40 years ago and worked for firms doing hauling and grading for years, and at odd jobs lately. He had many white friends there in his old age.

Raleigh, N. C. Observer
June 29, 1935

NEGRO LEGISLATOR DIES IN GASTONIA

Gastonia, June 28.—(AP)—Jesse Barber, 90-year old Negro, who represented Garfield county in the Carpetbag legislature of South Carolina as a Senator in 1876, died here last night and will be buried here Sunday. Jesse retained his memory to a remarkable degree and recently told local newspaper men of many stirring incidents of that hectic period in South Carolina's history. He claimed to be the last surviving Negro member of that legislature. He belonged to the Barber family long prominent in Fairfield county.

Charlotte, N. C. Observer
July 26, 1935

NEGRO LEADER DIES IN IREDELL

C. W. Foushee, Principal of Statesville Negro Schools For 30 Years, Succumbs.

STATESVILLE, July 25—C. W. Foushee, for past 30 years principal of the negro schools of Statesville and an educational leader of outstanding ability among his own race, died last night at his home on South Green street. His death resulting from heart trouble, it followed 24 hours of illness.

The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at Zion A. M. E. church, on South Center street. Following the service here, the body will be taken to Reidsville for burial.

Charles Webster Foushee was born in Moore county. He was a graduate of Livingstone college, Salisbury, and taught at Sanford for three years before coming to Statesville in 1935, since which time he has been principal of the negro schools here. Supt. R. M. Gray, of the Statesville public school system, today paid tribute to the former principal, who had been a faithful and loyal co-worker for three decades. Foushee was a leader in his church, as well as an educational leader of outstanding ability.

Necrology — 1935

Ohio

RETIRED SAFETY SECRETARY DIES IN CLEVELAND, O.

Charles Smith Started Career As Patrolman

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 23—Like a thunder bolt from a clear sky flashed the report of the death Friday of Charles S. Smith, who [illegible] the honor of serving as secretary to five police chiefs and two safety directors.

"Charlie," as he was familiarly known for years by friends of all parties, died at Lakeside Hospital where he was taken the Sunday before suffering with what physicians diagnosed as thrombosis in the blood vessels of his brain. Very few of his friends had learned of his sudden illness. Hence, the shock of his death.

Mr. Smith
(Cleveland Press Photo)

Until the time of his retirement on pension, June 1, 1932, Mr. Smith was one of the most familiar figures in the City Hall. He was one of the first of our group to be appointed to the police force 36 years or more ago, and the first to be detailed to other than regular police duties.

Mr. Smith was born in Oberlin, graduated from the public schools there after which he completed a business course at the Oberlin Business College. Immediately after completing his business course he came to Cleveland and was appointed a patrolman. He was said to be the first college graduate to enter the police force in Cleveland.

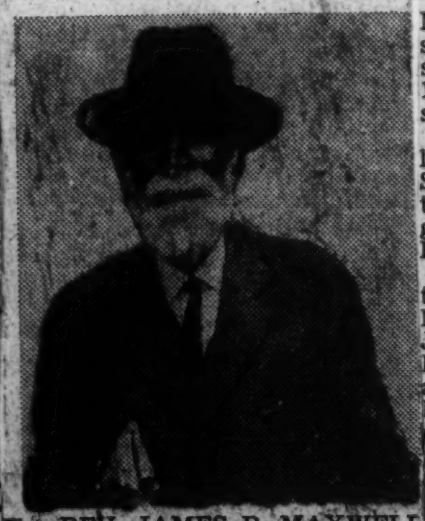
Chief George E. Corner, learning that Mr. Smith had shown some training in secretarial work, appointed him as his secretary. He remained in the same capacity under chiefs Fred Kohler, William S. Rowe, Frank W. Smith and Jacob Graul. In 1922 he was assigned to the office of Safety Director Thomas Martinec, where he was given the rank of detective. When Safety Director Edwin Barry became director he obtained the Council's approval of an ordinance creating the office of secretary of police, and Mr. Smith was appointed.

Mr. Smith served under Barry for eight years and for several months under Safety Director Frank Merrick, when he was retired. In 1933 he was the anti-organization candidate for the Republican nomination for Council in the 18th Ward, losing out to Councilman Hubbard. He withdrew from the final contest in favor of Hubbard, but he never recovered from the blow of the defeat. It proved to be one of the most hectic contests in the history of the city councilmanic contests. Mr. Smith, who resided with his wife in the cozy home at 2320 East 86th Street, for years, was one of the city employees honored by the Citizen's League, white, for long and faithful service.

Impressive funeral services were attended Monday at Mt. Zion Temple by thousands of friends from all walks of life, including hundreds of policemen, politicians, and city and county officials. The services were in charge of Spirit of Ohio Lodge of Elks; Dr. Horace White, pastor of Mt. Zion Congregational Temple, preaching the special sermon. Interment at Lakeview cemetery, J. W. Wills, Sr., of "The House of Wills" was in charge of the remains.

Surviving Mr. Smith are his wife, Mrs. Kate Harrison Smith a brother, William Smith, whose whereabouts are unknown, and Andrew Smith, Chicago, son of the late Dr. Andrew L. Smith, who attended the funeral. Also attending the funeral was James H. Harrison, brother of Mrs. Smith, well known mortician of St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. Maxwell, Ex-Sec'y of Wilberforce, Dies



The REV. JAMES P. MAXWELL

XENIA, Ohio.—The Rev. James P. Maxwell, 95-year-old retired minister of the Ohio Conference of the A.M.E. Church, died here Sunday, December 8. His father, Campbell Maxwell, a native of Virginia, was one of the pioneers of Green County, Ohio.

As a young man the Rev. Mr. Maxwell taught school. Later he served Wilberforce University as secretary-treasurer from 1883 to 1897 and was trustee of that institution from 1883 until his death.

He pastored Wilberforce, Chillicothe, Jamestown, Yellow Springs, and Lancaster. Many times he served as delegate to the general conference. He visited Baltimore several times.

He is survived by two brothers, the Rev. George, and Frederick Maxwell; two sons, Howard, and Joshua, the latter a teacher in the Baltimore Douglass High School; a daughter, India, a teacher in the East St. Louis High School; three grandchildren, Howard, Hobart and Vashti, and four great-grandchildren, Yvonne, Hilda, Howard and Hugh.

Oklahoma.

Necrology-1935.

HUNDREDS MOURN AT BIER OF CHARLIE FORD, OKLAHOMA'S PIONEER IN BUSINESS WORLD

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES HELD IN CHAPEL OF D. B. & O. INSTITUTE

McNeil Administers Masonic Rites At Grave

TAFT, Okla.—The funeral services of the late Charles H. Ford of this city, were conducted Sunday, November 10, in the auditorium of the D. B. & O. institute here.

Long before the arrival of the funeral cortege the auditorium was filled to overflow capacity with the many friends of the deceased, from every portion of the state and from every walk of life, white and colored.

A combined chorus from the D. B. & O. institute and the Moton high school of Taft, under the direction of Mrs. Fred Divers and Mrs. Viola Clay, furnished the music. Two solo numbers were rendered by Emma L. Cain, who sang "When I've Done the Best I Can, Then the Lord Will Carry Me Home," and Mrs. Fred Divers, who sang, "I've Done My Work." Mr. Fred McNeil read the poem "Crossing the Bar" by Tennyson.

Resolutions from the A. M. E. church and the D. B. & O. institute were read respectively by Mrs. R. E. Springs and Paul R. Gibson. Resolutions from the State Hospital and the Taft School Board were also received. Mrs. Estella H. Richard read the acknowledgement of letters, cards and telegrams of condolence, and Mrs. Emma Henry read the obituary.

The services were in charge of the Rev. W. C. Carson, pastor of the Flipper Chapel A. M. E. church of Taft, where the deceased held his membership and helped build the church years ago. Rev. Carson delivered the eulogy and was assisted by Father Thompson, rector of St. Phillips Episcopal church of Muskogee, of which Mrs. Ford and Miss Ruth Ford are members.

B. H. Lowe represented the citizens of Taft and Hon. Tom King president of the Citizens National Bank of Muskogee, represented the white citizens of Muskogee, both delivering very fitting addresses. The Masonic Order conducted their ritualistic services at the cemetery under the direction of Most Worshipful Grand Master Lon McNeil and the Worshipful Master of Alpha Lodge No. 1 of Guthrie, Hon. Fred Williams, to which lodge Mr. Ford was a member for near forty years.

Obituary

Charles H. Ford was born in Shreveport, La., Caddo Parrish, and came to Guthrie, Okla., in the pioneer days of 1892, and was immediately employed as general clerk by W. H. Smith, who operated a large general store, and was later employed as cotton buyer and classer for W. H. Coyle & Co., of Guthrie, where he continued until 1905, when he selected Taft, Okla., as a suitable place to engage in the cotton buying and ginning business for himself. After engaging in this business for 25 years and having built three gins, two of which were destroyed by fire, he retired from the cotton business and was awarded a silver loving cup at a reception given him for his services rendered to his fellow citizens by his friends of Taft and Muskogee.

When he left the W. H. Coyle & Co. the most marvelous and unprecedented thing occured, to wit: Mr. Coyle, president of the company and president of the bank, handed to Mr. Ford an unsolicited and unlimited "Letter of Credit." If this business respect and supreme confidence in the business ability and integrity of Mr. Ford has ever been shown any other colored man seeking to engage in business for himself, no record thereof has been chronicled. Mr. Ford used this "Letter of Credit" as a basis for his large ginning and cotton interest, running into multiplied thousands and never abused or imposed a liability upon it for one cent and at the end of 25 years was able to withdraw it from his bank of deposit untouched, unblemished and with perfect business accord. This is a distinction that only the select few ever enjoy and a trust given, accepted and returned without spot or blemish by not more than one man in a million, and is an outstandlig example as to be worthy of a medal of honor.

He was rated as a very successful business man in the state of Oklahoma, and at the time of his death was the chairman of the Emergency Council of Advice for Eastern Oklahoma, and labored to improve the chances of his people under the New Deal.

While in Guthrie he married Miss Emma Elizabeth Reed of New Orleans, La., and from this union six children were born, four of whom survive him. This union was severed by the death of Mrs. Ford in 1914.

After coming to Taft with his family about 29 years ago he had been one of its most valuable citizens until his tragic demise. He had served as mayor of the town and a member of the school board, serving as its clerk for 13 years.

In 1916 Mr. Ford married Miss Hattie Huyler of Raleigh, North Carolina, who at the time was teaching in the public school system of Guthrie, Okla. Mrs. Ford endeared herself to the family, played the part of a real mother and to her goes the credit of rearing his children and training and fitting them for life. Although for the past four years she has been an invalid, she has not ceased to show concern for the family.

A sincere, conscientious Christian for more than 40 years, Mr. Ford labored earnestly for the Christian cause in the A. M. E. church. He was the dominant figure in the construction of three churches, namely, St. Paul of Shreveport, La., Ward Chapel of Guthrie, Okla., and Flipper Chapel in Taft, and mainly through his help and assista.. was the work in each case completed.

During these years he served as steward, trustee and in other offices in the several churches he helped to build, and just recently was elected first alternate to the General Conference in 1936 in New York City, by the laity of the Northeast Oklahoma Conference. This shows the esteem and admiration the church held for him and its appreciation for his work and labors that covered a period of many years.

He was a 32nd degree Mason, a member of the Alpha Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., the Royal Arch Chapter, the Knight Templars Commandery and the Western Consistory, all of Guthrie, having served as master and in many stations of the Order with credit and distinction.

His sudden and tragic death occurred Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1935, at the railroad crossing in Taft, when his car was struck by a train of the Midland Valley Railroad, instantly snuffing out his life.

Mr. Ford lived and labored for God and his church, for his family whom he loved, and struggled to adequately support and educate, and for the town and townspeople whose welfare was ever on his heart. All will sadly miss him for his place can never be filled in their hearths.

He leaves to mourn their loss a devoted wife, Mrs. Hattie H. Ford; two daughters, Miss Ruth E. Ford of Taft, and Mrs. Alma Ford Mason of Philadelphia, Pa.; two sons, Charles H. Ford, Jr., of Chicago, Ill., and Wendell Ford of Tulsa; two brothers, Henry Ford of Chicago, Ill., and Clark Ford of Coffeyville, Kansas; one grandson, J. Winsmore Mason, Jr., an adopted daughter and niece, Mrs. Mozella Ford Porter of St. Louis, Mo.; four nieces, two nephews, one adopted son, Julius McGee of Tulsa; one son-in-law, Rev. J. Winsmore Mason of Philadelphia, Pa., and other relatives and a host of friends and fellow citizens.

WAS DIRECTOR OF EXTENSION DEPARTMENT

Ex-Head of Principals' Organization Collapses in Dining Room

LANGSTON, Okla.—Prof. William Henry Fort of Okmulgee, for many years head of the extension department of Langston university, dropped dead because of high blood pressure while entering the dining room Sunday night November 24.

Prof. Fort came to Langston as head of the extension department under the Dr. I. W. Young administration and held that position until his death. He was born in Nashville and got his education at Fisk university. He came to Oklahoma in 1907 and secured a position as principal of the high school at Okmulgee, where he taught for over 20 years.

Once President of Teachers

Professor Fort was known all over the state of Oklahoma. He was at one time state president of the State Teachers association and for many years the president of the state principals organization the members of which constituted only the teachers of Oklahoma who were principals of schools.

He was a one time mentioned for the presidency of Langston university.

His widow has been teaching at Nashville, Tenn., for over 30 years.

Professor Fort was the father of William Henry Fort Jr., who received his A. B. degree from Fisk university and his master's degree at Harvard. He is now teaching in Dallas.

The funeral of Professor Fort was held at Langston, Tuesday. The body was taken to Okmulgee, his home, for a second funeral. Burial will be in Nashville.

I. E. Page, College Prexy Four Times, Passes in Okla.

OKLAHOMA CITY.—Dr. Inman E. Page, 83, who was born a slave but rose to the presidency of four colleges, retiring last year as the supervisor of local colored schools, died on Saturday at his home here.

First seeing the light of day on a Virginia plantation, Dr. Page, at the age of ten, escaped through Civil War battle lines to Washington, D.C., where he entered a private school. He later attended Howard and Brown Universities, being graduated from the latter.

After teaching in Jackson University, Natchez, Miss., he became the president of Lincoln University, then Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo. In 1898, he became president of the Oklahoma A. and M. College, serving until 1915.

Then he became president of the Baptist College, Macon, Mo., and later transferred to the presidency of Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn. After several years there, he returned to Oklahoma to become school supervisor, from which he ceased active duties.

DR. INMAN PAGE, THE EX-HEAD OF LANGSTON UNIVERSITY, PASSE

By Roscoe Dungee

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., Dec. 15— Oklahoma's grand old man of education has fallen. Dr. Inman E. Page, 83, 17 years president of Langston University, died at 8:00 a. m. in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Zelia N. Breaux, 1516 N. E. 8th street.

Complications resulting solely from old age were the cause of death according to Dr. J. D. Nelson, family physician. The distinguished educator has been on a decline since last May when he was retired as principal of the city schools by the board of education, and designated as "principal emeritus," on salary in recognition of his outstanding contribution to the city school system.

Born of slave parents and himself a slave, the property of a slaveholder named Fauntlet Inman E. Page, through sheer force of his own efforts was among the first Negro college graduates and was one of that fast thinning line of stalwarts who came into leadership following the Civil War.

Horace Page, his father, purchased himself from his master and following his reaching free soil, schemed with his wife, Nora,, to escape with her two children through the Union lines with her two children, Inman and Nora. The family later took residence in Washington, D. C.

Attending private school while he made money in the capital city as errand boy. Dr. Page later spent two years at Howard University, then budding into a college. With higher aspirants he later went to Brown University, where in 1875 he graduated as valedictorian of his class.

It was on the night of graduation that something happened which perhaps gave instant direction to his life. A white gentleman in the audience, who heard the wonderful oration (for Page for 50 for years was recognized as a convincing and gripping orator) came immediately to the platform following the close of the exercises and informed the surprised valedictorian that he had a position for him at Natchez Mississippi.

Two years at Natchez, during which time Dr. Page rose from assistant to head of the institution, the future president of Langston University was called to Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo., as Vice President. The following year he was elected president, where he remained until 1898, at which time he was called to Oklahoma Territory to organize and start Langston University down its forty years of existence.

During the Page regime at Langston University the institution became known all over the Southwest. Students flocked to the institution during those years from Texas, Arkansas, Missouri Kansas and several other sections more remote. He placed the institution on a hgh cultural basis and some of the most outstanding educational leaders in Oklahoma, today, graduated under the inspiration and influence of "Old Man Ike" as his students affectionately called him.

With the coming of statehood politics seeped into the educational structure of the new commonwealth, and Page who had been a staunch republican all of his life but who never said such about it, was selected for ouster to make place for democratic henchmen; and it was then that Langston University entered into the decline which for many years almost completely stultified the institutions.

Leaving the state for two years as president of Western University, Macon, Mo. and still later being elevated by the Baptist denomination to their larger institution, Roger Williams, Nashville, Dr. Page fell into ill health and came home to the state in 1920.

Two years later he was recommended for the supervising principalship of Douglass High school by the then superintendent of the city schools, J. A. Whiteford. His health fully restored, Dr. Page began to plan the great advance which the Oklahoma City school system has enjoyed during the past 14 years.

Dr. Page was known and respected by all who knew him because of his stately bearing and natural dignity. He was a man who thruout his long and useful life lived on a lofty plane of virtue and integrity where never a shadow of suspicion touched. Tomes could be written regarding the remarkable influence he had over all who came under his magic range. One of the remarkable men of the age who as a barefoot boy went to school to the old master was Bishop William Tecumseh Vernon, former register of the United States treasury.

Dr. Page will be buried on the campus at Langston University. The state broad of affairs authorized this Monday, and the tract where his remains will be deposited will be dedicated "Page Memorial Park."

Pennsylvania.

Necrology - 1935

...ister of Jesse Fauset Dies From Pneumonia

2-2-35

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. — Mrs. Helen Fauset Lanning, sister of Miss Jesse Fauset, the novelist, died here Tuesday morning after an illness of five days from pneumonia. The late Mrs. Lanning had been a public school teacher in New York City for several years and taught at P. S. 68, Manhattan, but was on sabbatical leave at the time of her death. She resided with her sister at 1945 Seventh avenue.

Funeral services will be from St. Martin's Chapel, 122nd street and Lenox avenue, New York City at noon on Thursday with the Rev. John Howard Johnson, vicar, officiating. The body will be brought back to their former home here from Philadelphia.

Also surviving is a brother, Redmond Fauset, who is a school teacher in Jersey.

Well Known Bishop Of A. M. E. Zion Church Dies In Philadelphia; Funeral Services On Thursday

Senior Bishop of First Episcopal District Succumbs Suddenly At Home; Was Elevated To Bishopric From Pastorate of Mother A. M. E. Zion Church, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Rt. Rev. Josiah S. Caldwell, senior Bishop of the A. M. E. Zion Church, died at his home, 1420 Christian street, this city on Sunday, after a brief illness. He was about 70 years of age and news of his death will come as a shock to a host of friends and admirers throughout the country, who did not know of his illness.

He was born near Concord, N. C. and got most of his formal education while he was nearly grown. After a few years in the local public school, he rode a mule to Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., where he announced that he wanted to study for the ministry. His was a life of single purpose and he brought to the ministry high character, and marked ability as an orator and leader of his people.

Following his graduation from Livingstone College, he pastored churches in Elizabeth City, N. C., Petersburg, Va., the Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church in Philadelphia and Mother Zion in New York City. He was for a number of years financial secretary of the A. M. E. Zion connection and in 1904 at St. Louis he was elevated to the bishopric. He had presided over the New York and Pennsylvania area of his church since the death of the late Bishop Alexander Walters in 1917.

Funeral On Thursday

Funeral services will be from the Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church, 15th and Lombard streets, this city on Thursday afternoon, April 11. Most of the bishops and general officers of his church as well as a host of ministers of the connection are expectel to attend the funeral.

The late Bishop Caldwell was a widower, his wife having died a few years ago, but he leaves to daughters, Miss Beulah Caldwell of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Daisy Tucker, wife of the Reverend J. H. Tucker, presiding Elder of the Hudson River District of the A. M. E. Zion Church, and several other relatives to mourn his passing.

Both Races Unite in Paying Homage at Stevens Tomb

Committee Is Formed to Perpetuate an Annual Pilgrimage.

LANCASTER AIDS IN ERECTING PLATFORM

Parade Through City Precedes Affair.

LANCASTER — A permanent organization to perpetuate the annual pilgrimage to the tomb of Thaddeus Stevens, renowned abolitionist, grew out of the annual exercises held on Saturday and attended by colored and white persons from all over Pennsylvania and adjoining states.

The city co-operating with the pilgrimage committee. The public school adjoining the burying ground was donated for the executive sessions of the body. Under the mayor's direction, a commodious platform was erected near the tomb at the expense of the city.

Raymond Pace Alexander, attorney, and Thomas F. Woolley, author of the outstanding works on the life of Stevens, were the principal speakers. Dr. N. F. Mossell, of Philadelphia, chairman of the Stevens Memorial Committee, gave the opening address, advocating an adherence to the principles for which the commoner stood.

Parade Begins Program

The program before the tomb was preceded by a parade in which the following participated: Thaddeus Stevens Commandery, Knights Templar; Elks' Conestoga Lodge; Elks' Queen of Sheba Temple; Elks' Pride of Sheba Juveniles; Boy Scout Troop, and the Lancaster Drum Corps, white, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

invested with jurisdiction to indict and try in the Federal court any local magistrate or police officer of the State within whose

Washingtonians Recall Romance of the Dunbars

Mrs. Terrell Recalls When Wife of Poet Borrowed an Ice Cream Freezer.

WASHINGTON—The late Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson, who died last week, and her poet husband, Paul Laurence Dunbar, are remembered by their contemporaries here as a unique, loveable pair.

Their courtship was carried on in New York City, and their brief years of married life spent here.

The couple lived together several years before a rift separated them and Paul went to Dayton, Ohio, where he spent the brief remaining days of his life with his mother.

Lived Next to Terrells

Before he was married, Paul lived at the home of Dr. Amanda Gray Hilyer. After marriage, the Dunbars lived next door to the late Judge Robert H. Terrell and Mrs. Terrell, at 1326 Fourth Street, Northwest.

Borrowed Ice Cream Freezer

"I remember the time that Alice borrowed an ice cream freezer from me to make lemon ice for Paul's birthday," Mrs. Terrell said. Asked whether she knew the cause of the famous pair's separation, she said, "I don't feel that I should tell the cause of their rift."

"Paul never thought of marrying again, I am sure," she added. "He never went with anyone else after that."

Regretted Rift with Wife

Saying that she visited the poet in Dayton a little while before his death, Mrs. Terrell recalled his statement that he had regretted very much the fact that "anything had happened between himself and Alice."

The couple moved to U Street, Northwest, near Fourth Street later.

Carrying out the wishes of Mrs. Alice Ruth Dunbar Nelson, who died here at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital last week, her body was cremated and "the ashes thrown to the four winds."

Funeral services were held from the Nelson home, 1214 N. 59th St. last Monday noon.

Mrs. Nelson was born in New Orleans, La., in 1875, the daughter of Joseph and Patricia Moore. She was educated at Straight University, the University of Pennsylvanio, and Cornell University. From 1902 to 1920 she was head of the English department at Howard High School, Wilmington, Del., she was the founder and teacher of the Industrial School for Colored Girls at Marshalton, Del., and from 1928 to 1931 was executive secretary of the American Interracial Peace Committee, in Philadelphia, and associate editor of the A.M.E. Church Review and editor of the Wilmington Advocate.

Politically, she was as prominent nationally and locally, being a member of the Republican State Committee of Delaware and was the first woman in the country to be named to such a political post. For the past three years, she has lived in Philadelphia, where she has been active in political and civic circles, as a member of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, the League of Independent Political Action, the NAACP, and the Delta Sigma Theta National Sorority.

Mrs. Nelson was married to Paul Laurence Dunbar in 1898. After his death she married Robert J. Nelson in 1916, when he was editor of the Advocate. She is survived by her husband, her sister, Mrs. Lelia Young, a niece, Miss Pauline A. Young, librarian at the Howard High School, Wilmington, Del., and a nephew, Lawrence T. Young, Coroner's Court reporter, Chicago.

Ashes of Famous Woman Thrown To Four Winds

9-28-35 Norfolk, Va.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. (ANP)—

Necrology - 1935

Pennsylvania.

Alice Dunbar Nelson Dies in Philadelphia

ALICE DUNBAR NELSON

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. — Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson, well-known teacher, writer and lecturer, died Wednesday at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital.

Mrs. Nelson, who has been in ill health for some time, was removed from her home to the hospital in a serious condition.

Laurence T. Young, her nephew of Chicago, made a flying trip here to her bedside last week at the news of an attack, from which Mrs. Nelson successfully rallied. He has since reurned home.

Funeral arrangements are pending. Her husband, Robert Nelson, former boxing commissioner,

Mrs. Alice D. Nelson Wanted Ashes Cast to Winds

Last Time Wife of World Famous Poet Is Buried from Philadelphia.

CREMATION DONE IN WILMINGTON

ALICE RUTH MOORE'S 2 HUSBANDS

First, a Volatile Genius; Second, a Calm Newsman

Her first marriage to the world-famous poet lasted five years.

The late poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Their marriage a happy union of 19 years.

ALICE RUTH MOORE DUNBAR NELSON

ROBERT NELSON,
former Pa. State Boxing Commissioner and newspaper editor.

Funeral Cortege Is Over a Mile Long.

PHILADELPHIA.—The funeral of Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson, 60, who died at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital late Wednesday night, was held from her late residence, 1214 N. Fifty-seventh Street, Monday at noon.

The Rev. Father Robert G. Bagnall assisted by the Rev. George F. Ellison of Reeve Memorial Church, the Rev. H. Y. Arnette and Father Coleman of Central Presbyterian Church, officiated. Services lasted an hour.

Rites Solemn

With the singing of "The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Won," over one hundred friends and close relatives of the deceased gathered around the bier.

After the hymns, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" and "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," the Rev. Mr. Bagnall preached the burial service using as his text "Thou art not dead, but liveth."

The Rev. Mr. Arnette, a lifelong friend, characterized Mrs. Nelson's life as great, and honorable.

Body Amidst Flowers

The remains, attired in a champagne evening gown to match the interior of a mahogany couch casket with blanket to blend, laid in state amidst fifty-one floral tokens, the remembrance of friends from all over the country. An equal number of telegrams and cablegrams bearing words of condolence were received from the West Indies and other distant lands.

With twenty flower-bearers forming a lane between which the remains were borne to the hearse, the funeral cortege, a mile long, began its journey to Wilmington, Del., where, according to her request, the body was cremated and its ashes strewn to "the four winds, either over land or sea." Silver Brook Crematory, Wilmington, Del., serves as her final resting place.

Mrs. Sue Smith McDonald sang "Ave Maria."

At 2 p.m. the body was lifted into the crematory by her pall-bearers and the electricity turned on.

Pall-bearers

Those chosen to be Mrs. Nelson's pall-bearers were: Herbert E. Millen, Lewis Tanner Moore, Magistrate Edward W. Henry and William B. Ramsey.

Floral Tributes

Floral tributes came from Violet Johnson, Albert B. Voice, State Athletic Commissioner Joseph H. Rainey, Magistrate Edward W. Henry and wife, Anna F. Broadnax, Alice F. Baldwin, Mrs. Novice Comegys and daughter; Catrie and Howard, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Sykes, Dr. and Mrs. Roland Milburn, Herbert and Carrie Millen, Allied Social Aid;

The Young family and Miss Fleetwood, Board of Managers of Frederick Douglass Hospital, Bridge Club, Marie J. Slavin, Harry, Alice and Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Scholey P. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Reed, Harry H. Jones, Dr. Maceo Morris, Ines and Joseph Burton, Rita D. Burton, Sophisticates of Douglass Hospital, Mercy Service Club;

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Murphy and family; H. C. Nelson, Mabuys and O'Neils, Orison and Gretchen, Marguerite and Delancey, Paul Lawrence Dunbar School, Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club, Ray Fabiani, Elsie Bryant and mother, Pierians, Laura L. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Alexander, Dr. Virginia M. Alexander, Marie Chase, Gamma Chapter, Delta Sigma Theta;

Negro History Club, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Jackson, Delta Sigma Theta sorority, the Rev. and Mrs. Robert Bagnall, her niece Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. J. Freddie Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, Dr. Charles Crampton and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Fisher.

Telegrams

Telegrams were received from the following: Neonta J. Caesar and mother, Wilmington, Del.; Phillip Nemirovsky, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Aikens, Dover, Del.; Jack Styles, L. Phillipsen, New Orleans, La.; Narka L. Bayford, Washington, D.C.; W. C. and M. B. Jason, Dover, Del.; Ben Paul, Philadelphia; Eunice Shreeves, New York; Julia B. Jones, Pittsburgh Courier; Family Williams Howard, Baltimore, Md.;

Mrs. R. J. Satterwhite, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. L. Houston, Washington, D.C.

Lambda Chapter, Delta Sigma Theta sorority, Chicago, Ill.; W. C. Hueston, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Charles G. Blount, New York; Sarah S. Washington, Atlantic City, N.J.; Anna R. Johnson, Washington, D.C.; Emma Cottman, Asbury Park, N.J.; Theodore R. Penney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Benjamin Brawley, Washington, D.C.; Paul M. Gottlieb, Philadelphia, Pa.;

Paul S. Terry

Paul S. Terry, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joseph H. and Madeline B. Rainey, Philadelphia; Sadie D. Harrison, New London, Conn.; Thomas H. R. Clark, Washington, D.C.; Lens, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.; Jeanette Carter, Washington, D.C.; Maria L. Roach, British West Indies; Ethel Lewis, Baltimore, Md.; Edgar and Eva Parks, New York; Frank L. Jefferson, Steelton, Pa.; Josie S. Terry and George L. Johnson, Washington, D.C.

Body of One-time Wife of Dunbar Is Cremated

Death of Mrs. Nelson Recalls Tempestuous Romance of 1898.

RIFTS, SEPARATION LASTED FOUR YEARS

Baltimore Friends' Efforts at Peacemaking Failed.

By JOHN JASPER

PHILADELPHIA—Death and cremation of the Alice Ruth Moore Dunbar Nelson in Wilmington, this week, recalls her romantic elopement with and separation from the world-famous poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar.

In the poet's letters and poems is told the story of the wooing and elopement, but the reasons behind the separation have never been told until now.

Back in 1895 Dunbar, then a struggling poet, earning his living by reciting his poems before public audiences, met Alice Ruth Moore, a New Orleans-born school teacher, living in Boston.

For two years he courted her only to have her say "yes" as he was about to sail for Europe for a lecture tour.

Parents Objected

She ran down from Boston to say good-bye, a little ashamed of her forwardness and knowing full well that she was going against the wishes of her parents.

When Dunbar returned from Europe, they eloped to New York and were married March 6, 1898 by Bishop Potter of the P.E. Church.

Kept Elopement Secret

"Everything is clean and honorable," the poet said. "And save for the fear of separation, there was no compulsion to the step. We were married Sunday night but hope to keep it a secret for a while, as she does not wish to give up her school."

Paul's mother was likewise opposed to the marriage, but was won over and let in on the secret. They announced their wedding publicly April 18.

$60 a Month

The couple moved to Washington where Dunbar secured a $60-a-month job in the Library of Congress.

For a while they were tempestuously happy, but found themselves too much alike in temperament to remain so. Each was stubborn and unyielding.

Domestic Rifts Begin

Rifts and separations followed one behind the other. Paul became ill of tuberculosis. Compelled to earn a living, he was forced to take long rest cures in New York and Colorado.

Often he could work only when bolstered up by the whiskey his physician prescribed as a treatment.

Poet Thought a Drunkard

Friends, and even public audiences, believed Dunbar merely a drunkard. They did not know that hemorrhages often left him so weak that he could only appear in public readings or do his work at home with the help of stimulants.

His proud and regal wife was embarrassed by his drinking. After a little over four years together they separated and she accepted a position as teacher in a Wilmington, Del., high school.

Wouldn't Answer Phone

Baltimore friends sought a reconciliation by telephone. Enlisting the aid of Dr. Conwell Banton, a physician there, Mrs. Dunbar refused to come to the phone. She was through.

Dunbar gave up his beautiful Washington home. He said he was discouraged and would stop writing if he could do anything else.

"Something within me seems dead," he said. "There is no spirit or energy left in me. My upper lip has taken on a droop."

Dunbar's poem, "Alice," shows the high regard in which he held his wife. It contains these four lines:

"Gaily holding crystal day
In your pure white chalice,
Nature kind hath fashioned you
Like the soul of Alice."

Only One Love

For four years after the separation Dunbar lived and wrote when his illness permitted. Women took his passing fancy but his real passion was for his estranged wife. In "After the Quarrel" he sang:

"I fain would still have been your friend,
And talked and laughed and [illegible]
with you;
But since it must, why let it end.
The false but dies, 'tis not the true.
So we are favored, you and I,
Who only want the living truth.
It was not good to nurse the lie;
'Tis well it died in harmless youth."

Lyrics Charmed the World

So he bravely wrote, but estrangement wasn't well for him at all. And in one poem after another he poured forth his tale of longing, his gentle grief and sadness in love lyrics that have melted the hearts of the English-speaking world.

Heartbreak Hill

All the world to him was "Heartbreak Hill":

"Because I have loved so deeply
Because I have loved so long,
God in his great compassion
Gave me the gift of song."

"Forever" a Long Word

"Where shall we meet, who knows, who knows?" sang Dunbar. "I had not known before forever was so long a word."

Sometimes he even joked about his sorrow and his illness, as in "Jilted":

"Somep'n's wrong erbout my lung
An I's glad hit's so.
Doctah says 'at I'll die young,
Well, I wants to go.
Whut's de use o'livin' hyeah,
W'eh de gal you loves so deah
Goes back on you clean and clean?
I sh'd like to know."

The poet did die at the age of 34, still estranged from the wife he loved and lost.

She, two years his junior, lived to be 60, to marry again and know nineteen years of happy life with her second husband.

If Paul Dunbar were living today he would be just 62 years old.

Necrology - 1935.

South Carolina.

Columbia, S. C. State
January 30, 1935

Negro Who for 55 Years Taught in City Schools Dies at Ripe Age of 77

Celia D. Saxon, 77, one of South Carolina's outstanding Negro educators, who had been actively engaged in school teaching in Columbia for 55 years, died unexpectedly at her home, 716 Page street, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning from a heart attack.

She was born, reared and spent her life in Columbia. She earned a degree from South Carolina college, now the University of South Carolina, and nine years ago the honorary degree of master of arts was conferred upon her by South Carolina State college at Orangeburg.

Upon the completion of 25 years of teaching in Columbia Negro schools the school board presented her a gold medal for having never been tardy or absent from her classes. She served for many years as treasurer of the Negro State Teachers' association and represented that body at its national conventions held in Nashville, Atlanta and Tulsa. She also represented the Federation of Negro Women at its national convention held in Chicago. She was teaching at Booker Washington at the time of her death.

She was connected with the Columbia schools for 57 years but was granted a two-year leave of abnse on two occasions when her children were born.

She was one of the leading spirits in the founding of the Fairwold Industrial school for delinquent Negro girls and the Williamson orphanage for Negro children. Up until the time of her death she was an alert student of national and international issues and related the fruits of her constant study with her favorite subject, history, which she taught along with civics. Her continued service as a teacher in spite of her many years was in no way due to sentimentality as she was an able and efficient teacher. The Saxon Negro school was named for her.

An active member of Ladson Presbyterian church she was for a number of years actively engaged in the many phases of that institution's work.

Funeral services will be held at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, conducted from the Ladson church by the Rev. A. S. Powe, assisted by the Rev. G. T. Dillard.

Surviving are two daughters, Mary Ray Saxon, a teacher in the Booker T. Washington high school, and Julia Woodbury, also of Columbia.

Necrology -1935

Tennessee.

Wealthy Memphian Dies Suddenly

Was Father of the Four Martin Brothers, Doctors

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 4.—Lee M. Martin, owner of a vast plantation in Mississippi and father of the four Martin brothers, all prominent doctors, and a daughter of this city, passed away suddenly at his residence, 1317 Kentucky street on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Emma Martin, widow of the deceased, has been ill for several weeks at Collins Chapel hospital, of which her son, Dr. W. S. Martin, is superintendent. She is showing a steady improvement in her health, in spite of the shock caused by her bereavement.

Following funeral services at Martin Temple C.M.E. church where Mr. Martin was a devout church worker, interment took place in the family lot in Elmwood cemetery. He is survived by the widow, one daughter, Mrs. Hattie Saunders, four sons, Dr. J. B. Martin, Dr. W. S. Martin, Dr. A. T. Martin, and Dr. B. B. Martin.

Family Widely Known

Dr. J. B. Martin is perhaps the most widely known of the four brothers. He is a pharmacist and owner of one of the South's finest drug stores. He is also president of the Southern Baseball league and owner of the Red Sox club of Memphis. Dr. W. S. Martin is superintendent of Collins Chapel hospital. Dr. A. T. Martin is a physician with a lucrative practice. Dr. B. B. Martin is a prominent dentist and manager of the Red Sox baseball club. Mrs. Saunders is a teacher at Florida grammar school.

Knoxville, Tenn., Journal
October 23, 1935

Rites for Prominent Negro Educator Held

ROGERSVILLE, Oct. 22.—Several business houses closed here today for the funeral of Dr. W. H. Franklin, Negro president emeritus of Swift Memorial college, and pastors from over East Tennessee took part in the services.

Directing the services this afternoon at the college were Dr. C. E. Tucker, president of Swift college; the Rev. J. W. Ewing, pastor of St. Marks Presbyterian church, and pastors from Knoxville, Kingsport and Morristown.

The body was buried on the east side of the college campus, where a monument to his memory will be erected.

Dr. Franklin, who came here to conduct a parochial school, was the founder of Swift college, which he served as president 25 years.

Leaders of the community consider the college an asset to the town, and many an underprivileged Negro boy and girl holds Dr. Franklin in grateful remembrance for bringing them ideals of a higher, more useful life.

Mrs. Ida L. Garnett, Noted Woman Leader, Succumbs

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 8.—Mrs. Ida Lee Drake Garnett, wife of Dr. James H. Garnett, dean of the American Baptist Theological Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., died February 22 at Meharry Medical College hospital after a brief illness.

She was the daughter of Archie and Julia Drake of Jefferson City, Mo. and the mother of Mrs. Ida Drake Garnett-Guy of Gary, Ind., and James M. Garnett of New York City.

Mrs. Garnett was graduated from Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo. and attended Oberlin (Ohio) college, where she met James H. Garnett, also a student at Oberlin at the time, whom she married August 15, 1888. Before her marriage she taught in the public schools of Lebanon, Sedalia and Jefferson City, Mo.

During her active years Mrs. Garrett was a teacher while her husband served as president at the following colleges: Gaudalupe college, Seguin, Texas; State university, Louisville, Ky.; Houston college, Houston, Texas and Western college, Macon, Mo. She was serving as matron of the American Baptist Theological Seminary, Nashville, Tenn, at the time of her death.

During her period of activities in Missouri, she was for four years grand princess of the Sisters of the Mysterious Ten and after coming to Gary entered deeply into the religious, civic and political life of the city, being the first president of the Federation of Colored Women's clubs of Gary; president of the Alpha Art club; president of the South Side Branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; and chaplain of the Spanish American War Veterans Colonel Young Auxiliary; and chaplain of the Gary Chapter of the Lincoln University Alumni and organist of the First Baptist church.

The body was removed to Gary, Ind. and was interred in the crypt of Calvary cemetery, Gary, Ind., where the family has resided for the past eighteen years.

Knoxville, Tenn., Journal
March 24, 1935

NEGRO TEACHER DIES

Charles McCamey, 86, retired Negro school teacher, is dead at his home at Byington, Knox county. He was one of the well known Negro educators of Knox county and had taught in many schools during the past 30 years. Funeral services will be held today at 2 p. m. at Branch Hill M. E. church.

Necrology – 1935

Tennessee.

Methodist Leader Dies After Long Life of Active Service

Nashville, Tenn.

Had Made High Mark as Educator, Preacher and Writer; Eloquent Eulogy Delivered by Dr. Arthur D. Williams

Nashville was shocked Sunday morning of this week when the news flashed over the city announcing the death of Dr. J. D. Chavis, one of the most prominent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church. The end came while the well known minister was confined at a local hospital. Dr. Chavis had been in failing health for the past year.

At the time of his death Dr. Chavis was 71 years of age. Born of free parents in Greensboro, North Carolina in 1863, he was blessed with a greater opportunity for an education than most of his race and took advantage of this opportunity with the result that he was one of the most scholarly men of the race and was called upon to serve in high places in educational work. He was educated both at Bennett College in North Carolina and at Clark University in Atlanta, Georgia, and also Gammon Theological Seminary in Atlanta, receiving at the last institution his training for the ministry.

Dr. Chavis' career in educational and ministerial work was a brilliant one. He was the second member of his race to serve as president of Bennet College and successfully held that position for twelve years. Coming to Nashville he served as dean of Walden University.

As a minister Dr. Chavis was highly respected for his scholarly and forceful preaching. He was a member of the Tennessee Conference of the M. E. Church, had held a number of important pastorates in the state as well as served as district superintendent.

Touching funeral rites were held for Dr. Chavis at Seay Chapel, a church he formerly pastored, on Tuesday afternoon of this week. The eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Arthur D. Williams, pastor of Lea Avenue Christian Church. Dr. Williams eloquently commended the many excellent traits of character and splendid achievements of Dr. Chavis. Dr. G. W. Lewis, district superintendent of the M. E. church was master of ceremonies. Beautiful solos were sung by Mrs. H. J. Johnson, Mrs. G. W. Martin and Miss Veulah Banks.

Many beautiful floral tributes and expressions of sympathy were contributed by a host of friends of Dr. Chavis and of his family.

Dr. Chavis is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mattie Carr Chavis, a teacher in Cameron Junior High School; daughter, Mrs. Roberta Johnson of Washington. D. C.; sons, Prof. D. C. Chavis of Oakland, Tennessee, J. D. Chavis, Jr., of Nashville; daughter, Mrs. Castella Brown, of Nashville, five grand children; brother, Rev. William Chavis of Turners, North Carolina and a host of other relatives.

For a number of years Dr. Chavis had contributed a column of news of interest to the Nashville Banner, one of the leading daily papers of the state, and his writings were read with interest by thousands of people of both races.

Necrology - 1935

Texas.

A. B. BURNETT DIES IN PARIS, TEXAS, AT 73

Was in Barber Business for More Than 48 Years; Founded School

PARIS, Texas. — Autrey B. Burnett, one of the best known business men in this section of the state, died here at his home Sunday, March 3, at the age of 73.

A native of Louisiana, Mr. Burnett moved to Paris about 50 years ago after various attempts at farming and managing farms. Later he took up the barber trade and in 1888 went into business for himself with a one-chair shop catering to white patronage. As his business increased he enlarged his shop accordingly, owning at the time of his death one of the largest and most prosperous shops in North Texas.

Was Considered Wealthy

He invested a large part of his income in real estate and was considered one of the wealthiest Negro citizens in Paris. He was a member of the Odd Fellows lodge and the St. Paul Baptist church.

Mr. Burnett organized several years ago a barber college in which he took a great deal of pride. Many young men who learned the trade under his tutelage have made good not only in the southwest but in all parts of the country. It is today the only Negro barber school in the state and is recognized for its high standards.

He was held in high esteem by members of both races and was cited by the Paris Morning News, local daily newspaper a few years ago as being one of five firms in the city that had continued in business under the same name for more than 40 years. The other four firms were white.

Rites Held Thursday

Funeral services were held Thursday, March 7.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Sallie Burnett of the home, 48 Pine Bluff street; and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Burnett King, Los Angeles; and Mrs. Birdie Locke, 2722 Highland avenue, Kansas City, Mo. One son, J. B., who was commissioned as a first lieutenant in the medical corps, died during the war in Dallas, Texas.

Mrs. Locke left Monday night for Paris, Texas to attend the funeral services of her father.

SAN ANTONIO DOCTOR DIES; ILL ONE DAY

Dr. L. D. Johnson Was Well Known in Southwest; Born in Louisiana

SAN ANTONIO.—Dr. L. D. Johnson, well known physician of the southwest, died at his home here, 211 Ferguson street, Wednesday, March 6, following an illness of one day.

A native of Louisiana, he moved to Dallas, Texas with his family where he completed his elementary education. He continued his studies in Chicago and later entered the Jenner Medical college from which he was graduated in 1907.

Dr. Johnson returned to Texas in 1909, locating in Ft. Worth. He moved to Wichita Falls and came to San Antonio in 1917. He returned [illegible] graduate [illegible] Illinois, C[illegible] at the gov[illegible] Springs, Ar[illegible]

He is su[illegible] Mrs. Helen [illegible] son, L. D. John[illegible] L. D. Johnson Sr. [illegible] ters, Mrs. Ila D. Williams and Mrs. Ethel Manley. Funeral services were Saturday, March 9.

Necrology - 1935

Virginia

Noted Virginia Dentist Dies

Norfolk Virginia

Journal and Guide Bureau

RICHMOND — Funeral services for Dr. Floyd R. Jenkins were held Sunday, July 28, at the Shiloh Baptist Church, Fine Creek Mills, Va. Dr. Jenkins died at the Piedmont Sanatorium, Burkeville, after a lingering illness of over three years. He was well known in school and professional circles here, having attended Virginia Union University, before matriculating at Meharry Dental School, from which he graduated in 1931. While attending Virginia Union, he was familarly known as "Big Jenkins."

Before a large assemblage of sorrowing relatives and friends, Rev. S. C. Abrams, pastor paid glowing tribute to the life of the deceased. In his eulogy he chose the text, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may wake him out of sleep." Rev. Abrams spoke of the fine Christian character of Dr. Jenkins. A letter of sympathy was read from Dr. J. B. Simpson of Virginia Union University, expressions were heard from Rev. Fred Gray, Rev. Mr. Lightner and Rev. Mr. Kerr, Music was in charge of George Adames, favorite hymns of the deceased were used.

Honorary pallbearers were Mrs. Elizabeth Jasper, Misses Mary Ellen Fleming, Eunice Fleming and Irene Shepperson. Active pallbearers were Waymond Fleming, Nathaniel Fleming, Rudolph Macon, Andrew Jasper, Hamilton Stovall and Sheridan Jackson, cousins of the deceased.

Dr. Jenkins was the son of Granville Jenkins and the late Mrs. Ardelia Jenkins, a prominent family of Powhatan County, Va., and is survived by a father, brother, Milton O; three sisters, Mrs. Hazel King of Fine Creek Mills, Mrs. Mabel Richards and Miss Helen Jenkins of Philadelphia.

The interment was in the church cemetary. E. F. Mimms prominent Richmond mortician was in charge of the funeral arrangements.

JANE E. DAVIS, JOURNALIST AT HAMPTON, DIES

Norfolk Virginia

Retired Editor of Southern Workman Was Quoted Widely

11-9-35

By Isaac Fisher

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, —Miss Jane E. Davis, long-time outstanding editor of Hampton institute's Southern Workman, and author of an authoritative history of the Virginia peninsula, died suddenly Thursday, October 31, in Jeanes hospital, at Fox Chase, Pa.

The funeral was in Oakwood Cemetery Chapel, Troy, N. Y., Saturday, November 2.

A graduate of Vassar college in 1878, Miss Davis came to Hampton Institute in 1879, as a teacher of physics and mathematics, continuing in this field until 1899 when she became editor and correspondent of the Southern Workman.

One year later, 1900, she was given complete charge of that journal and remained in that position until she was officially retired, June 30, 1926. Her actual retirement did not come until December 31, of that year. In addition to this work, she was in charge of the publication office from 1911 until her retirement.

Devoted to Undeveloped Races

Under her direction the Southern Workman attained prominence among educators throughout the world, not only because the journal held the distinction of being the only one in existence that is "devoted to the interests of undeveloped races," but also because Miss Davis brought to her work broad scholarship, ability as a writer and unswerving fidelity to the ideals of Hampton Institute.

11-9-35

In her passing, it is significant that one of her last letters to the institute was for a copy of the last number of the Southern Workman —the journal which she helped to raise to such dignity.

Her editorials and articles were quoted widely, and she was accepted as a painstaking and accurate reporter of affairs which touched the interests of all backward races. Her "Round About Jamestown" is accepted as an authorative work on this peninsula, being so well received by the public that it passed through two editions.

Ex-Editor of Southern Workman Dies In Penn.

Journal and Guide

HAMPTON, Va.—Miss Jane E. Davis, white, long-time former editor of Hampton Institute's Southern Workman, and author of a history of the Virginia peninsula, died suddenly at Fox Chace, Pennsylvania, on October 31. The funeral was held in Troy, New York, Saturday.

11-9-35

Miss Davis came to Hampton Institute in 1879, as a teacher. In 1899 she became editor and correspondent of the Southern Workman. One year later, she was given complete charge of that journal and remained in that position until she was officially retired, June 30, 1926.

DEATH ENDS R. R. CAREER OF JAS. HENRY GRIFFIN

Was Awarded 50-Yr. Service Pin In April 1934

Death put an end to the railroad career of James Henry Griffin, diamond insignia employee of the Norfolk and Western Railroad here Saturday.

Stricken about two weeks ago, Mr. Griffin succumbed at his home 1457 West 16th St., after more than 50 years service with the railroad company for which he was awarded the diamond service insignia a little more than a year ago. Mr. Griffin was 68 years of age at the time of his death.

Funeral services were conducted Wednesday afternoon at the Lamberts Point First Baptist Church with the pastor, the Rev. D. Jennings, officiating. The church was crowded almost to its capacity with sorrowing friends of both races gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to Mr. Griffin. Included among those present were several officials of the railroad company under whom Mr. Griffin had served for a number of years.

R. R. Vet Dies

JAMES H. GRIFFIN

Surviving the deceased are his wife, Mrs. Rosa Griffin; three sons, Messrs. Arthur and Thomas Griffin of Baltimore, and Henry Griffin of Norfolk; four daughters: Misses Gertie, Lena, Dolly and Shirley Griffin, all of Norfolk.

Absolutely Reliable

Mr. Griffin was described by Julian Lee, chief clerk at the commercial pier where the deceased was employed, as "absolutely reliable." He would have been eligible for retirement had he lived to be 70 years of age, it was stated by officials of the railroad.

An ardent baseball fan, Mr. Griffin always made it a point to attend the World Series each year, his transportation being provided by the railroad company, and his fellow employees contributing toward his living expenses while away.

For his fifty years service to the company Mr. Griffin was presented with the "Fifty-Year Service Medal," a diamond insignia pin, on Tuesday, April 17, 1934.

The presentation was made on Pier S by W. H. Johnson, N. and W. general agent and superintendent of terminals. The ceremony was witnessed by Griffin's fellow workers. Floyd E. Chabot, secretary-treasurer of the Norfolk and Western Veterans Association, and other officers and employees of the railway.

Started in 1884

Described as a "most faithful and popular employee of the railroad." Mr. Griffin rounded out a half century of service with the Norfolk and Western on January 1 of last year. Beginning work in 1884, he started to work for the railroad as a track laborer on the Norfolk division. On January 1, 1885, he was promoted to the job of brakeman on the same division, and in 1890, was made porter in the office of the general yardmaster of the Norfolk terminals.

In 1892, the railroad veteran was made brakeman at the Norfolk terminal, and on October 1, 1901, he became a warehouseman. Mr. Griffin was born on March 11, 1867.

Sixteen members of the colored division of the Norfolk and Western Veterans Association have been awarded the diamond insignia for 50 or more years of service with the N. and W. The division has a membership of 275. Of this number, 151 are in active service and 154 are retired.

Necrology - 1935

Virginia.
6

Will Attempt To Prove Will Made By Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, Saint Luke Head, Is Invalid Instrument

It is learned from sources believed to be authentic that Melvin D. Walker, only surviving son of the late Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, who died December 15, will contest the will of his mother when it is offered for probate in Chancery Court here. At least this is a report, thought to be re[liable], going the rounds this week. The will of Mrs. Walker, prepared by her is thought to contain certain provisions which would make Mr. Walker's possession of the Walker mansion in East Leigh Street almost an impossibility. When Chancery Court is not in session this week and the probability is that Judge William A. Moncure will hear the probate inter vivos instead of ex parte, which is generally the case. In ex parte hearings the judge simply hears the one side presented, that is the side of those in possession of the will. In inter vivos, he hears those objecting to the probating of the will as well as the ones who offer it for probate.

Son Secures Counsel

Melvin Walker is supposed to have retained the services of Harry M. Smith, Jr., and James H. Gordon, white attorneys, to represent his interests in the estate. Mrs. Walker, in her will, named the Consolidated Bank and Trust Company as executor to carry out the provisions she stipulated in her will. Attorney J. Thomas Hewin, counsel for the bank will probably conduct the legal progress of the will and its provisions through the courts. Some are inclined to think that there is a possibility that the Court may rule that Mrs. Walker had intestate, that is, without a valid will.

Made Her Own Will

It is further indicated that Mrs. Walker, a few days prior to her death, wrote her own will, without help or wtnesses, and after signing the instrument, turned it over to a relative, in whom she had explicit confidence with instructions what to do with it in event of her death. Since a question of the validity of the will has been raised, it is presumed that Judge Moncure will go thoroughly into the questions involved and in that case, is almost sure to appoint guardians ad litum for those heirs who are under age.

The Apparent Heirs

The heirs of Mrs. Walker in direct lineage are: Melvin D. Walker, the son; his three children, one boy and two girls (all under legal age): and Miss Maggie Laura Walker, the daughter of Mrs. Walker's deceased son, Russell. She is also under age. In the disposition of her property, Mrs. Walker, either inadvertently or otherwise, left out the listing of two or three parcels, it was also learned. But the impending litigation will range around the disposition of the manson, it is indicated.

May Not Show Much Wealth

The settlement of the will may not show much wealth, which is nothing unusual during these years of financial disorders. And if expensive litigation is resorted to, further dissipation may leave the Walker heirs in a state of great financial uncertainty, it is believed. The date for the hearing on the probate has not been set at the time of going to press.

Portsmouth, Va. Star
January 7, 1935

Tablet Dedicated At Impressive Services For Jeffrey T. Wilson

Memory Honored

A very beautiful and impressive memorial service was held at Emanuel A. M. E. church yesterday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, the occasion being the unveiling and dedication of a tablet in the church by the Jeffery T. Wilson Bible class in honor of and to the memory of the late Jeffery T. Wilson, who was for fifty years superintendent of the Emanuel A. M. E. Sunday school and for many years a teacher of the class which now bears his name.

The church was filled with the friends of the late Jeffery T. Wilson, both white and colored, and the program prepared by the committee was both inspiring and beautiful. Tribute was paid to the memory and life of the man who by his exemplary life and character made himself virtually a patriarch of the old historical Emanuel A. M. E. church of this city.

Among those who eulogized the deceased were W. Blount Darden, representing, The Portsmouth Star. Jeffery T. Wilson was the originator and correspondent of The Portsmouth Star for its daily "Colored Notes" column for many years. Mr. Darden paid a very fitting tribute to the life and character of the man who above all others of this city among his race loved old Emanuel church as none have before or since. Others on the program who spoke in tribute to his memory were Rev. Dr. W. S. Drummond, pastor of Emanuel A. M. E. church, who introduced the Rev. Dr. J. A. Young, pastor of St. John's A. M. E. church, Norfolk, and Mary E. Peyton, chairman of the program committee.

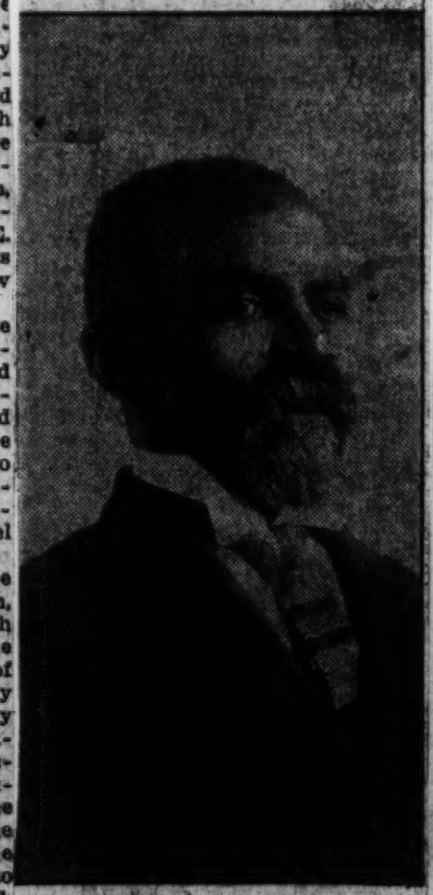
The program for the occasion was as follows:

Selection: "The Church's One Foundation," by the choir and congregation.

Invocation: Rev. M. B. Birtchette, with organ prelude "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Scripture reading: By the present superintendent of Emanuel A. M. E. church Sunday school, T. W. Newbie.

Solo and choir: Favorite number of Jeffery T. Wilson, "I'm a Child of the King," by Mrs. J. D. Churchill.



JEFFREY T. WILSON

Originator of the "Colored Notes," column of The Portsmouth Star, and for fifty years Superintendent of Emanuel A. M. E. Sunday School, this city, whose memory was honored with the unveiling of a tablet at Emanuel Church yesterday afternoon.

Eulogy of Jeffery T. Wilson: By W. Blount Darden, representing Norman R. Hamilton, publisher of The Portsmouth Star who was unable to appear because of illness.

Remarks by Dr. W. S. Drummond, introducing Dr. J. A. Young of St. John's A. M. E. church, the principal speaker.

Trio: Miss Mary Overton and Mesdames Drummond and Colley.

Blessing of the Memorial Tablet by Drs. W. S. Drummond and J. A. Young.

Unveiling of tablet: By Attorney Frank L. Wilson, son of the late Jeffery T. Wilson, who expressed the appreciation of himself and members of the family for the honor conferred upon the memory of his father.

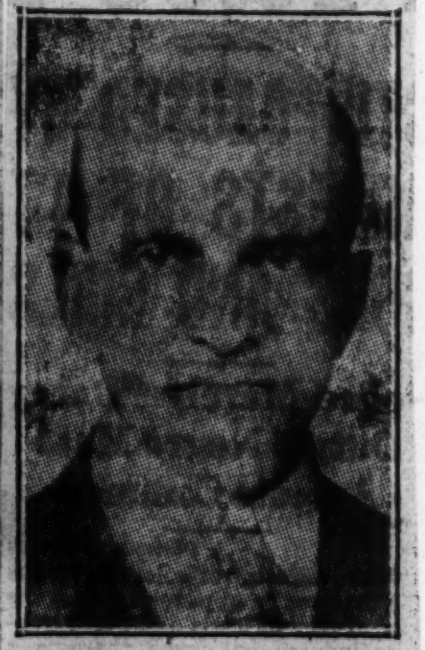
Solo: "I've Done My Best," by Mrs. W. S. Drummond.

Benediction: Dr. W. S. Drummond.

The inscription on the tablet reads: "In Loving Memory of the late Jeffery T. Wilson, for fifty years Superintendent of the Sunday School and a faithful member of this Church," and is placed on the wall behind the chancellory rail, facing the congregation.

The program committee for the occasion was composed of Mrs. Matilda E. Riddick, president; Mrs. Sylvia B. Bynum, teacher, and Miss Mary E. Peyton, chairman and mistress of ceremonies.

Dies Suddenly



Dr. D. A. Ferguson, outstanding Richmond dentist, whose sudden death last week marred the end of one of the most brilliant careers of the profession. He was widely known in professional circles and at one time headed a sectional dentist organization.

D. A. FERGUSON LEADING DENTIST

DIES SUDDENLY

Was Professional And Civic Leader In Richmond

2-16-35

Journal and Guide Bureau

RICHMOND—Dr. D. A. Ferguson, dentist and well known citizen, died suddenly at his home, 107 East Leigh Street Sunday about 6 p. m.

Dr. Ferguson had appeared to be in the very best of health all day Sunday a member of the family told a Guide reporter. "He was lying on his bed when we found him dead." The exact cause of his death has not been determined.

Dr. Ferguson was for many years president of the Tri-State Dental Association and was considered an authority in that profession. In Richmond, he was prominent in fraternal circles and was one of the leading laymen in St. Phillip's Episcopal Church.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the St. Phillips Episcopal Church.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Antoinette Ferguson, a son, Arthur, instructor at Howard University; daughter, Mrs. Irma Spencer, Atlantic City; two sisters, Mrs. Leon Reid of this city and Mrs. E. E. Murrell of Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Ferguson, with some other friends, visited the Slaughter Hotel late Saturday night. Upon leaving, Dr. Ferguson was reported to have said, "I do not know when I have enjoyed myself as I have tonight."

that he was having an unusually

Even his companions remarked jolly time. He stayed longer that night than usual.

Dr. Ferguson was one of the leading citizens of the city. He was called upon to assist in nearly every civic movement. He had been practicing the dental profession longer than any other dentist in the city.

Archdeacon Russell Dies.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va., March 28.—(AP)—Archdeacon James S. Russell, founder and principal emeritus of St. Paul's Normal and Industrial School here, and nationally-known negro educator, died at his home this morning. He was 77 years old.

DR. JAMES RUSSELL, EDUCATOR, 77, DEAD

3-29-35

First Negro to Become Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in United States.

FOUNDED VIRGINIA SCHOOL

Mentor of 6,000 Students Was Born of Slave Parents—Won Harmon Medal in 1928.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va., March 28.—The Rev. Dr. James Solomon Russell, one of the leading Negro educators in the United States and the first member of his race elected a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died here this morning at his home on the campus of the St. Paul Normal and Industrial School, of which he was the founder and principal emeritus. He was 77 years old. His son, the Rev. James Alvin Russell, is now principal of the school.

Dr. Russell ,the only Negro holding the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Theological Seminary of Virginia, was born of slave parents, Soloman and Arsminta Russell, on the Henrick estate at Palmer's Springs, Mecklenburg County, Va. He attended rural schools and then went to Hampton Institute where he witnessed the graduation of Booker T. Washington, later principal of the institute.

He entered Hampton wearing a suit of wool woven on a community loom by his slave grandmother. His desire to get an education was encouraged by his mother's ambition for him and her constant moral support.

After working his way through Hampton, 1874-1878, he studied at the St. Stephen's Normal Training School and at a branch of the Virginia Theological Seminary at Petersburg, Va.

In 1888 he started St. Paul's School in a three-room building with his wife, who was Virginia Morgan of Petersburg, and one other person helping him to teach less than a dozen pupils. Now there are more than 700. Dr. Russell was principal from 1888 until 1929. In 1928 the Harmon Foundation awarded him the Harmon medal for useful achievement and leadership of his race.

Elected Suffragan Bishop of Arkansas in 1917, and to the same office in North Carolina in 1918, Dr. Russell declined both offers in order to remain at the school he had created.

A priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church since 1887, Dr. Russell had traveled much in the North and had attended all the general conventions of his church. In 1922 the College of Liberia, Monrovia, Africa, made him a Doctor of Laws.

Of the 6,000 persons who have been students at St. Paul's School, Dr. Russell recently wrote that "not one, so far as our records show, has ever been arrested and brought before court in this country for trial for felony or other infraction of the laws of the land. Almost without exception they have returned to their communities as home-makers, setting an example of good citizenship."

John Brown Dies; Was Ex-Magistrate

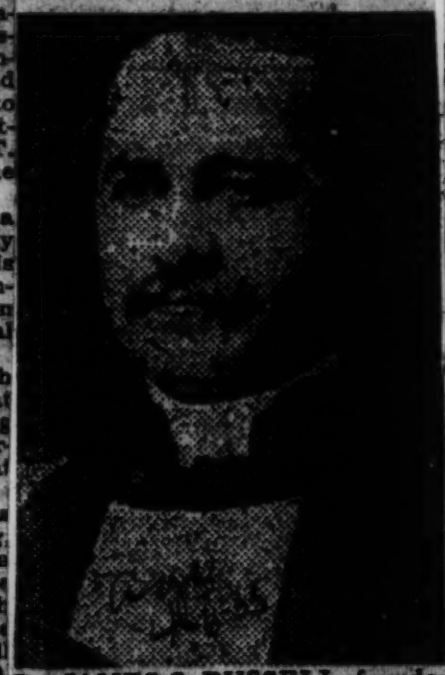
4-13-35

Journal and Guide Bureau

RICHMOND — John F. Brown died Saturday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Addie Payne, 1016 North Second Street. A veteran of the Spanish-American War and the first Negro magistrate to serve the City of Richmond, Mr. Brown was a prospected citizen.

He was a member of the Ebenezer Baptist Church. Funeral services were held for him at the church Tuesday afternoon with the Rev. E. E. Smith, pastor, officiating. He is survived by one son, three daughters and several grandchildren.

NOTED EDUCATOR PASSES



Dr. JAMES S. RUSSELL, founder and former head of St. Paul Industrial School, Lawrenceville, Va., who died last week. The late Dr. Russell was also the highest ranking Negro Episcopalian in the state of Virginia, having been made a bishop a few years ago.

Dr. Jas. S. Russell, Founder Of St. Paul School, Dies, At 77

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va. — An outstanding leader of his race in the field of Negro Education, the Rev. James. Solomon Russell, principal emeritus of the St. Paul Normal and Industrial School, Lawrenceville, Virginia, died at his home here on the morning of March 28th, at the age of seventy seven. The funeral took place March 30.

As founder of St. Paul's School and its head from 1888 to 1929, Dr. Russell has been known as one of the most distinguished and accomplished leaders of the work of the Episcopal Church in Negro education. He was born of slave parents at Palmer's Springs, Virginia, December 20, 1857, came to Hampton Institute at the age of seventeen, dressed in a home-made suit of clothes, the wool for which had been woven on a community loom by his slave grandmother. His determination to gain an education was apparently born in him, but was encouraged by his mother's ambition for him, and her constant moral support. He earned his way through Hampton with intervals of a year's work.

The desire to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church came to him before he finished at Hampton, and in 1882 he was graduated from the Bishop Payne Divinity School, Petersburg, Va.

Seven days after his ordination to the diaconate he was at work in his first little mission in Lawrenceville, and almost immediately he began a parish school in the vestry room. In 1888 a three-room building was formally opened as St. Paul's School, with the principal and his wife and one other person as teachers, and fewer than a dozen students.

The present school is famous, with a student body of more than 700 boys and girls ,enrolled in Junior college, normal, high school industrial and grammar school departments. Numbers, however, are the least important indication of what Dr. Russell has meant to the whole cause of Negro education and uplift. As a former governor of the State of Virginia has said: "The influences which have been going out from Brunswick County, through St. Paul School, cannot be expressed in words. The silent, powerful influence of Archdeacon is felt among the colored people of all America."

His wife, the former Virginia Morgan, was of the utmost help in all his work until her death in 1920. Dr. Russell received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Virginia Theological Seminary and Doctor of Laws from Liberia College, West Africa. His son, the Rev. James Alvin Russell, succeeded him as head of St. Paul's.

Since 1906, when the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church organized the American Church Institute for Negroes, of which the Rev. Robert W. Patton is director, St. Paul's has been one of the group of superior schools cooperating under its direction and receiving much of its support through the Institute.

PORTSMOUTH, VA.
STAR
MAR 30 1935

Views of Contemporaries

ARCHDEACON RUSSELL

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

It is no exaggeration to say that Archdeacon James S. Russell, whose death occurred yesterday, was one of the greatest of contemporary Virginians. His work as the founder and principal of St. Paul's Normal and Industrial School for Negroes at Lawrenceville was monumental. Not only as an educator, but as a religious leader, he was one of the towering figures of his day. Twice he declined a bishopric in the Episcopal Church. The Virginia Theological Seminary conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity. His school was the largest institution of its kind in the United States fostered by the Episcopal Church.

Archdeacon Russell was born in Mecklenburg County, of slave parents. By persistent effort, he became finely trained, a man of scholarly attainments. Then he set out on his great mission to aid in educating his race. In St. Paul's first graduating class were two Negroes. Now the school has an enrollment of more than 1,200 and draws its students from virtually every State in the Union.

With Archdeacon Russell this has been a labor of love. Many times he could have bettered his financial condition by accepting calls elsewhere. Once he was elected suffragan bishop of Arkansas. He decided to remain at his old post. Again he was chosen for a bishopric in North Carolina. Always he gave the same answer. His place was at St. Paul's.

Archdeacon Russell exercised an extraordinary influence over his pupils. A man of irreproachable conduct himself, he enjoyed the faculty of leading others into the path of rectitude. During the campaign last summer to make up a deficiency in the school budget, the statement was made that, during the 46 years of its existence, no student at St. Paul's had ever been arrested in Brunswick County on a criminal charge.

Many thousands of students, learning such trades and occupation as carpentry, bricklaying, printing, plumbing, tailoring, agriculture, dressmaking and domestic science have passed through the Lawrenceville school since Archdeacon Russell founded it 47 years ago. Today these useful citizens in all parts of the United States rise up to call him blessed.